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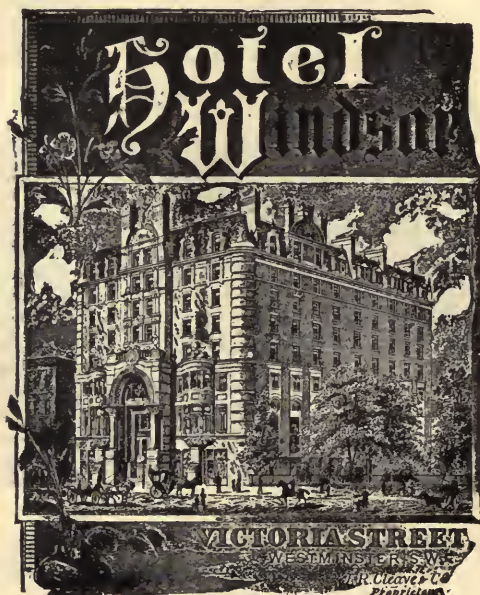
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ABROAD AND AT HOME

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR TOURISTS

BY

MORRIS PHILLIPS

EDITOR OF

THE HOME JOURNAL

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

BRENTANO'S

PARIS WASHINGTON CHICAGO LONDON

C. M.

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PREFACE.

A continuous residence in London of eight years has satisfied me that precisely such a book, so far as it relates to that city, which my friend and once junior legal associate now presents is popularly needed.

That in such respect it will be vitally interesting, even to readers who have never been tourists thither, "goes without saying." Moreover, there are in these pages views, comments and sights of the "abroad" and "at home" additionally valuable; therefore I gladly accept his invitation to prepare a short preface to this volume of an American M. P. in the Parliament of Letters.

He first broached his idea of papers about London at a capital luncheon, when meeting together there we discussed with palates, forks and wine glasses a tempting *menu* during the summer of 1890, as guests of Host Vogel, of the new Albermarle Hotel in Piccadilly, at the top of the historic St. James's street.

We then and there drank success to the M. P. idea, and I doubt not, that every reader of this volume will be disposed to heartily duplicate that toast at his first dinner which shall follow its perusal.

When a tourist first arrives in London, beneath the inviting shadow of the Northwestern Railway station hotel, that is flanked by two smaller inns, with its centre pierced by several taverns, or direct from Southamp-

ton at the Waterloo station, within rifle shot of which a score of hotels invite his luggage and his wearied frame, that tourist's earliest question will be, which hospitable *caravanserai* shall I patronize?

His second question will concern his vehicular desires for transportation by cab, 'bus or railway. Other queries will suggest themselves regarding the "How," the "Where," the "Which" and the "Why" of his new London surroundings.

With this volume on shipboard *en route*: or in railway carriage *in transitu*, the tourist will already possess answers in his mind to those queries or similar ones respecting Edinburgh or Glasgow; and will not be at the mercy of chance or of confusing porters, or of contestant "cabbies," or of the shady sharpers who throng railway platforms.

Once well housed in any of the places herein mentioned, and once understanding, by the aid of the ensuing pages, how to get about in the vast metropolis—wherein one may ride sixteen miles from extreme north to a suburban south, and fourteen miles from west to east without quitting paved and lighted streets, or the continuity of habitations—a traveler's eyes and ears will be all the Mentors he will require.

Of so-called guide books (of which class this is not), there are in London and elsewhere abroad confusing scores, but the average tourist ought to shun guide-books as he would a Bradshaw, unless he loves charades, puzzles and conundrums.

Every mother knows that when her infant obtains his footing, the child will walk confidently. This volume

serves to give the person who arrives in London or Edinburgh and kindred cities an instant footing. In the parlance of the race course, it is the "starter."

On arrival, the first thing to do is to demand and learn the points of compass; because all enquiries about the "Where" in London hinge on those.

The papers by M. P. about cabs and omnibuses will be found as valuable as they are piquant. He tells of certain trips (and tips) on top of a 'bus; he vividly describes how the best way for exploring London is to ride in its every direction on the tops of omnibuses—devoting days to the task, or rather pleasure—and when, as street after street is passed, reading their names, which are always sign-affixed to the turn—a convenience even for residents which, in late years, is strangely unknown in New York City. Thereby locality and prominent buildings and often-referred-to neighborhoods become fixed in an observer's mind for future uses of memory.

I learned to know London "like a book"—as common phrase goes: and, I therefore fully appreciate how much this book will serve to teach new tourists how to begin to learn London; how much it will revive pleasant memories in former tourists; how greatly it will instruct intending tourists; how pleasantly it will amuse those who may not expect to practically patronize the hotels; how well it will instruct as to London's vehicles and the wonders of the English city, which is practically seventeen centuries older than New York.

But there are other sides and hues to this prismatic volume. Not only is it inviting to Americans who wish

to know about the "across-the-ocean-ferry," but it will be attractive to the countrymen of the M. P. who may travel or who would like to travel Westward, whither "the star of Empire takes its way." And also to the foreign tourist who may for only one week reside, *in transitu* to the States, upon the floating greyhoundish hotels which we call steamships.

Especial attention must be invited to those pages which treat of pleasure resorts in the country of the author; over which he has travelled extendedly under patriotic, as well as artistic impulses; and—to coin a phrase—in which he brought a mental kodak to bear upon scenes and surroundings that, I blush to write it, are slenderly known to Americans. They rush abroad, tempted by the glamour which antiquity and the Past throw over foreign scenes, and they too often neglect the beauties and attractions of their own home. To such the "At Home" and the "Abroad" may both prove equally attractive in good and fit seasons. The pages in question will be inviting also, in the particular mentioned, to the foreigner who may be *blasé* of European attractions; and who may be told by this volume that in Florida or in California he can find fresh Rivièras; a replica of Carlsbad, in Saratoga; and in Newport a companion to the Isle of Wight during summer, or to Sicily in the winter.

Inasmuch as the old International Exhibition in Hyde Park during Prince Albert's time, or in Paris when Napoleon the third reigned, or in Vienna, or Brussels, made so many American tourists lovers of the fascinations of those great capitals; perhaps the Exhibition at

Chicago will bring as many, or more European tourists to the fascinations proffered by scenes and places in the United States.

To such foreign tourists this volume must prove as indispensable in the brain and heart sense as in a bodily sense will be the dressing case within the boundaries of excursions and travel. Moreover, the volume will indicate to them where to loiter, or to linger, or to take speed, where to abide with pleasure and comfort, and whither to go with the full or prudent purse for purchases and cheer.

Marvelous as London is to the American tourist, the wonders, the hotels, the coasts, and the traveling—especially toward the Pacific ocean—are equally marvelous to English M. P.'s and foreign ladies and gentlemen of fortune or leisure who seek transcontinental scenes and comforts.

Merely "turning the leaves," a phrase happily used as a heading for book notices by the author of "Kissing the Rod" in his *World* newspaper of London, will at once show any buyer of this volume what I have implied.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

LOTOS CLUB, March 1, 1893.

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LONDON ON WHEELS.

ABOVE GROUND, ON THE GROUND, AND UNDER GROUND.

THE UNDER-GROUND LINES.

How the five millions of people in London "get about" to their daily avocations and homes is a mystery to those who have not made the subject a study. So I have gathered some information which will throw a little light on it.

Let me start out with the statement that besides the ten large terminal stations, like the Euston Square and the Midland, both in Euston Road, there are four hundred and thirty railway stations within the metropolis, and the under-ground lines alone carry annually one hundred and twenty-five millions of passengers. The under-ground roads have been in existence for more than a quarter of a century, and are found to answer the purpose admirably of relieving the over-ground traffic. They are convenient, cheap and comparatively quick, but not always pleasant.

They now form a network of rails under the surface, and they have been a success from the first. They are a great engineering triumph, and may be said to have marked a new epoch in the history of London. The act permitting the tunneling was passed in 1853. Mr. John Fowler conducted the herculean labor, and underneath the streets of the busiest of cities, down where the soil was honeycombed with other works—gas pipes, water mains, drains and sewers—a railway line, costing up-

wards of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per mile, was constructed almost without the knowledge of those above. For three years—from the spring of 1860 to the beginning of 1863—two thousand men, two hundred horses and fifty-eight engines were employed. When completed another difficulty presented itself, but was overcome by Mr. Fowler, who invented a locomotive which could be worked in the open air like an ordinary engine, but which, while in the tunnel, emits neither steam nor smoke, being so constructed as to be able to condense the one and consume the other.

And yet, after a long ride in the under-ground, you may emerge with a headache.

Of course the cars have to be lighted artificially, and they had not learned to use the electric light in them when I last was in London, in October, 1892. Gas is a poor substitute in such a place. You are forced to read your newspaper in a dim light, and the gas consumes much of the oxygen which gets into the tunnel from the stations, and from openings en route, which are made for the purpose.

Yet you do not get about as quickly in the under-ground as you would imagine. To avoid obstructions, and for mechanical reasons, the road takes a circuitous route and you frequently must ride a long way around to go a comparatively short distance.

Millions of Londoners, who go direct from home to business, seldom get into an under-ground train. There are many over-ground lines built on brick arches which go to the suburbs, where rents are low; for every Englishman must have his own house, no matter how small, which he regards as his "castle." These trains are quick and cheap, and you are blessed with ample light and good air—at least as good as you can get in foggy, smoky London.

On nearly all roads, whether on trunk lines, over-ground or underground lines, there are first, second and

third-class cars, or "carriages," as they call them. Even some omnibuses that ply from the trunk line stations also have compartments for different classes; your Englishman is very particular with whom he rides.

Occasionally you meet with unpleasant companions in third-class carriages of local or suburban lines, but on through trains, say between Liverpool and London, the third-class carriages are comfortable, and the travelers of a respectable class.

There is a great difference in the rates, and on a long journey it is worth consideration. First-class fare is almost double that of third-class. Second-class is neither one thing nor the other, and on some lines it has been abolished.

It is an old saying that only princes, Americans and fools travel first-class. I don't care under which head they place me, so long as they place me in a first-class "carriage." That it is more comfortable is incontrovertible, if you'll pardon such a big word. I say this in the face of what John Stuart Mill said, that the only reason he rode third-class was because there was no fourth.

ELECTRIC LINES UNDER GROUND.

The *Forum* in 1891 printed a very good description from the pen of Simon Sterne, of the new electric underground railway in London, and the Sunday *Sun* soon after had an elaborate article on the subject, which, with illustrations, occupied nearly a whole page.

It is a quick and convenient means of locomotion, and to accomplish it was a work of wonderful engineering skill for which the inventor, Mr. Peter Greathead, cannot be praised too highly; but the riding is by no means pleasant.

In a lift large enough to accommodate fifty passengers, you descend a distance of eighty feet below the surface—part of the road running beneath the bed of the river Thames. The cars are small and fairly well lighted, but they have an unpleasant vibration, and although the air is not noticeably impure, there is an uncanny feeling with the knowledge that you are burrowing, as it were, in the bowels of the earth.

The road, probably an experimental one, is only three miles long, extending south from "the monument," in the city. It has not, thus far, proved a success pecuniarily, the cost of construction being so great, although no land was purchased except for the stations.

HANSOMS AND FOUR-WHEELERS.

Street cars are not needed in the city. Nearly all London streets are in as good condition for driving as our Central Park roads. There are eight thousand hansoms, four thousand four-wheelers, and two thousand omnibuses, so that you are not obliged to walk on account of the absence of cars. The four-wheeled cabs, or "growlers," as they term them, are dilapidated, uncomfortable vehicles, which lack new springs, and are dirty both inside and out. The horses and the drivers are old and superannuated; they have all seen better days in private carriages or hansom cabs. You never take a four-wheeler if you are alone, or if the party consists of only two persons. You must engage one if you have a trunk, but if you are going to catch a train or boat you had better allow a half hour's margin.

The London cab service is the best and cheapest in the world. I say this, notwithstanding that I remember hiring a cab in Key West, in the Gulf of Mexico, for a

dime. But such cabs and such horses! The rate in a hansom is sixpence per mile for one or two persons, no fare less than one shilling (twenty-five cents); by the hour, two-and-six (sixty-two cents).

HOW THEY DRIVE.

England, Italy and Gibraltar are the only places I know of where they drive to the left. English drivers say that by sitting on the right and driving to the left, they can better watch the hubs of approaching wheels, and thus prevent collisions. This left-hand driving many years ago educed the subjoined doggerel from a London poetaster:

The rule of the road
Is a paradox quite:
If you keep to the left
You are sure to be right.

Several thousand members of the Metropolitan police force are engaged solely in attending to street traffic. Yet with all their vigilance, more accidents occur in London, proportionately, than elsewhere. London drivers are polite and very civil to each other. If an obstruction appears in front of a horse, or if for any reason he is obliged suddenly to slow up, the driver will immediately notify the driver in the rear by holding out horizontally his left arm; and this sign is passed down from one driver to another, until the very end of the line of blocked vehicles is reached.

A popular style of hansom has thick rubber tires, which add considerably to ease and comfort in riding. So little noise does the vehicle make in going over London's smooth-paved streets, that these cabs are provided with bells to warn pedestrians of their approach. The interior fittings include a holder for lighted cigars, a

box of matches, a small, bevelled mirror on either side of the cab, and a swinging rubber bulb attached to a rubber tube with a whistle at the end. You lightly press the bulb, and in this way whistle to Cabbie on top, who hears the summons above the roar of the streets, and responds by opening his trap door in the roof to receive instructions.

The law does not permit the drivers of these well-appointed and rather luxurious vehicles to charge more than do the drivers of the ordinary cabs; but as the new hansoms cost the drivers more to hire, and as they are so much superior to the old style, you do not begrudge paying a trifle extra. The drivers pay for these improved hansoms sixteen shillings (four dollars) per day, except during "the season," when the owners exact a guinea per day, about five dollars.

The speed with which the London cabs are driven is something alarming—alarming to a stranger. In New York a cab driver has some little regard for the lives and limbs of pedestrians; in Paris the horses are so poor and skeleton-like, and go so slow, that pedestrians have no fear whatever; but in London you must look out wholly for yourself; Cabbie will certainly not look out for you. If he is engaged by the course, he only has his destination in mind. London cab horses are the best horses in the world used for such a purpose. With rubber tires to the wheels, and the wheels going over clean and perfectly smooth roadways, there is nothing to obstruct their speed, and the animals go like the wind. They and their drivers seem to stand in fear of nothing but a policeman, and as London has good laws for regulating vehicles, and as these laws are strictly obeyed, the mere warning look of a policeman is respected and obeyed.

London drivers are not so brutal nor so ill-tempered as New York drivers. They do not, as a rule, curse or swear at each other as ours do, who are always ready

with a foul oath. When a "block" occurs they take it good-naturedly and get out of it with the aid of the police as quickly as possible. Our drivers are only satisfied when they can take a mean advantage of their fellows, get in their way and put them to inconvenience. It may be Yankee "goaheadativeness," or the spirit of freedom and independence which prompts this show of ill-temper, but for my part I prefer the laughing, jocular, good-tempered London driver.

On my last visit to London, where I stayed one month, I saw a great many "blocks," but heard only one quarrel between drivers, and that was not at all serious. They will, however, chaff each other, saying something like this:—"Oh, come, pull yourself together there;" or, "I say, country, why don't you learn to drive before you come up to London?" The term "up to London," by the way, is put to singular use there. Although London is in the south of England, you always go "up to London," if you even go from Carlisle, which is in the extreme north, on the Scotch border.

STREET CARS.

There are no street cars run by the trolley, storage or any other electric system; no cable cars, no horse cars; not a track is laid for a surface road in "the city" proper. Many Americans leave London without ever seeing a street car of any kind, and yet in the metropolis one thousand street cars run daily over one hundred and twenty miles of track, but they are not permitted in crowded thoroughfares; they are confined to the outlying districts. I have only seen them in the east end, in the district known as "The Boro'" and near the Victoria Station. The street cars are "double deckers," and, like the 'buses, they carry more outside than inside

passengers, but the number of passengers is limited. When the car has reached its limit it will take up no more passengers. Every passenger has the right to a seat, and, to use a paradoxical phrase, every Englishman stands up for his right to a seat.

OMNIBUSES.

The two thousand omnibuses keep employed eight or nine thousand horses. The number of miles run annually by the omnibuses is five and a half millions, and the number of passengers carried not less than forty-eight millions.

Such a heavy, slow-going, cumbersome vehicle as the London omnibus could not be used on our rough-and-tumble roads. It is poorly ventilated, if you can call it ventilated, for the windows are closed and are immovable. The only means of ventilation is by the door, in the rear, near which everybody tries to get. As fast as the choice seats near the door are vacated, they are occupied by the less fortunate passengers, and the last comer is always obliged to take the worst place, which is nearest the front. But in fine weather a man never gets inside while there is a vacant seat on top, and it is no strange sight to see women occupying outside seats to escape the stifling air inside.

Nor does wet weather deter an Englishman from taking an open air seat. Most Englishmen wear a "mackintosh" in threatening weather and there's a great deal of such weather in London. To every seat on the top of a 'bus there is attached a woolen-lined leather apron to protect the knees, and with an umbrella, which is always part of an Englishman's costume, they manage to keep perfectly dry.

The omnibuses are so freely used for advertising purposes, the outside is so nearly covered with attractive and gaudy signs of business houses that it is exceedingly difficult to read or discover the route or destination of the vehicle. You may be looking for Blackwall or Putney, but you will read "Pears' Soap," "Nestle's Food," or "Mappin & Webb's Razors."

The 'buses do not confine themselves to the middle of the roadway and allow passengers to pick and fight their way through a crowd of vehicles, New York-like; they pull up to the curb to allow passengers to enter or leave without the least possibility of danger or trouble. Conductors will also leave their perch, approach the sidewalk (Anglice; pavement) to consult or advise with a prospective passenger who is in doubt as to which 'bus he should take. Time seems of no importance: they are not in such a rush or whirl of excitement as we are. Whether from the excessive competition or from some other cause I know not: I do know that public servants in England are much more civil and polite than they are in this "free" country.

There are rules which control London omnibuses, and these it is the duty of the police to strictly enforce. A 'bus is licensed and allowed to carry only so many passengers, and this license or limit must be posted on a conspicuous part of the vehicle. The majority are "licensed to carry twenty-six passengers; twelve inside and fourteen outside."

In 1890 the London police force numbered thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-five men, not counting the nine hundred and two officers who form a special organization in what is termed "the city." A considerable part of the time and attention of the police is devoted to governing street traffic. Policemen will watch and follow a 'bus for several blocks if they think it contains more passengers than the law allows. When they are assured that this is the case they go to a magis-

trate and lay a complaint, and then woe betide the poor driver or conductor who disregarded the law.

The 'buses make special stops at certain points of their route and these seem very long and prove tedious to one who is in a hurry; but if your time is valuable you would never take a 'bus. They are not allowed to stop when near or nearing these special stopping-places, not even if a passenger expresses a desire to alight. I remember once, simply for information, asking the driver to stop in the middle of Trafalgar square, just as we were passing Nelson's monument, on the way to the Strand, cityward. "Well," said the polite but uneducated Jehu, "you can't expect me to get a four-shilling summons for a penny fare, can you?" meaning that if he pulled up where I indicated he would be summoned the next day on the complaint of a vigilant "bobby" and be obliged to pay four shillings for accommodating me.

In American street cars or omnibuses—excepting, as I remember in San José, California, a passenger who rides only a few blocks helps to pay the fare of the man who rides the full length of the road, for the charge to both is the same. It is not so (mis) managed in England. The charge there is by distance, about one penny (two cents) a mile and you pay according to the distance you ride. There are two or three lines of omnibuses whose only fare is a half-penny (one cent). One line runs between Westminster bridge and Trafalgar square. They pick up no passengers between the two points. They each carry only twelve passengers; there are no outside seats.

There is a great deal of pilfering going on among omnibus conductors, and drivers also, for they divide the spoils; and the company winks at it, knowing that the pay of these men is not large. The company is satisfied if it receives a fair average return, but in this way it puts a premium on dishonesty. There is no check

against the conductors—no mechanical contrivance to record fares. They are supposed to enter every fare and the exact amount they receive from each passenger on a paper slip placed in a frame, the frame being fastened to the inside of the omnibus door, but it is only a supposition. Passengers are requested to see that the amount paid is properly entered, but the request is wholly unheeded. It is, to say the least, a very careless way of keeping accounts, and invites dishonesty. On most lines they use tickets showing the amount each passenger pays, but the conductor sometimes *forgets* to hand you a ticket. An Inspector will occasionally mount a 'bus to see that all the passengers are supplied with tickets, and then the conductor with a treacherous memory has reason to be sorry. Drivers are paid eight shillings, conductors six shillings, per day, for fifteen hours' work.

ON THE TOP OF A 'BUS.

The driver is generally a jolly, red-faced fellow and very smartly dressed, especially on Sunday. He then always wears a "top hat:" in winter it is of black silk, in summer a pearl gray felt with a wide mourning band to set it off. His coat is often a double-breasted drab cassimere, and in the top buttonhole of the left lapel is a large and loud nose-gay. A showy scarf and a pair of heavy, tan-colored driving gloves complete his costume. He makes quite a picture as he sits on the box, with a leather strap across his waist which holds him securely in his seat, and a black leather apron to protect the lower part of his body from wind and rain. He carries a showy whip with a very long and loose thong, with the end of which he can 'pick off a fly from the ear of his leader.

The 'bus driver is permitted to smoke while on duty. He comforts himself with a briarwood pipe unless a generous passenger treats him to a cigar, for he is not above accepting a small present.

Leopold Rothschild, who lives on a street through which omnibuses pass, has taken a great fancy to these men and in the autumn he presents a pair of pheasants to every omnibus driver and conductor who passes his door.

Everybody who has visited London knows that the best way of seeing the city is from the top of a 'bus. Get a front seat, next to the driver, hand him a tip in the shape of a sixpence and ask him a few questions. You will find that he is intelligent, well-informed on every-day subjects, quick-witted and a judge of human nature.

I had a very interesting ride last summer on the top of a "Kilburn" 'bus. Some of them start from Victoria station, and run northwest to Kilburn, through some very beautiful thoroughfares, in which reside many titled people and some prominent members of London society.

In Grosvenor place, soon after starting from the station, the driver will point out, for instance, the residences of the Dukes of Northumberland, Grafton and Portland; that of the Earl of Scarborough, at No. 1 Grosvenor place; the Dowager Lady de Rothschild; Sir Edward Cecil Guinness; that of the late Right Hon. William H. Smith; also the homes of a number of members of parliament, more or less well-known.

The 'bus goes a short distance through Piccadilly and passes the residences of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Lord Rothschild, the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Hamilton, in Hamilton place.

Then it turns into one of London's most aristocratic streets, Park Lane (alongside Hyde Park), where reside the Duchess of Somerset, the Marquis of Londonderry,

Lord Brassey, Alfred Rothschild, Lord Dudley, the Countess of Dudley, Lord Grosvenor, cousin to the Duke of Westminster, and the Duke of Westminster himself. Kilburn 'buses also start from Charing Cross, in Duncannon Street, opposite the Charing Cross Hotel.

A 'bus marked "Hammersmith" will take you westward, through Piccadilly, past the clubs, the parks, some stylish shops, and fashionable residences. You will see St. James's Palace and historic Addison Road, *en route*, and you can ride across Hammersmith Bridge. You can also go to Kew Gardens and to the famous "Star and Garter," at Richmond, by 'bus.

Here's another very interesting ride. If you are at Oxford Circus you will see omnibuses with the horses' heads turned eastward, and you will hear the Cockney conductor calling out "Benk, benk, Charing Cross, benk." Take a ride with him. The vehicle goes through Regent street, Trafalgar Square, the Strand, Fleet street, then down Cheapside (which is anything but cheap), and Cornhill, where there is neither corn nor hill. At the end of Cornhill you see the most crowded and bustling crush of vehicles you ever saw in your life. To the right is the Mansion House (corresponding with our City Hall); a little further on "The Monument," with its gold torch at top, looms up; immediately in front is The Royal Exchange, with its Peabody statue, while to the left stands the demure Bank of England, as solid from a financial point of view as it is architecturally. On this route you pass and have in view The National Gallery, Landseer's lions, several famous hotels and theatres, the Law Courts, Temple Bar, the principal newspaper establishments, and St. Paul's Church. The same 'bus, if you wish to pursue your journey eastward, will take you through Leadenhall street and into the very heart of Whitechapel—even to Blackwall and the docks, if your taste lies in that direction.

There is no better way of seeing London than from the top of a 'bus if you get a seat next to an old and wide-awake driver, and the cost is but a few pennies. There are one hundred and forty different routes in the whole city to choose from.

THE CITY TRAFFIC.

One of the busiest thoroughfares is that narrow street called "the Strand," where it is crossed by Wellington street. You drive north, through Wellington street, past the Lyceum Theatre to get to Holborn, Covent Garden Market and elsewhere; southward there is great traffic over Waterloo Bridge, leading to the Surrey side of London, while from the east and west come continuous streams of omnibuses, cabs, carriages and heavy wagons and freight trucks. Policemen stand in the middle of the roadway and regulate this enormous traffic by merely raising a white-cotton-gloved hand. They are calm and immovable, and seem to pay not the slightest heed to their own safety amid the crowded crush of vehicles about them. All come to a standstill before the stiff and fearless "bobby." When by waving his hand he directs that a certain stream of vehicles may proceed this way or that, it proceeds, but not until he gives permission.

London Bridge is said to be the greatest thoroughfare in the world. More vehicles and foot passengers cross it than pass through any other street, and special provision is made for vehicular traffic. In New York, for instance, a heavily laden four-house truck or wagon may block Broadway for a great distance. If you are behind it in a phaeton or light carriage, you must wait till the driver in front of you, who may be sullen and obstinate, leisurely moves out of the way. No matter

in how much haste you are—you may be trying to catch a train or an ocean steamer—you must wait. Not so in London's most crowded streets. On London Bridge, for instance, slow-going and heavily-laden vehicles must keep to the side near the curb and pavement, while carriages, cabs and light vehicles are allowed the middle of the roadway for quick movement. That part of the roadway directly next to the curb has a smooth surface, and there is also a smooth surface about a foot wide for the outer wheel of heavy wagons—this only on London Bridge and in a few other very busy thoroughfares. It is a capital plan, and gives satisfaction to all concerned.

ADVICE FROM CHARLES DICKENS.

But in such a vast city, with such enormous traffic, nothing can prevent great loss of life and accidents innumerable from crossing the streets. The point mentioned above is only one of the busy parts of one street—the Strand—from another point, down by the Law Courts and Temple Bar, it is said that two hundred more or less mangled bodies are sent to the Charing Cross Hospital every year.

The present Charles Dickens, in his "Dictionary of London," thinks it worth while to suggest that the only way to go from curb to curb is to make up your mind what course you will take, and then stick to it. London cabbies will thus divine your intentions. To change your mind while crossing is to confuse the cabmen, and cause you (so Dickens suggests) to make your return journey to America in the form of freight.

As all vehicles in London are driven to the left, keep to the left curb. I found this suggestion of Oakey Hall's valuable: "As you leave a curb, look to the right; as you approach a curb, look to the left."

LONDON HOTELS.

Until the year 1880 there was only one hotel in London that came up to the expectations of American travelers, which compared in size and appointments with American hotels of the first-class. This was the Langham Hotel in Portland place. When the Langham was built, nearly thirty years ago, and for several subsequent years, as the writer can attest, for he was a guest there in 1871, and has been a frequent visitor there since, the Langham was large enough to accommodate all American tourists in London.

This, however, has been greatly changed. Americans at that time merely passed through London; they took it as a sort of stepping-stone *en route* for Paris. In the days of the Second Empire, when Louis Napoleon wielded the sceptre, and Eugenie set the fashions for the civilized world, Americans flocked to Paris like so many sheep. Then it was said: "See Paris and die." With the downfall of the empire and its accompanying glories our compatriots found Paris less attractive, and they discovered what everybody knows—that London is, in many respects, the most interesting city in the world. A presentation to Her Majesty, and hob-nobbing with the Prince of Wales, are the things now most desired, and to be in the very height of fashion, one must hire a London house for "the season,"—May, June and July.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL.

But this is a digression. The ground, the structure and the furnishing of the Langham Hotel, which was formally opened by the Prince of Wales in June, 1865, cost a million and a half dollars, and it was a wonder and a revelation to the English people. Its noble granite front of two hundred and twelve feet, its dining hall, forty-seven by one hundred and twenty feet; its music room, drawing-room, and its public rooms generally, were on such a grand scale that Londoners opened wide their eyes in astonishment and admiration. The Langham, by liberal outlay of money and constant improvement, keeps up with the times, and notwithstanding that many splendid establishments have been erected within the last decade, it retains its place in the very front rank. People who have not seen the interior of the Langham Hotel, London, since 1890, will notice some changes and marked improvements. Heretofore the dining-room was only entered by a comparatively dark and roundabout way, near the drawing-room; now it is approached from "the office" direct, through a wide and handsome "vestibule," which is flooded with light and richly furnished, making an appropriate entrance to the beautiful dining-room. The drawing-room, which, for its size, its pleasing shape and rich furniture is yet one of the most attractive salons in England, has also been greatly improved.

Colonel Sanderson, its first manager, an American, died many years ago. He was brother to Harry Sanderson, famous in his day in New York as a pianist. But English capitalists and business men are not given to making changes, and so we find that Mr. Walter Gosden, who was in the service of the Langham under Mr. Sanderson's management, has been for many years and is now the manager of the hotel. You can get a nice room with

beautiful outlook, and a very good breakfast here for less than two dollars a day. This estimate includes the charge for attendance. Address, Walter Gosden, Portland place, Regent street, W.

THE GRAND.

During the past twelve years, however, many superb buildings for hotel purposes have been erected in the English metropolis. Among the largest and most popular are the three grouped together, as it were, in one short street, Northumberland avenue, which, only two blocks long, extends in a southerly direction from Trafalgar square to the banks of the Thames. These are the Grand, the Métropole and the Victoria, to name them in the order they were erected. So popular has this cluster of hotels become, and so many well-to-do Americans do they attract, that property in the neighborhood has largely increased in value, and the tradespeople blame the "Yankees" for the increased rents they have to pay, never speaking of the increased patronage which they enjoy from these same "Yankees."

The features of the Grand Hotel, the longest established of these three, are well-known, but former patrons will scarcely recognize the reception-room, which, with its new, solid-looking furniture and rich, dark decorations, is now one of the most attractive apartments of its kind to be seen, even in these days of the upholsterer and decorator. While artistic and costly, it has an air of utility and comfort which you will not find very often repeated. The drawing-room of the Grand was being "done up" during last winter, and "it is now just as handsome as the reception-room." Cable, Granotel, London.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE.

To American visitors in London the Métropole is one of the most attractive of the more recently built hotels. Situated in Northumberland Avenue, and being replete with the latest conveniences, no hotel in the metropolis approaches nearer to the ideal which was first evolved in the United States of the model modern caravansary. To dwell upon the subject of the general characteristics of the Hôtel Métropole would be superfluous ; they and it are too well known to Americans who have visited London, but a short description of the celebrated " grand salon " of the Métropole, as it has lately been refitted and decorated, will be read with interest.

The scheme of adornment is most tasteful, and perfectly and harmoniously carried out in all details. Two shades of maroon in contrast with white and gold are the leading features of the *ensemble*, and the general effect of this combination is extremely felicitous and pleasing. The wall space between the lofty windows and the immense mirrors is covered with stamped Utrecht velvet of a soft, natural tint and richness of design. The pillars are painted in maroon, with gilt capitals, an arrangement of color which is at once novel and agreeable to the eye. The patterns on the flutings of the beams which support the roof are picked out in gold on a white ground.

The roof panels are covered with dull gold of a peculiarly restful tint, and the design introduced in various portions of the general decoration have an unusually æsthetic character. The electric lights, of which there are a considerable number, are surrounded by cut crystal pendants and greatly enhance the brilliancy of the illumination. In the center of the room is a palm, the leaves of which shadow a space thirty feet in circumfer-

ence. It towers toward the ceiling, and for grace and beauty is not easily equalled in Florida, nor greatly excelled even in California. Tree palms are placed at intervals throughout the spacious room, producing a pleasing effect of verdure, and each of the separate tables is adorned with flowers; while the rich candelabra, with handsome shades placed upon each table, afford the subdued light which is preferable to the cruder glare of the former style of lighting. The general *coup d'œil* in the grand salon is singularly graceful and attractive.

A large number of public and private banquets take place at the Hôtel Métropole, this being one of the recognized resorts for ceremonies of that description.

At the Métropole the "show" apartments are known as the Eugenie and Marie Antoinette suites, and they have afforded many a descriptive writer material for an article. Probably no hotel sleeping chambers equal these for rich and costly decoration—for the laces, the frescoes and luxurious furniture. The reader will know that ample means were at command when told that in the selection of site, in constructing and furnishing the Métropole, half a million sterling (two and a half million dollars) were expended. And such a success has the Métropole proved that the company were encouraged to invest further in hotel property with the result that they now own and control three hotels of the first class in London, also five other hotels in different parts of Europe. Among these are the Métropole at Monte Carlo, the Métropole at Cannes, and the Métropole at Brighton, the last named being the latest hotel erected by this company, and one which will compare in many respects with the most renowned hotels of the world. Rooms at the London Métropole from three shillings and sixpence to one pound per day, breakfast from two-and-six-pence to four shillings; table d'hôte luncheon, three-and-six; table d'hôte dinner, five shillings—one dollar and a half.

HOTEL VICTORIA.

The latest constructed of these three hotels is the Hotel Victoria. Printed words cannot easily convey to the mind an adequate idea of the magnificence of this structure. The public rooms of the Victoria are palatial in their proportions and appointments, the grand staircase is a marvel of beauty, and the sleeping rooms contain all the conveniences and contrivances found in modern hotels of the highest class. Besides the comforts characteristic of an English house, and the luxurious cuisine of a continental hotel, the attention and the discipline which rule at the Victoria remind one of an American hotel.

You need have no fear that the cards of friends calling will not be promptly sent to you : nor is there any delay here about the delivery of telegrams, letters and packages. Letters are placed in your box up to a certain hour of the evening, after that hour they are sent to your room. There is a package-room, also a "package clerk," who receives all bundles, signs therefor, and enters the same in a book, so that it may be known immediately if a package has been received for a guest.

If a telegram or a card from a caller is received and the key to your room is not in its box, thus indicating that you are in your room, or at least in the house, a servant is immediately dispatched to your room, while a little page in livery is started off through all the halls and public rooms calling out in a loud voice your room number in this fashion, "Number 630, please." If you are anywhere under the roof you are sure to be found by this excellent method.

A feature of the Hotel Victoria is a corps of valets. There are seven floors in the building, each accommodating about sixty or seventy guests, and to each floor a valet is assigned who performs all the ordinary duties of such a servant. Shoes are not carried down below to

be mixed and confused with hundreds of others, but are polished by the valet on your floor. The valet also enters your room during your absence, removes all the clothes he finds hanging or lying about, brushes and folds the same and puts them back neatly. It is a convenience, returning to your hotel late in the evening and in haste to dress for dinner or the theatre, to find your evening suit nicely folded and brushed, ready to put on. These and other provisions for the comfort of guests indicate the general care in management and the close attention to detail which obtain at the Victoria, and which have given it its wide reputation. The appointments include a billiard-room with five full-sized tables. Good rooms on fifth floor, a dollar and a half a day. This includes attendance and lights. Breakfast from two shillings to three-and-six; table d'hôte luncheon about the same; table d'hôte dinner, one dollar and a quarter. Manager, G. Reeves-Smith. Cable and telegraphic address, Victoriola, London.

LONG'S HOTEL.

There is another trio of London hotels that may be grouped together, on account of their proximity—the Hotel Albemarle (Albemarle street and Piccadilly), Long's hotel (New Bond street), and the Hotel Bristol (Burlington Gardens, between Bond and Regent streets). The last two are but a few yards apart. They are all comparatively new buildings, and new also in name and history, except Long's, which was erected on the ground where the first Long's stood for *two hundred years*. Long's, though not of great capacity, has a larger number of richly furnished bedrooms than the Ponce de Leon, in St. Augustine, Fla. For the beauty of the exterior and the magnificent surroundings of the Ponce de Leon, as well as for the Oriental splendor of its public

rooms, no words of praise can be too lavish. But the two hotels, "the Ponce" and Long's, cannot be compared; their characteristics are so different. One is like a royal palace in the country, the other resembles a gentleman's quiet, city home. Long's differs from every other hotel I have seen in this respect, that all of its bedrooms have rich hangings, and the walls of each are decorated with works of art. The apartments are not cold and bare, as are the bedrooms of most hotels; they suggest home-like comforts, and are furnished in the best taste. The walls of the dining-room at Long's are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and on the whole it may be called a beautifully appointed hotel. A. Hartmann, manager.

THE BRISTOL.

They have some very attractive hotels in Boston; the Brunswick, for example, and everybody has heard of the beautiful Spanish hotels in St. Augustine, and the great Auditorium in Chicago. I have lived at all these houses, also at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, and at California's other famous house, the Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, with its 126 acres for a garden. There are few or none that are more gorgeous than these, and they always come to one's memory when discussing the best hotels, but certainly New York City cannot boast of a hotel interior that equals in tasteful decorations those of the Bristol in London. It is a gem in its way.

A veritable bijou of a room is the reception room of the Bristol. It is minus the onyx tables and costly paintings you see at the Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine, and the "gold" chairs that dazzle your eyes in so many American hotels: everything in this room at the Bristol,

from the soft carpet on the floor to the decoration on the ceiling, is rich, but also quiet in tone—soothing and harmonious. The Royal Academy, the Burlington Arcade (a fashionable shopping street) and Piccadilly are all within a few hundred feet of the Bristol. The Bristol is patronized by such well-known New Yorkers as the Vanderbilts, the Twomblys and the owner of the *New York World*, and also by princes of the old world and those of blue blood from everywhere. It is nothing if not elegant and aristocratic. In the summer of 1892, during my visit to the Bristol, among the titled guests occupying suites of apartments there was the Duc d'Alba, brother to the King of Italy. Telegraph or write to the Bristol Hotel, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

THE HOTEL ALBEMARLE.

Although rebuilt and opened as recently as the beginning of 1890, the Hotel Albemarle has already gained a position and reputation as one of the most select and fashionable hotels in London. Its situation, to begin with, has undoubtedly had much to do with its immediate success. It conspicuously fronts the north end of the celebrated thoroughfare, St. James's street, in the centre of the court quarter of London, and stands at the corner of Albemarle street and Piccadilly. No better location for a hotel, destined to be at once aristocratic and accessible to the traveling public, could have been selected. Towering high above the surrounding buildings, the Albemarle, with its double façade, seventy-five feet on Piccadilly and seventy-five feet on the street from which it takes its name, cannot fail to attract observation. It is built of terra cotta in the Francis I. style of architecture, and the general effect is both graceful and imposing.

The main entrance is in Albemarle street. The interior of the hotel is furnished and decorated in a variety of styles of the Renaissance period. The furniture and decoration of the dining-room, ladies' drawing-room on the ground floor, the fitting and decoration of the hall and staircase, are treated in the style of Francis I. The style of Henri II. has been adopted for the first and second floors; the third floor is in the style of Louis XV., and the fourth in that of Louis XIV. Special mention must be made of the "Rubens Room," furnished and decorated effectively in the Louis XV. style. This apartment derives its name from a fine painting which adorns the ceiling, and which is believed to be from the brush, either of Rubens himself or of one of his pupils.

The furnishing, fitting and decorating of the Hotel Albemarle were effected by the well-known London firm of Shoolbred, after designs from a famous French artist. The building being of such recent erection, it is scarcely necessary to state that none of the modern improvements has been neglected in its construction. The most careful attention has been paid to sanitary arrangements, and the hotel is lighted throughout by electricity. In the two years which have elapsed since it was opened, it has quickly become renowned for the excellence of its cuisine and service. Its wine cellar is one of the choicest in London.

Royalty, the nobility, and visitors of the highest fashion patronize the Hotel Albemarle. During the London season, in particular, its rooms are crowded with distinguished guests. To Americans, especially, it should prove a most attractive resort, if only on account of the brilliant and aristocratic neighborhood in which it is situated. St. James's Park, St. James's Palace and Marlborough House are near at hand. Hyde Park, with its "Drive" and "Row," is within five minutes' walk. The Art Galleries, the theatres,

the Opera House, the Houses of Parliament, the clubs, Westminster Abbey, and several of the principal museums are within the compass of a shilling cab-fare. The best and most fashionable shops in London are situated in the near vicinity, in Piccadilly and in Bond and Regent streets, while Oxford street, where many of the cheaper shops are to be found, is but a short distance off—in short, it may be said that the Hotel Albemarle stands almost in the centre of the fashionable life and business of London.

Interest attaches to Albemarle street itself as an historical thoroughfare. During the last century it enjoyed peculiar reputation as a place of residence at the west end of the metropolis, and not a little of this old-time prestige clings to it still. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, once lived in Albemarle street, and when Louis the Eighteenth of France was in England in 1814 he made it his place of stay, and held, at the now defunct "Grillon's Hotel," his receptions of the leaders of the English nobility. The famous publishing house, Murray's, through whose doors have passed such celebrities in the world of letters as Byron, Scott, Southey, Crabbe, Hallam, Tom Moore, Gifford, Lockhart, Washington Irving and many others, is situated immediately opposite the entrance to the Hotel. You would never imagine that it was a publishing house or business house of any kind. It looks like an ordinary private dwelling, and the only sign on the building is one small, dull brass plate on the front wall upon which is engraved "Mr. Murray."

The proprietor of the Hotel Albemarle is Mr. A. L. Vogel. He is to be congratulated on the rapid success he has met with in his efforts to establish one of the best of London hotels. Mr. Vogel has purchased the freehold of property adjoining the Albemarle Hotel, and a large addition to the hotel will be erected presently, thus affording room for a new *salle à manger* and some thirty more bedrooms.

Mr. Vogel issues as a "Guide to London" a comprehensive and, in its way, a complete little book of fifty pages, illustrated and prettily bound in cloth. It is sent free to any address in the world on application. The hotel accommodates about one hundred guests. Address the Albemarle, Albemarle street, Piccadilly, London.

THE SAVOY.

A London hotel that has, so to speak, jumped into popularity is the Savoy Hotel. It is a new house, on the Victoria embankment, with the Strand at its back, the public gardens in front and the Thames at its feet. It lies between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge, and for a "finger post" it has Cleopatra's needle. There is an entrance for foot passengers from the Strand and a carriage drive from the embankment directly into the courtyard, like that of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, the Grand Hotel in Paris, and the Grand in Brussels. In fact, the Savoy is more like a continental than an English house, and the owners call it "the Hotel de Luxe of the world." Luxurious in size and appointments, the Savoy certainly is. It is not continental, however, in its system of charges. Nor for that matter is it like any other London hotel, its system being American. In all Parisian hotels candles are a separate charge: in nearly all European hotels attendance is a separate item, and in most hotels in the civilized world you must pay extra for baths. Not so at the Savoy. When you are told the rate for an apartment everything is included—everything of course but meals—bedroom, lights, attendance and baths. There are sixty-

seven bath rooms in the house, and beneath it there is an artesian well four hundred and twenty feet deep. The boiling water, as well as the cold, like Jacobs's bottle, is inexhaustible, and you can bathe to your heart's content. You can hire a room for two persons for two dollars a day, or you may engage a suite at twenty dollars a day.

As to table, you may live economically at the Savoy, or you may live like a prince,—a rich prince. Here are the definite and fixed rates at the Savoy:—bedrooms for one person, from seven and sixpence (nearly two dollars) per day; for two persons, ten-and-six; suites of apartments containing sitting-room, bed-room, dressing-room and private bath-room, from thirty shillings per day. Breakfast from two shillings to three-and-six; luncheon, four shillings; dinner, seven-and-six; dinner served in private rooms ten-and-six. Guests' servants are boarded at six shillings per day; price of room according to location. If you want to live in style and enjoy, at its best, life in London, engage a suite at the Savoy, including parlor and bath-room, with private lobby and private balcony overlooking the Thames. It makes no difference what floor you select: there are "lifts" in the house, so large and luxurious as to be justly called "ascending rooms:" they run day and night. The rooms on the top floor are equal in height of ceiling to those on the lower floors, and the furniture is of the same quality throughout the house. General manager, C. Ritz; acting manager, L. Echenard.

HOTEL WINDSOR.

The Hotel Windsor is in Victoria street, only five minutes' walk from Victoria Station, two minutes' walk from the American Legation, a few steps from West-

minster Abbey, Westminster Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, St. James's Park and the Home Office. The dining-room of the Windsor is an especially cheerful apartment and it overlooks the pretty garden of a church. The great plate glass windows in this dining-room are larger than the windows in any other hotel, so large that they are only moved up or down by ropes to which handles are attached. They let in plenty of daylight, almost as much as streams freely into the dining-room of the Hotel Pasaje, Havana, which opens on the street, and which is not encumbered with windows at all.

The Hotel Windsor is not only kept by a "proprietor" in the accepted American use of that term, but the furniture, the building and the ground on which it stands are owned in fee ("freehold," as English people call it), by two men, J. R. Cleave and V. D. B. Cooper, the first named being the actual and active manager of the house, who makes it his home, the title of the firm being J. R. Cleave & Co. The premises include fifteen thousand square feet of ground, which, without the imposing ten-story stone structure upon it, is valued at forty-five thousand pounds sterling—not far short of a quarter million dollars.

The Windsor is fortunate in its location. A shilling cab takes you to any theatre or to the shopping centre, and 'buses pass the door every minute for Charing Cross, Trafalgar square and the Strand. Time, ten minutes; fare, two cents, inside or out.

There is a lift at the Windsor of modern style; the house is lighted by electricity; there are Turkish and swimming baths on the lower floor; to avoid disagreeable odors the kitchen is at the top of the house; the bedrooms are scrupulously clean, the *cuisine* and wines are of the best quality, and the charges moderate. You can live at the Windsor, if you prefer it, on the American plan—rate, about four dollars a day. The European

plan is also moderate in price for rooms and meals—a delicious lunch for sixty cents: choice service.

If this is the description of a model hotel, worthy in every respect of the best patronage, “that,” as humorist Gilbert says, “is the idea I intended to convey.” The Windsor was built about thirteen years ago. Address, J. R. Cleave, manager, Victoria street, Westminster, S. W.

BAILEY'S HOTEL.

Americans going to London for business, intent upon shopping, theatre-going and a round of sight-seeing, find hotels in the Strand, or hotels near Trafalgar square, very convenient. Reference is made to the Grand, the Métropole, the Savoy, and the Victoria, in their alphabetical order. The Langham, in Portland place, and those select houses near Burlington Gardens and Piccadilly—Long's, the Bristol, the Burlington and the Albemarle, are also central, convenient, and in a fashionable district.

If, however, a family is going to London for a protracted stay and the desire of their hearts is to be in an ultra-fashionable locality, where the aristocracy reside, and where quiet and selectness reign and salubrity is assured, then Bailey's Hotel, on the corner of Gloucester and Cromwell roads, is recommended and recommends itself. If you are in haste and do not care for a cab, the “underground” will take you from “the city” or from Charing Cross to Bailey's Hotel in fifteen minutes, fare five cents, third class; fifteen cents in a first-class carriage.

When you reach Gloucester Road Station you are at Bailey's Hotel, and within a few minutes walk of Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Cromwell Gardens, Stanhope Gardens, Queen's Gate Gardens, etc., etc. Near at

hand are the Albert Memorial, Albert Hall, and South Kensington Museum.

There is no attempt to lead people to believe that very low prices prevail or that Bailey's is a "cheap house" in any sense of the term. On the contrary, you pay for the best, and you get it. You can live at Bailey's Hotel on the European plan at about the same rate as at an American hotel of the first-class. Single rooms rent at about one dollar per day; double rooms from a dollar and a half; suites from four dollars and a half upward. These are the winter rates. They are a trifle higher during "the season."

As at all English hotels, breakfast varies in price from fifty cents to seventy-five cents; luncheon from sixty cents; table d'hôte dinner, one dollar and twenty-five cents. Of course it is English, and there are some extras. It is a rule at every English hotel, except the Savoy in London, to make a separate charge for "attendance," about thirty-five cents per day for each person, and Bailey's conforms to the rule. No American likes it and it seems odd, but it is the custom in England, and when in Rome——. Four dollars per week is the charge for each member of the canine race.

BERNERS HOTEL, OXFORD STREET.

London is a pretty large town, and those hotels whose names are so much in men's mouths, such as the Grand, the Victoria, the Savoy, the Langham, the Metropole, do not include the entire list of excellent houses. The Berners Hotel is not so grand as these nor near so large; but for that reason, and because its prices are moderate, it commends itself to many. Berners Hotel is intended for and is largely patronized by families. Berners street is a quiet, narrow street running off from Oxford street and is but a few steps west from fashionable Regent street.

The location is not without historical interest. In Berners street Theodore Hook played the most famous of his many practical jokes. In the early days of the century practical jokes were more in favor than they are now. "A practical joke is a peasant's joke," says the Italian proverb—" *Gioco di mano gioco villano.*" But allowance must be made for the animal spirits which prevailed "in the hot days when George the Fourth was king," and the "Berners Street Hoax" was planned and carried out by Theodore Hook on such a large scale that its very completeness removed it from the category of ordinary hoaxes.

The "Berners Street Hoax" was simple enough in its conception. It consisted in ordering two hundred tradesmen to send at the same time goods of the most varied kinds to a particular house in Berners street (No. 54); the originator of the little comedy having meanwhile secured for himself a post of observation in a house immediately opposite the scene of action.

The house, No. 6, where the Berners Hotel has been established for the last half century, is associated less with comic than with dramatic incidents. Here, in this very house, lived Fauntleroy, the banker; and here, according to a legend which may well be founded on fact, he concealed, after committing his great forgery, a considerable portion of the proceeds; lodging solid bullion behind wainscoting, up chimneys, and in odd corners of secret cupboards. The ancient house, with its abundant woodwork, its carved cornices, and its painted ceiling, transports one to the past; though the modern furniture and the newly-invented appliances of all kinds soon recall the dreamer to the time in which we live.

The building also has a history, and is old, but the apartments and the appointments are up to date. The house was recently "done over" (London lingo) by Bywater & Co., a celebrated English firm of decorators.

It is within walking distance of many places of amusement and within a shilling cab fare of the principal railway stations.

The charges at Berners Hotel are moderate ; single bedroom from two and six (sixty-two cents) per day ; breakfast from one and six ; luncheon from one shilling ; table d'hôte dinner, three and six—less than one dollar. Visitors are also received on boarding terms at a special rate, from nine shillings per day, including room, attendance, breakfast, luncheon and dinner (six courses) at table d'hôte. Children under ten years at half price. Board and lodging for visitors' servants, six shillings per day. George Augustus Sala, himself a famous *bon vivant*, is chairman of the company ; Thomas Ward, a man of wide experience in hotel management, is the resident director, and he is well supported by a most capable manager. Mail address, 6 and 7 Berners street, Oxford street, W. ; cable address, Berners Hotel, London.

IN JERMYN STREET.

A couple of small, quiet hotels in Jermyn street—a street which runs parallel with Piccadilly—may be found pleasant by families or by ladies without escort. They lack that bustle and noise to which some people object, and they are not “company hotels,” that is to say the head and front of each is always visible and approachable. Mr. Rawlings is proprietor of the Rawlings Hotel, and Mr. Morle with his family keeps and manages the house which bears his name.

While Jermyn street is narrow and its two hotels are quiet, plenty of life and gayety are to be had near at hand. Bond street and Regent street, two of the most fashionable shopping streets of London, are hard by, and the parks and palaces are within walking distance.

Rawlings' Hotel is famous for its cuisine, and a feature at Morle's is that you can arrange to live on the American plan if you prefer, the charges being "inclusive," as they call this plan there, and very moderate withal. Both these houses are homelike and comfortable, but they are not strictly fashionable.

Do not confuse Morle's in Jermyn street with Morley's in Trafalgar square. Morley's has a magnificent outlook, with the noble Nelson Monument, Landseer's lions and the playing fountains in front, and the dinner served at Morley's is of the best quality, but the house is very old and rather worn, notwithstanding its white and attractive exterior.

THE FIRST AVENUE.

Don't be prejudiced at the sound of "First Avenue Hotel." It is in Holborn, a bustling, busy thoroughfare, but which has nothing in common with our First avenue in New York. The Gordon's Hotel Company erred in naming the house; they possibly meant to say Fifth Avenue Hotel, for the First Avenue Hotel ranks probably with our Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, only the First Avenue is not an old house. Holborn is one of London's main arteries, a continuation, east, of Oxford street. The First Avenue is not very far from St. Paul's and Newgate. The former being a noble cathedral, you will wish to get into; the latter being a prison, you will wish to keep out of, unless for a temporary visit.

OTHER HOTELS.

Another hotel in Holborn which may be commended is the Holborn Viaduct Hotel, near the city station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

A pleasant house in High Holborn is the Inns of Court; neither fashionable nor grand, but select and comfortable; largely patronized by English people. Terms moderate. The main entrance is in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

There are some famous old houses farther east, in the city, in such a bustling, busy quarter as St. Martin's le Grand, near the General Post Office. The Queen's Hotel in this neighborhood is best known.

Not far from this locality is the Manchester Hotel, in Aldersgate street. The proprietor of the Manchester Hotel especially solicits American patronage.

Those who desire to make frequent visits to the Houses of Parliament and that grand old pile, Westminster Abbey, will find the Westminster Palace Hotel convenient. It has an imposing front, in Victoria street, Westminster, almost opposite to the Abbey. Within five minutes' walk of this hotel are the Home Office, St. James's Park, the Horse Guards, Westminster Bridge, leading to the Surrey side of London, the United States Legation, and the Victoria Station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. The favorite and well kept Hotel Windsor, referred to elsewhere, is also in Victoria street, and still nearer to the Station and the Legation before mentioned.

Convenient to Hyde Park are the Alexandra Hotel, 16 to 21 St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, and the Hyde Park Hotel. The latter is at the west end of Oxford street, in Hyde Park Place, near the Marble Arch.

Claridge's Hotel used to be considered "the crack" house of London, and it is still patronized by the nobility, members of the diplomatic corps and by royalty. Nos. 49 to 55 Brook street, Grosvenor Square.

The Hotels connected with the railway stations are large structures, solidly built, fire-proof, as a general rule, and fitted up with every modern contrivance. They are desirable stopping places if you arrive late at night

or if you intend to make an early start by rail, from the station, in the morning. They were erected for that purpose, and they serve it admirably.

There are very many reputable hotels in London which are worthy of the best patronage, detailed reference to which, in this limited space, it would not be possible to make.

If none of the hotels described or alluded to in the foregoing list suits your plans and purposes, consult friends who have had experience in such matters. But don't go, hap-hazard, into the smallest and oldest London hotels of whose very existence you never heard. Some of them are unpleasant, as residences; others are unhealthy. If your stay in London is short there is every reason why you should put up at the best houses. If you make a protracted visit and desire to economize, go to a boarding house or take lodgings. You will see signs in windows all over London: hire rooms and eat where your fancy or purse directs. London housekeepers are glad to "eke out" by letting rooms in the summer, and with a small tip now and then to the maid, life can be made very comfortable in London lodgings.

A FEW BOARDING HOUSES.

There are plenty of first-class boarding houses where Americans are welcome. Five or six come to mind—Mrs. Pool's, No. 20 Bedford place; Mrs. Goodman's, No. 13 Montague place; Mrs. Philp's, No. 6 Montague place; Mrs. Wright's, No. 15 Upper Woburn place, and Mr. Cooper's, No. 1 Bedford place, Russell square. Mrs. Philp is an American whose husband keeps the Cockburn Hotel in Glasgow; and there is a Philp's Cockburn Hotel in Edinburgh. Mrs. Philp's drawing-room is beautiful, the dining-room cheerful, and there is a pretty

garden which is backed by the walls of the British Museum, so Mrs. Philp is easily found.

Those who want to live economically but comfortably are recommended to the handsome private hotel or *pension* of Mrs. Marcus Pool, 20 Bedford place, Russell square. This is a pleasant and convenient quarter of the city—quite handy for the British Museum, not far from Charing Cross, and a shilling cab fare to railway stations and places of amusement. The house is furnished and appointed on a liberal scale; the drawing-room is large and cheerful; the bedrooms are luxuriously fitted up in the best taste, and they have a pleasant outlook. There is a Broadwood piano, also a new billiard room, with a table from the famous firm of Bennett. The house has a refined, home-like air, well representing the character of Mrs. Pool and her charming daughter. French and German are spoken. The terms at the Pool pension are from two dollars a day, which include breakfast, table d'hôte dinner and attendance—"everything inclusive." Those are the terms "in the season;" the winter rates are lower. The cuisine is of the substantial English quality, but not heavy. At Pool's pension you are sure to meet cultivated and select people. Those who have been Mrs. Pool's guests appear perfectly satisfied; for they return again and again. Mr. Cooper keeps a good house and he caters to people accustomed to pleasant surroundings. He is a typical Londoner of the middle class—honest, blunt and out-spoken. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, wife of the American Vice-Consul in Paris, recommends No. 1 Bedford place. Mrs. Hooper makes it her stopping place when she is in London.

"American Family Home."—This is the title of a London establishment which meets with especial favor among fastidious tourists. It is known as the Demeter House, and is at No. 13 Montague place, Russell Square, W. C., a boarding-house district, but quiet, select and

healthful. Montague Place is not far from Oxford street ; in two minutes you get a penny 'bus which goes to Charing Cross. Montague place is backed by the British Museum, between which and the Demeter House are airy and attractive gardens. The house is large and the rooms spacious and beautifully fitted up ; the handsome drawing-room measures thirty feet square. Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodman have kept the Demeter House for about six years. They aim to combine the comforts and freedom of a refined home and the advantages of a hotel, but with less expense. There is accommodation in the Demeter House for twenty-two guests. Many leading American families make this their home during their annual visits to London. It can be recommended to people of refined tastes accustomed to neat, clean and well-appointed houses. The rates are from six to eight shillings per day for breakfast (meat breakfast) and dinner ; no charge for attendance. In mid-day you are occupied in London in sight-seeing, so luncheon is not included in the figures quoted.

Put down "No. 15 Upper Woburn place, Tavistock square," and note that it is not far from Euston station. It is a quiet street. The house is kept by an English woman of refinement, Miss Mary Wright and her sister, and it may be commended as a pleasant Christian home, where grace is said before meals.

Of these boarding houses, like all the hotels mentioned in this article, the writer speaks from his own knowledge and experience. But don't count on getting accommodation in London hotels in the season, without making previous arrangements or giving notice in advance of your arrival, or you may be disappointed.

WHERE TO LUNCH IN LONDON, AND WHERE NOT TO LUNCH.

It may be set down at the outset that there are no restaurants in London equal to Delmonico's in Fifth avenue, or the Café Savarin in the Equitable Building, New York, and no London restaurant serves a table d'hôte dinner at any price equal in quality and style of service to that furnished at the select and elegant "Cambridge," Fifth avenue and 33d street, New York.

Neither is there a restaurant of the third class that will compare with Mouquin's, in Ann street, where everything is cooked to a turn, and where even a fastidious *gourmet* need not find fault. There are two or three Italian places in Regent street where they serve a "Chateaubriand," enough for two persons, for one dollar, but nowhere do you get a dish of macaroni that is more palatable than at Mouquin's and neither in London nor Paris do you get as good Burgundy for the price as Mouquin's Beaujolais—half bottle, forty cents.

The foreign halls are more richly gilded, and the furniture is of finer texture, but if you are looking for as good food and as well served at that at Mouquin's, at Mouquin's prices, you will look in vain.

In the price of wines, however, no first-class hotel or restaurant anywhere that I know of sells wines as low as the manager of the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal. In France, on the Swiss border, I found *vin ordinaire* almost as cheap as water, in the small inns. The Hotel del Monte, please bear in mind, is a superbly appointed and grand establishment, and they serve you a half

bottle of good California Zinfandel for fifteen cents. But then this hotel company own their own vineyards, and make no profit on wine served at table. It is a sort of "sample" or advertisement for their wines.

"The Aerated Bread Shops," which are as "thick as flies" in London, are probably good enough places to drop into if you are in a great hurry, for a cup of coffee or cocoa and a roll or piece of dry, digestible seed cake. If you abhor marble tables, if you must have a *serviette* and you would avoid a crowd and mixed company, keep out of the "aerated bread shops," and by the same token and by all means keep out of the Lockhart lunch shops. The "aerated bread shops" are tolerable; the others are not.

Much more worthy of patronage than aerated bread shops or Lockhart's lunch shops is the confectionery and cake counter of William Buszard, 197 and 199 Oxford street, where everything is clean and inviting. A similar place of the first-class is that in "the city," of Alfred Purssell & Co., No. 80 Cornhill, E. C. The proprietor of this establishment is related to the late William Purssell, founder of the famous restaurant in Broadway which still bears his name. There are several pleasant places in and near Piccadilly where you may obtain a cup of tea or cocoa and a dainty sandwich, just enough to "stay the appetite." One of the best of these is Callard's, 146 New Bond street, but even in this neat and clean little shop they don't know what a *serviette* is.

The Tivoli restaurant, up stairs, connected with the Tivoli Music Hall, is in the Strand, just East of Charing Cross. "La Haute Cuisine Française," as they term it, is in charge of a famous *chef*, M. Gérard. A Table d'Hôte Luncheon, at 2s. 6d., from 12 to 3; Parisian dinner, at 5s., from 6 to 9, served in the Flemish Room.

Londoners are proud of their Holborn Restaurant, 218 High Holborn, where the glass and the brass and the

marble columns are resplendent and imposing, and where you are regaled with vocal music (English glees) during the dinner hour, but the meals are not daintily served; the butter is not cold and the plates are not warm, and unless you order a costly meal at the Holborn Restaurant, the waiter may wait on you with condescension. Dinner, three-and-six.

There is a Washington Restaurant in London, 203 Oxford street, not far from Oxford Circus. Its title attracts Americans, although the proprietors are Italians, Costa and Magri. Great stress is laid on the large and choice stock of wines here, and the cellars, as I know from examination, contain some good brands. There is not much style at "The Washington," but on the other hand the prices (for food) do not reach the top notch.

The elegant Hotel Bristol, 17 Cork street, Burlington Gardens, is open as a restaurant in the middle of the day. This now is the place for a *gourmet* or an epicure. The dishes are served in perfect style and the wines are the choicest. A four-shilling table d'hôte luncheon is served daily at the Bristol. This price, of course, does not include even a "small bottle."

If you are in "the city," in the neighborhood of the Bank (the Bank of England) and you have a desire to see how and where some of the bankers, brokers and merchants lunch, step into the "Palmerston Restaurant," Palmerston Buildings, a solid looking structure, at 34 Old Broad street. I don't know exactly, but I believe it is kept by the company which "runs" the aristocratic Hotel Bristol in Burlington Gardens. No matter who keeps it, The Palmerston is well kept, and it is called "the largest one-floor restaurant in the world." Neither do I know what is meant by that remark since there are several floors besides a cold luncheon counter, dining rooms for ladies, grill room, reading room, supplied with newspapers from all parts

of the world (in which, of course, you will find *The Home Journal*), smoking and billiard rooms, even a hair-dressing saloon and bath rooms. The Palmerston is worthy its great name. It is in the city proper and well worth a visit.

Ladies who are in the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey or who have business at the American Legation, are recommended to the Army and Navy stores, in Victoria street, opposite the Windsor Hotel, where a dainty lunch is served at a very moderate sum. You can do your shopping in the same large establishment. They sell everything, from a poached egg to an Axminster carpet or a wedding outfit. The Army and Navy stores is on the coöperative plan. To gain entrance you must either use a member's ticket number or use good judgment.

Gatti is a well-known name in the Strand, where the Gattis have two large, gaudily furnished restaurants, one of which extends to King William street. The Gattis are also owners of the Adelphi Theatre, where you may always enjoy a drama—if you enjoy melodrama. The Gattis are Swiss, and one of the brothers is a legislator in one of the Swiss Cantons. They commenced in a small way, in the east end of London, many years ago and made a reputation for their ices. They long since moved to the west end, where they increased their business and they now conduct a thriving trade. All Gatti's waiters are foreigners. They are a talkative set, and some people might prefer that their linen be nearer the color of snow.

IN REGENT STREET.

If you are in the neighborhood of Piccadilly Circus, a fair place to get luncheon at a fair price is "the Florence" in Rupert street, Regent street. It is an Italian

restaurant ; the lunch is served table d'hôte and the price is one shilling and sixpence. But there is no profit to the restaurateur in the mere lunch : you are expected to order wine—indeed that is the expectation in all English restaurants and hotels—all hotels that are not temperance houses. At the Florence you can get dinner from six to nine, for half-a-crown—sixty-two cents—and you order wine of course.

If you are fond of high living, and you don't mind paying for it, take a meal in the middle of the day or *early* in the evening at the Hotel Continental. It is in the lower part of Regent street, on the corner of Waterloo place, within the shadow of the Duke of York column. It was one of the first houses in London to adopt the French style in name—Hotel Continental in lieu of Continental Hotel—and it was one of the first to serve a first-class dinner in the French style. The reputation for its *cuisine* is second to none, and the hotel prides itself upon the accuracy of the names and vintages of the wines supplied. It has the monopoly in London of that famous brand of champagne, "*Medaille d' Or*," which received the grand prize in the French Exhibition of 1878 over sixty other competing wines. Cigarettes made of the finest tobacco are manufactured expressly for the hotel in Constantinople and Salonica.

There is always a very gay scene in the Hotel Continental supper room after the theatres close ; it might become too lively in the early hours of the morning, but the police regulations oblige such places as the Continental to close their doors at one A.M. Dinner from seven-and-six to twelve-and-six, without wine, of course ; for although you are in the Continental you are not on the Continent. A. Y. Wilson is the manager.

More attention is given to "the inner man" in London than in any other place I wot of. They seem to live to eat there, not eat to live, and yet some one has noted this difference—you eat dinner in London, while in Paris

you dine. Mention the subject of restaurants in London and the majority will ask you, "Have you dined at Verrey's in Regent street?" Yes, I've been to Verrey's and I found it very expensive, and very gloomy, not to say oppressive. You are in the middle of the house and the room is lighted from a skylight. It is not cheerful.

Near Verrey's, at 227 Regent street, is Elphinstone's, an attractive "pastry cook shop," where cakes, coffee, ices or a sandwich are served quickly and neatly.

Blanchard's, "The Burlington," 169 Regent street, is patronized by the higher classes. Dinner from five shillings to twelve-and-six. No higher priced dinner in London.

For a healthful, nicely-served meal, whether it consist of a mutton chop and a boiled potato or a dinner of several courses, much better than most of the establishments in Regent street is the Café Royal, at No. 68 Regent street. In the "Grand Café Restaurant Royal," where dinner is served, prices rule high. For luncheon go into the "Grill Room" of the Café Royal. You will find the rates reasonable, the food of the best, the appointments on a grand scale, and the service satisfactory. These remarks will also apply to "The Monico," at Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury avenue.

The St. James Restaurant, which extends from Piccadilly to Regent street, with entrances on both streets, is a large, showy place, with plenty of glitter about it, and wearing the big-sounding title of St. James Hall. The rates are not low, the food is not of the choicest quality, the service is not of the best, and the waiters may overcharge you unless you watch them closely. The charge for washing your hands at the St. James, be you a patron or not, is two-pence. This is a regular charge made by the proprietors, but if you don't also fee the man who hands you a towel or fills your basin, you might get a cold reception down-stairs the next time you call, and you may fill your own basin.

At the Criterion, in Piccadilly Circus, you can take your choice ; go up stairs, and the charges are higher ; down in the basement the same dishes are served at a lower price. To quote their bill, "table d'hôte three-and-six, *le diner Parisien*, five shillings."

English people when they are thirsty drink beer, wine, or something stronger ; Americans who live in cities, American women at least, prefer something weaker, soda water, for instance, which, charged with gas, looks cool and inviting as it comes bubbling from a highly polished, silver-plated fountain. Not until recently could American taste in this matter be gratified in London. Now there are two "American confectioneries" kept by Fuller, one, the principal establishment, at 206 Regent street ; the other, at 358 Strand, both central locations. The first is close to Oxford Circus and not far from the Langham Hotel. At Fuller's you can get ice-cream soda and "caramels fresh every hour." In fact, on a pleasant summer day Fuller's, in Regent street, will remind you of Huyler's on Broadway, and if you are a New Yorker, you will meet many familiar faces there. If you retain a juvenile *penchant* for peanuts, that taste can also be gratified at Fuller's.

THE GRILL ROOM OF THE GRAND.

So many of the transient guests at hotels in London are out shopping and sight-seeing, that they generally take only breakfast, or, at most, breakfast and dinner, at their hotels, always lunching wherever convenience may permit. The meals at European hotels being usually a separate charge, the hotel is a sufferer by this custom, so that at some, if not most houses, it is understood that, if you take your meals out, a higher charge will be made for your apartment. The directors of the Gordon

Hotels, however, have a restaurant of their own in the Grand Hotel, which is so attractive that it not only keeps together the regular guests, but allures "the outside world," and thus the "Grill Room" of the Grand has become famous in London.

While within and a part of the Grand Hotel, it is not reached by the main entrance in Northumberland avenue. It is at the eastern end of the building, around the corner, in the Strand, and is in what we would call in New York a basement, but no ordinary "basement" is this, and the staircase leading to it is anything but ordinary. The Grill Room of the Grand is a well-lighted, cheerful apartment, richly carpeted and finely furnished. The chairs are comfortably upholstered, the walls are gorgeous with polished tiles, the table furniture is dainty, the food is of prime quality, and the tariff of charges moderate.

Don't be surprised at the charge, two-pence, for washing your hands in the Grill Room lavatory, and unless you occupy a room, the charge for use of lavatory in the hotel proper is three-pence; but it is worth half a crown merely to see the lavatory, or rather the staircase and landing leading to it, so beautiful are the colored marble fountain, the eastern rugs, the fernery and the Oriental lamps, with which this lower part of the house is decorated. The view of this lower part from the marble staircase on the main floor has been called fairy-like; it is certainly very pleasing.

Strangers are not allowed the run and freedom of the hotels in Europe as they are in "the States." They can't use the smoking-room, read the newspapers, loiter about the halls, make a general rendezvous of the house and help themselves to stationery in European hotels as they do on this side. Their hotels lack some of our popular features and the excellent service and discipline of the American hotels, but, on the other hand, they are not so noisy, and are more private and home-like.

SIMPSON'S DIVAN.

A Characteristic English Restaurant.—A good, plain, thoroughly wholesome English dinner is served in an appetizing way by English waiters at Simpson's, No. 103 Strand, next door to Terry's Theatre, opposite Exeter Hall. You get a bowl of good soup, a course of fish, a cut from the joint, a salad, two kinds of vegetables, with bread and butter, a biscuit and a bit of rich Gorgonzola or dry Wiltshire cheese to wind up with, and your whole bill will be four shillings, to which add threepence for "attendance," which is charged in the bill, and about threepence more which you will hand to the waiter. A feature of the place is that the hot joint, over a chafing dish and on a small table, is wheeled round to you, and it is there cut before your eyes and transferred to your plate. You can get a lower-priced dinner in London, and higher-priced dinners where you please, but none of a better quality and none that is more satisfactory unless you demand fancy *fol de rols*, indigestible entrées and French dishes made of little or nothing.

Simpson's is justly celebrated for its "fish" dinners. Both these and the meal above described are served in the middle of the day and in the evening also. On Sunday the evening dinner only is served; the place is closed on that day until 6 P. M.

Simpson's enjoys the patronage of Henry Irving and of other people famous in the theatrical world, just as it did in the last century. Henry Irving's Lyceum Theatre, by the way, is in the Strand, near Simpson's, but on the opposite side of the street. Not very long ago I saw D'Oyly Carte enjoying his dinner at Simpson's. This is a special compliment to the place, because that magnificent hotel, the Savoy, in which this theatrical manager is interested, is just around the corner from Simpson's, on the Thames Embankment. During the

summer of '91 I met at Simpson's another theatrical manager, our own Augustin Daly, with his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Daly occasionally left the Hotel Métropole, where they had apartments, to partake of one of Simpson's substantial, well-cooked and appetizing meals. There's no Simpson now, the founder died long ago, but "Simpson's" is there yet, as it was a hundred years ago, although it is now a limited company. Howard Paul eulogizes this place, and Stephen Fiske recommends it. Besides being a brilliant writer on dramatic matters, Mr. Fiske has made a study of the gastronomic art, and he lived in London continuously during nine years. The reading public put faith in Stephen Fiske's dramatic criticism; his intimates also trust to his good taste and judgment in ordering a dinner.

It is a well-known fact that changes in the employees at this establishment are seldom made. Some of the waiters have stood at the tables for nearly two decades, and the head waiter has been there (probably not always as head waiter) for more than thirty years. The name of this head waiter is Charles Flowerdew, so he informed me, and I can impart this piece of information—that this same Flowerdew is a character worth studying. There is nothing of the "Yellowplush" type about him, but he is such a character, courteous and civil (yes, seemingly servile to an American's eye), such as Dickens delighted to draw.

Mr. Flowerdew knows all the old customers at Simpson's, and, what is of more consequence to a hungry man, he knows all the choice cuts. He will suggest the best dishes, the rare bits, and he will serve you from the joint *ad libitum*, as he proudly remarks. When next you go to London, go to Simpson's, 103 Strand. You will be sure to meet a few London notabilities, you will be sure of a good dinner, and last, but by no means least, you will see the polite and dignified Mr. Charles Flowerdew. Managing director, E. W. Cathie.



L. & N. W. RY. INTERIOR SALOON.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.

While our facilities in railway travelling have wonderfully improved in the past ten years, it must not be supposed that in conservative England they have stood still entirely. But the improvements in carriage accommodation there have been so steady and gradual that passengers hardly recognize how much more they get for their money now than they did a generation back. For instance, the old first-class carriage of forty years ago was fifteen feet long, six and a half feet broad, and less than five feet high, and this was constructed to seat eighteen passengers; in other words, each person had about twenty-six cubic feet of space. In the carriages built to-day to accommodate ten first-class passengers, each one has ninety cubic feet.

Nor because we in America have such luxurious Pullman and Wagner cars must it be imagined that the English railway carriages have not comforts and luxuries of their own. Some carriages, for example, have compartments which are built to seat only two or three persons, thus securing complete privacy to a party of that number.

I have never occupied a more comfortable railway compartment than in going, as I did, last September, from Edinburgh to London over the lines of the Caledonian and London and North Western railways, on the world-famous train called the "Flying Scotchman"—and a flyer it is. The distance is four hundred miles, and it is run in eight and one-half hours. You leave Edinburgh at 10.15 A.M. and reach Euston square before 7 P.M. As there are several important stations between the two cities at which long stops are made, the train must

make between many of the stations much more than fifty miles an hour. The speed was so great at times that it caused unusual vibration, and at times it gave me a slight reminder of sea-sickness.

The compartment was built to seat two persons. In it there were two large, softly-upholstered, sleep-inviting arm-chairs, one on each side of the car. Between the two chairs at the back was a door leading to a lavatory for the sole use of the two passengers. It was supplied with iced-water, washing water, towels, mirror and all the etceteras and conveniences that are desirable in travelling. The compartment had six windows—two at each side and two in front. Between the two front windows was a handsomely-framed bevelled mirror. The floor was richly carpeted and the compartment was supplied with a number of brass brackets and hooks for the travellers' impedimenta. But more than this—across the front, breast high, was a shelf about six inches wide to hold books and papers, and below this another shelf about the same width for a foot-rest.

The compartment was seven feet square and seven feet high. Here a man and wife or two friends can make themselves about as comfortable as if they were at home in their own drawing-room. You exchange your shoes for slippers, don your smoking jacket and if your companion does not object, you can enjoy a fragrant Havana. To be sure this is against the rules of the company and your indulgence in the weed would cost you forty shillings if you were found out, but the distances are great and the stops few on this "flying Scotchman," so there is ample time to enjoy a smoke on the sly. No extra fare is demanded for this most luxurious vehicle; it is simply ranked as a first-class carriage, but you had better write to the station master and engage such a compartment a day or two in advance of your intended journey, for not more than one of these small compartments is by chance attached even to a "flying Scotch-

man." No extra charge is made for this engagement in advance.

The complaint years ago that passengers were locked in the cars can seldom now be made. The custom is almost entirely abolished ; it caused so many accidents. The aim of each and every passenger on a British railway is to secure a seat with his back to the engine. In this way he avoids draughts of air : draughts from a bottle they never object to. In fact both men and women drink often and deeply during a journey, but it does not seem to affect them.

Time tables are not given away as with us : the charge is a penny, two cents. You never hear "all aboard" at railway stations, but the much pleasanter sounding words, "take your seats, please."

LUGGAGE AND BAGGAGE.

You do occasionally get a paper check or receipt for baggage on a continental railway, but in England seldom or never. Still a piece of baggage is seldom lost on an English railway. It gets to its proper destination at last, but it seems to be more by good luck than by good management. Baggage, or "luggage," as they term it, goes astray sometimes, but on the other hand, the system for tracing and finding it is excellent. They have a "lost luggage" department in the principal stations.

They are very particular as to the quantity of baggage. Each passenger is allowed so many pounds. At every station there is an official who keeps a sharp eye on the porters who handle trunks, and at the slightest suspicion of overweight the official will order a trunk on the scales with which all stations are supplied.

There are strong racks in every car for light luggage. but a great deal of what we should term heavy baggage

finds its way on the racks and under the seats. Englishmen travel with an extraordinary quantity of impedimenta. They carry large satchels, also portmanteaus resembling a good-sized trunk—all because no checks are given. Everybody wants to keep his luggage in hand or in sight.

There is a prominent sign posted in some of the large stations to this effect: "Any porter who is discovered accepting a fee will be instantly dismissed." And yet you won't get your trunk moved an inch without dropping a few coppers into a porter's hand. The fee system prevails everywhere, from the station master who furnishes information to the uniformed porter who whistles for a "four-wheeler" or hansom. In many cases the door of the toilet room is only unlocked by dropping a penny in a slot. But this is a better arrangement than exists at stations on the continent, where an old woman stands guard, whom you must fee before you are allowed to leave.

A ROYAL RAILWAY TRIP.

When the Queen of England makes a railway journey it is an event of no ordinary importance. With her it is not, as with the President of the United States for example, so simple a matter as climbing up the steps of a Pullman or getting into a Pennsylvania Florida special or Chicago limited, and proceeding without fuss. No, when Queen Victoria is about to travel preparations are made long beforehand and all the regular arrangements of the road are subservient to the accommodation of the royal train.

When Her Majesty journeyed by the Caledonian Railway from Carlisle to Aberdeen, en route to Gosport and Ballater, many days previous there was issued the table

of instructions for working the trains over the line on that day. They were intended for the use of the company's employees only, who were forbidden to make known their contents. A pilot engine was sent over the road twenty minutes before the royal train, in charge of the foreman of the locomotive department. This engine maintained throughout the journey the uniform interval of twenty minutes. No other train, engine or vehicle, except passenger trains, was permitted to travel on the other track between the passing of the pilot and the royal train, and even passenger trains had to slow down to ten miles per hour.

One of the orders issued was this: "Drivers of such trains as are standing on sidings or adjoining lines, waiting for the passing of the royal train, must prevent their engines from emitting smoke or making a noise by blowing off steam when the royal train is passing."

Brakesmen were enjoined to see that nothing projected from their trains. Each foreman plate-layer, or "section-boss," as we would say, after examining his length of line, stationed himself at the south end and an assistant at the north; after the pilot had passed they walked till they met, seeing that all was right. The stations were kept clear and the public admitted at one station only, the last. Even here, cheering or other demonstration was forbidden, "the object being that Her Majesty should be perfectly undisturbed during the journey." These instructions, signed by James Thompson, general manager, and Irvine Kempt, general superintendent, were obeyed in their minutest detail.

It must not be supposed that the company has to pocket the loss when the Queen travels. The royal lady not only does not travel on "passes," but she pays all expenses incurred. A copy of the instructions printed in gold are presented to the Queen and she can-

not fail to be gratified by the care and thought exhibited by the company.

The entire mileage of the Caledonian Railway is one thousand miles; the main line from Carlisle to Aberdeen, over which the queen travelled, is about two hundred and forty miles. It traverses a beautiful country. From this great trunk run out branches and connections by steamer in all directions—reaching to all big towns of the country, most of the small ones, and all the districts famed in Scottish song or history, the highlands, the lochs, the seaboard, etc. The road is a model road and one of the best appointed in Great Britain. The tourist, the student and the sportsman are offered strong inducements to avail themselves of the tours arranged by the Caledonian company.

THE NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

One of the largest English railway systems is that of the London and North Western. The territory covered by this railway extends from London in the south to Carlisle in the north, and from Cambridge in the east to Holyhead in the west—an area of three hundred miles in breadth. The main office of the government is in London, but the capital, so to speak, is Crewe, a town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, consisting entirely of the employees of the railway and their families. The total number in the railway's service does not fall far short of sixty thousand. The annual budget amounts to ten million pounds, while the funded debt has reached a total of one hundred million pounds sterling.

The London and North Western shops at Crewe have to keep in repair a stock of engines that is worth five million pounds sterling, and while they do not indeed put a girdle round the earth every forty minutes, they

do literally every four hours, and in doing so the engines consume a million tons of coal per annum. On an average, it is reckoned that every five days an old engine is withdrawn and replaced by a new one.

Of late years the company has been experimenting on an extensive scale with a system of metallic permanent way. Steel "keys" fasten the rails into steel "chairs," which in their turn are riveted down to steel sleepers. About thirty miles of line has been laid on this system, with about sixty thousand sleepers. So far the results are understood to be satisfactory. The question involved in the conflict between steel and wooden sleepers is gigantic. A rough calculation shows that to replace the wooden sleepers on existing lines in Great Britain only would require about four million tons of steel, without reckoning the weight of the chairs and keys. And great Britain has only one-fifteenth of the railway mileage of the world.

In some ways the "goods" traffic arrangements of the road at Liverpool are even more remarkable than those in London. At Liverpool the North Western has six goods stations, two of them reached by tunnels each a mile and a quarter in length, constructed for their use alone. One of these stations, Edgehill, is called a goods "yard," but this yard contains fifty-seven and a half miles of land, covers two hundred acres of ground, and has cost about two million pounds sterling—nearly ten millions of dollars.

The conductors on the New York street cars, like the New York policemen, are sullen and sour; they seem ill-tempered, if not ill-natured. You seldom or never see a smile on their lips, and as for giving utterance to the common and easy phrase, "thank you," when they receive a fare, they wouldn't be guilty of such a piece of politeness; not they.

It is different in England, on the Continent, everywhere in Europe. Whether on a steam road, a steam-

boat, a tram or an omnibus, no officer or conductor would think of receiving a fare without thanking a passenger audibly, and even when an officer opens the door or looks into the window of a carriage for the purpose of examining tickets, you will not hear the short, sharp, curt demand, "tickets," as in the States, but "all tickets, please," in a pleasant and agreeable tone.



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY GUARD.

THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S.

All Americans who go to London visit Westminster Abbey, and some of them make more than one visit. There is a rare charm about the grand old pile. I never go to London without visiting the Abbey, and this was also the custom of the late Aaron J. Vanderpoel, with whom I had the honor of crossing once or twice. On one voyage westward, a fellow passenger was James R. Cuming, of the famous law firm of Vanderpoel, Cuming and Goodwin. Mr. Cuming and I were fellow students in the old law firm of Brown, Hall and Vanderpoel in the days of District Attorney Blunt, never-mind-how-many years ago. Mr. Cuming's hair is now tinged with gray, but he has the same genial, agreeable qualities, and he is just as modest, eminent and successful lawyer though he now is, as he was when he and I were boys together in the Broadway Bank building on the corner of Broadway and Park place. But none of this personal matter has aught to do with the subject in hand.

I was about to say that while all Americans go to Westminster Abbey to see the monuments and other interesting things, all of them do not know that two of England's greatest men, her most renowned heroes of modern times, are buried in St. Paul's Cathedral—Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington.

One reason why American and other tourists who visit St. Paul's seldom see the tombs of these great men is because they do not know that the cathedral contains them. The tombs are in the crypt, and un-

less you knock on the great iron gates leading to the crypt and pay a sixpence, you cannot obtain admission.

But besides the tombs of these two celebrities, a number of other eminent Englishmen lie buried in the cathedral. Among the monuments (over their tombs) may be read the names of General Gordon, Admiral Napier, Hallam, the historian, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and the famous artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Landseer, Benjamin West, and J. W. M. Turner—in fact, as there is a Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey, so there is a Painter's corner in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Nelson's remains are covered by a great sarcophagus of black marble, which was intended for the tomb of Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington is buried in a sarcophagus of porphyry, of which the upper part, forming the lid, alone weighs seventeen tons.

A visit to St. Paul's discovers many other interesting things, and it is the opinion of the writer that it is one of the three grandest public buildings of modern times, the other two being the Capitol in Washington and the Palais de Justice in Brussels.

The cathedral itself has an interesting history. The first St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Ethelbert of Kent, in the year 610. It is said to have been destroyed by fire in 961, rebuilt and again destroyed by fire in 1086, rebuilt again and for the third time destroyed by fire in 1666. The present structure was built by Sir Christopher Wren and took thirty-five years to complete, being finished in 1710, at a cost of something like £747,954 sterling—nearly four millions of dollars. It covers more than two acres of ground. The height from the pavement to the top of the cross is three hundred and sixty-four feet three inches. You get a good view of the building from the Thames. The best view of the building, however, is from the top of an omnibus going east down Fleet street, but this view is now some-

what marred or obstructed by the railway arch which crosses Ludgate Circus.

A few figures about the bell and the clock may not be without interest. The former, called Great Paul, weighs sixteen tons, fourteen hundredweight, two quarters, nineteen pounds; height, eight feet ten inches; diameter at base, nine feet six and a half inches; thickness where the clapper strikes, eighteen and three-quarter inches. The clapper is seven feet nine inches long and weighs four hundredweight. The note is E flat. The clock has two faces, each nearly twenty feet in diameter. The minute hand is nine feet eight inches long and weighs seventy-five pounds; the hour hand is five feet nine inches long and weighs forty-four pounds. The hour figures are two feet, two and a half inches long. The pendulum is sixteen feet long and to it is attached a weight of one hundred and eight pounds. It beats once in two seconds.



THE QUEEN'S MEWS.

Windsor, the royal residence, twenty-five miles from London, attracts of course many American visitors, its features of interest including, besides the castle and park, the celebrated stables. But as for stables, the Queen's Mews, near the centre of London, offer a much more brilliant show. Admission is gained with little difficulty or formality—by Americans. You simply call at the American Legation in Victoria street, two or three blocks (as we'd say in New York), from the Victoria railway station—a "penny 'bus" from Charing Cross passes the door. It is not necessary to ask for Minister Lincoln; your card sent to Mr. White, the secretary of the legation, or, in his absence, to Mr. McCormick, the courteous assistant secretary, will secure you in return the necessary pasteboard for yourself and party to visit the Queen's Mews in Buckingham Palace road—a very short walk from the legation and a stone's throw, so to speak, from Victoria station.

The stables cover a few acres of ground. They contain the royal harness, the carriage of state and other carriages, and have stalls for about one hundred horses, in the care of all of which about thirty or forty men are employed, those longest in the service being privileged to live on the premises. There is nothing very remarkable about the horses' quarters; the stalls are not more luxurious nor are they kept in better condition than many private gentlemen's stables in New York and Newport, nor are the horses particularly worthy of note, excepting the ten large black stallions and the cream-colored stallions, used in drawing the state car-

riage on state occasions, as, for instance, when the Queen opens parliament. The tails of these stallions, the black and cream-colored, all reach to and almost sweep the ground, with the exception of one big black animal, whose brevity of appendage is made up on state occasions by the addition of a false tail.

The creams are eleven in number, and it is extraordinary how perfectly gentle and quiet they are. The fact that a stranger can approach and examine them as closely as wished for speaks volumes for the discipline, and the care and the intelligence of the stablemen. The cream-colored horses were brought over from Hanover originally by George I., and from that time, with the exception of the period between 1803 and 1814, when Napoleon I. was in possession of that city, until 1837 they were regularly supplied from the electoral stud at Hanover. Napoleon in 1803 captured the cream-colored stud which belonged to the Elector of Hanover, and made use of eight creams at his own coronation; so from then until his downfall in 1814 the black horses were used on state occasions in England. Since 1837 the creams have been bred at the stud farm at Hampton Court.

The harness for ordinary use is of black leather with elaborate bright brass trimmings, that for state occasions is also of black leather, the crowns and coats-of-arms, in solid metal, being heavily and richly gilded. The harness is kept in perfect condition, and kept on show, protected by glass doors and windows. You may see and admire the royal reins, but they are not to be handled by common fingers.

Among the carriages there is one kept for its past history and glory, not for present use—a gaudy, gilded, theatrical-looking vehicle, the weight of which is four tons, the great, heavily-tired wheels of which measure six feet in diameter, the whole being of the respectable age of one hundred and thirty years. The most beauti-

ful feature of this curious relic of by-gone days is the eight pictures set in as many panels, painted by Cipriani, an Italian artist famous in his day.

But the carriages for Her Majesty's ordinary use and the carriage which is reserved for state occasions, which is drawn by the eight cream horses, are models of comfort, luxury and beauty. They are upholstered with dark blue cloth, the only interior ornaments being of worsted fringe matching the cloth in color. The wheels and body are dark blue, the panels being painted in a lighter shade, the centre of each door panel relieved by the royal crest of arms painted in rich colors, but not larger in size than a silver dollar. The carriages are hung on C springs and yield from any point to the slightest touch.

I ventured the remark to one of the footmen in charge that when Her Majesty places her foot on the step her weight must make quite a depression of the springs. "Does it," said the royal flunkey; "you should stand 'ere when the Duchess of Teck gets in. The Queen's cousin is a werry heavy woman, God bless her. If you was to see her get in you *would* see a depression, or whatever you call it."

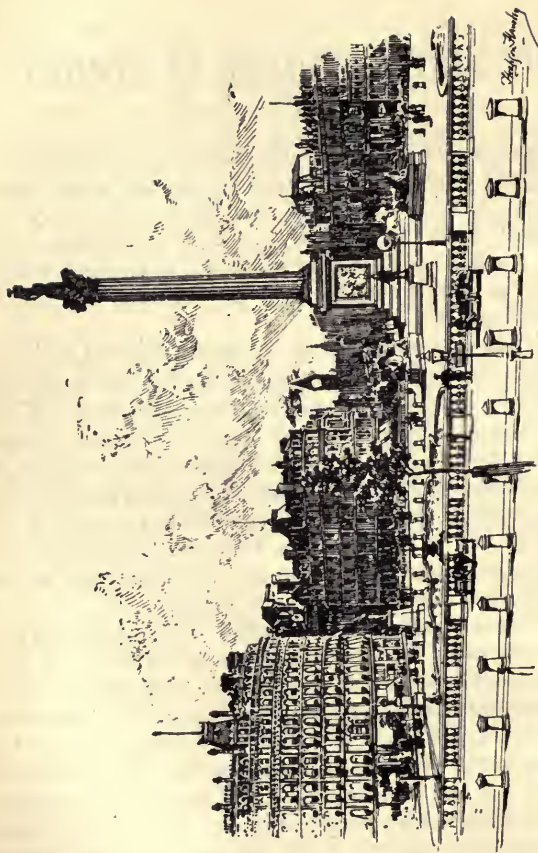
You will make a mistake if on leaving the Mews you do not drop a shilling into the ready palm of both coachman and footman.

THE FINEST SQUARE IN LONDON.

Stand on the high ground, above the fountains, in Trafalgar Square, with your back to the great, grim-looking, granite block of buildings formed by the National Gallery ; behind the Nelson column ; yes, much farther back ; behind the statue of Gordon, which, while you are in that position is overshadowed by the admiral's statue.

This view is pronounced by Boot's District Guide to London, and by many London writers " the finest site in Europe," but this is an extravagant statement. While it is interesting and attractive it is by no means so open, so large, nor anything like so beautiful as the Place de la Concorde in Paris, with its very much grander and more artistic fountains, its obelisk, its many noble buildings, far and near ; the Tuileries Gardens seen in one direction and the great Arc de Triomphe, at the head of the Champs Elysées, in another.

Trafalgar Square was dedicated to Lord Nelson and commemorates his glorious death in the battle of Trafalgar, which occurred October 22, 1805, and in which the English fleet gained victory over the combined armaments of France and Spain. In the centre of the square, to the memory of the great hero, rises a massive granite column, one hundred and fifty-four feet high. It is surmounted by Baily's statue of Nelson, seventeen feet high, the capital of the column being of bronze, melted from cannon captured from the French. The four bas-reliefs at the base represent respectively the death of Nelson, by Carew ; the battle of the Nile, by



THE FINEST SQUARE IN LONDON.

Woodington, the bombardment of Copenhagen, by Ternouth, and the battle of St. Vincent, by Watson. You will notice in the accompanying illustration that the admiral's sword is in his left hand, Nelson having lost his right arm. At the foot of the pedestal is inscribed his last command :

“ England expects every man this day will do
his duty.”

To the extreme left is St. Martin Church, as the poet, William Winter, explains, “no longer in the fields.” One half of each of its gray columns has been turned black, not by time, but by the quicker action of London soot. These dark shadows on the once light-colored buildings in London are offensive to some people; to my eyes they are artistic, picturesque and uncommonly pleasing. St. Martin's was completed by Gibbs, in 1726. Its exterior, especially the Corinthian portico, is worth studying. If you have a fancy for such things and investigate further, you will find here the graves of the actress, Nell Gwynn, a favorite of Charles II., Farquhar, the dramatist, and the notorious Jack Shepard,

To your near left in the square is the equestrian statue of King George IV., holding a mace in his right hand; to your near right, on a line with this, stands a heavy, solid granite pedestal with its large capstone ready for its companion-piece—another statue, when the man and the occasion shall come.

In front of the King George statue, nearer the roadway, is the life-size statue of General Henry Havelock, bearing this inscription :—

To
Major General
Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B.
and his brave companions in arms
during the campaign in India

1857.

“Soldiers : your labours,
your privations, your sufferings,
and your valour,
will not be forgotten
by a grateful country.”

To your right, in front of the unoccupied pedestal, is a companion piece to the Havelock statue, the statue of another soldier, Sir Charles Napier, designed by Adams.

To the plashing fountains below and to the four mammoth, finely formed lions which, *couchant* with their fore paws crossed and mouths partly open, seem to stand a strong but silent guard over the living water, it is not necessary to direct attention. They are Sir Edwin Landseer's lions and the eye cannot escape them.

This is a hotel centre. To the left, on a line with old St. Martin Church, is Morley's hotel, also old, but with a very attractive exterior all the same. On the same line, but across the busy strand and extending far down Northumberland avenue, is a comparatively new hotel, with an imposing semi-circular, smooth, dark gray façade, relieved by many light-colored window-awnings. It is the Grand Hotel, which was erected in 1880 on the site of Northumberland House. No location in London for the purpose is choicer, nor is there in London any building better constructed or better appointed for its purpose. In Northumberland avenue is the Hotel Victoria, known and known favorably to all Americans who visit London. A little further on, parallel with the Victoria, separated only by a narrow passage, is the Hotel Métropole, one of the celebrated chain of Gordon Hotels, three links of which may be found in London, one of which is the Métropole, at Brighton, others being in other parts of England and in the south of France.

A little east of the Square in the Strand are both the Charing Cross Hotel and the Golden Cross Hotel. I have tried the first and it was a trial, indeed ; the second does

not look any more inviting, so I never made the experiment.

Pall Mall is a famous club centre, but there are several noted club houses in this locality also. Directly in view, on your right, serving as a background for the unoccupied, dark pedestal, loom up the light-colored walls of the Union Club ; dating from 1824. This is on what New Yorkers would call "the corner of Trafalgar square and Cockspur street," but you seldom or never hear such a useful phrase in London as on the corner of this street or that avenue.

It is not visible from where you are, but parallel with and next door to the Grand, on the avenue, is the building of the Constitutional Club. The club has a very large membership and it is full. I know of names which were put up years ago, and which are still waiting their turn. The Constitutional is a popular club ; the annual dues are low. The building has a colored, ornate front, and a French roof. It is of great size, affording ample space for reading, smoking, dining and bed-rooms. There are two billiard-rooms, one for members only, and one for members who may bring a friend for a quiet game.

Down the avenue, on the opposite side, below the Hotel Métropole and overlooking the gardens at its feet and the river beyond, is the National Liberal Club. It stands on a corner and its lofty tower rises twenty-two feet above the highest point of the hotel which it faces. Its interior is as grand as the exterior is imposing. No expense was spared in its construction, and it is worth seeing. A shilling carefully expended at the door may gain you a glance at the ground floor and its rich marble fittings, if even you be not a Liberal in politics. I tried this plan myself and it worked satisfactorily.

Remain in the same spot, with your back still turned toward the National Gallery ; look straight ahead, beyond the Nelson column, and in the roadway, on what

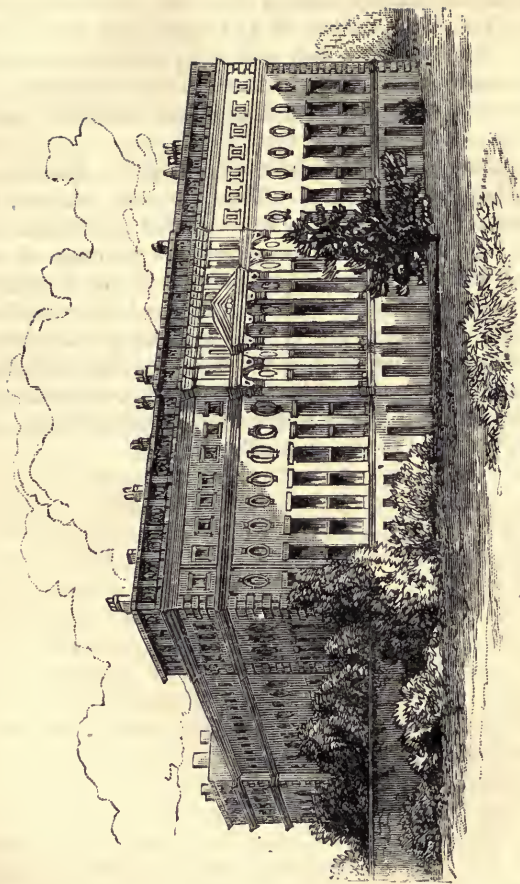
they call in London an "island," you will notice an equestrian statue. It is a little the worse for wear, having been buried for many years and afterwards dug out of the earth. The tail of the horse looks like what it is, a metal tail, and it almost sweeps the ground, and stiff and square on the back of the horse sits that unfortunate king, Charles I., who was unmercifully beheaded. The statue is ungainly, but England reveres things, if even they are ugly, on account of their historical associations, so King Charles is likely to remain in his ungraceful position, an offence to the eye. This same statue, however, if not beautiful, has its uses ; it marks the "centre of London," and for that reason cab fares are reckoned from this spot.

Never mind the poor animal or his rider. Artistically, they are not worth dwelling on. Let your eye wander across them to the stirring scenes beyond. A trifle to the right there radiates from the square another street, one side of which only is Charing Cross, the other, Whitehall. "Scotland Yard," the former police headquarters, is on the left ; on the right, a quarter of a mile farther, is the Admiralty ; then "the Horse Guards," which is only a gateway to St. James's Park. A little farther south, on the same side, is the Home Office, but there the avenue changes its name to Parliament street, at the southern end of which is that venerable pile, Westminster Abbey, and adjoining it are the Houses of Parliament. These, as buildings, are best seen from the river, but you will get a good view, in the distance, from where you stand, although it be half a mile from your position, of the magnificent clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament. It makes a striking picture, with the Surrey Hills in the background.

The clock-tower, which is forty feet square, rises to the elevation of three hundred and sixteen feet. The dials of the clock, which it takes two hours each week to wind, are twenty-two feet in diameter ; the hour-

hand is nine feet long, and the minute-hand, which, in spite of its tenuity weighs two cwt., is sixteen feet long. The illumination of the enamelled glass dials, each of which is provided with sixty gas jets, is ingeniously controlled by the clock-work, their light waning with the dawn of day and increasing with the fading twilight.

I have not attempted to touch upon the interiors of the buildings mentioned. The National Gallery, for instance, upon which you have turned your back, and which Sir Charles Dilke says contains perhaps, on the whole, the finest collection of pictures in the world, except as regards modern work, might occupy your time profitably for days, but if you wish to get a cursory glance at a group of London features and buildings interesting from their historical or other associations, no other site in London offers such opportunities as the one represented in the above illustration.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

A NOTABLE OUTING TRIP—THE HOME OF INDIGENT ROYALTY—VICTORIA'S GRAPE VINE—THE FAMOUS MAZE—BUSHEY PARK—TWICKENHAM TOWN—POPE'S VILLA.

To my mind one of the prettiest outings that can be easily made from London in a day is the trip to Hampton Court, with its famous old palace, its gallery of one thousand pictures, and its uncommonly beautiful and highly cultivated grounds and gardens.

The ways of reaching Hampton Court are many and varied. It is sixteen miles from London by rail, twenty miles by water. The cheapest and quickest way is by rail from Waterloo station; time, forty minutes; fare one way, one shilling and two pence (twenty-eight cents), third class; third class being good enough for most people for so short a journey.

Buses run on Sunday, fare one and six, and there are stage coaches which go direct for two shillings. A hansom costs about a sovereign (five dollars) for the day; a carriage and pair much more than that. But you can vary the journey; go one way on wheels and one way by water.

The water route is slow, and it is monotonous, also, unless you want to get a view of the upper Thames. The river is very pretty near here; Maidenhead and Marlow not far distant.

Another route is by rail from any district railway station (underground), either via Wimbledon to Hampton

Court direct, or via Richmond to Hampton Wick or Teddington stations. From either of the two latter it is a pleasant walk through Bushey Park. During the summer months it may be reached by rail to Putney Bridge (Fulham station), and thence direct by steamboat, but for a stranger who wants to go direct and see Hampton Court Palace, the quickest and easiest route is the one first mentioned—the London & South Western Railway from Waterloo station.

Besides the beauty of the rural scenery, the attractive surroundings in which the palace is set, and the mass of picturesque old buildings themselves, the associations connected therewith are notable in English history. The palace was built by the wily Wolsey, and was occupied by a long line of royalty from Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth down to Queen Anne and the first of the Hanoverian monarchs. Apartments in the buildings are still used by some old dames and others of title—pensioners and distant relatives of the Queen who have claims on the crown.

There is not much to delight the eye inside—large, cold, stately halls, immense bed chambers, a lot of fusty tapestries, frowsy furniture (relics of departed glory), and a great many paintings, most of them “bad or indifferent,” which have only their age to recommend them.

The rules by which visitors must be governed as to their moving about in the barn-like galleries are absurd, and they are unpleasantly enforced by Jacks-in-office and in livery, who are not civil. Especially to Americans are they insolent. There is no charge for admission, and as there is not the slightest excuse for demanding a fee, the attendants are not only cross, but positively rude to women.

But you will not spend much time in the gloomy apartments. If the sun shines, as it does sometimes in London, you will quickly get outside the mouldering

walls to enjoy the attractive grounds, the noble trees, broad meadows and the fragrance of flowers laid out and cared for as only an English gardener can cultivate flowers, favored as he is by the moist climate. A close observer will notice signs on the flower beds which direct you to "keep off the verges," as, over there, they call the borders or edges.

One of the sights of the place is the Queen's grape-vine, which is tended with special care, growing under a great glass house, and from the roof of which last August, when I saw it, depended twelve hundred bunches of large grapes. I didn't count the bunches, but, having a tiny tape measure in my pocket, I did measure the trunk of the vine at its thickest point near the ground, and found it to be thirty-five inches in circumference. It is as much as your liberty is worth to pluck one of these grapes; they are all cut down for the Queen when the head gardener decides that they are ripe.

In England they claim that this is the largest grape-vine in the world, but I have been privileged to see one growing in the open which surpasses it—a vine growing on an estate near "Stone Hedge," the home of my old and esteemed friend, Captain A. L. Anderson, formerly of New York, and owner of the Hudson river steamer Mary Powell, but who now resides permanently with his family in Santa Barbara, Cal.

"The maze" is considered one of the features of Hampton Court, and is called the finest in the world, but for size and for confusing, intricate paths, the Hampton Court maze is also surpassed by a maze in California—on the grounds of the Hotel del Monte, in Monterey, one hundred and twenty-six miles from San Francisco. In that one State (California) there is almost everything to be seen in the way of natural attractions that tourists go wild over in Western Europe. California has the rivers, lakes and mountains, the floriculture, fruits, fish—

almost everything in the water, on the ground and in the air that you find in other countries of the explored world. Its resources are apparently exhaustless, and its productions, rich and marvellous.

Probably there is nothing, however, more beautiful, in its way, than Bushey Park, a tract of one thousand acres, but a step across the roadway from Hampton Court. It contains rows and rows, miles upon miles, of noble chestnut trees. To see these grand old chestnuts in May, when they are in full bloom, with their great clusters of white and pink blossoms, is to see something that will be indelibly photographed on your memory. And, yet, come to think of it, even this brilliant scene is eclipsed again in that wonderful State, California. It is excelled by the view you get of Santa Clara Valley, on a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, while riding from Big Trees to San José. If you happen to go through that part of the country in March, as I did, and see the orchards of pears, plums and almonds in full bloom, you will see such profuse and gorgeous beauty in color that it will indeed be to you "a joy forever."

The pretty village of Twickenham, on the west bank of the Thames, is a good long walk or a short ride from Hampton Court, through pretty country roads and shaded lanes. It is immediately opposite Richmond, with which it is connected by a handsome stone bridge. Twickenham is quiet and antiquated; it might even be called dull, but along the river near by are many beautiful villas with attractive grounds. "Twickenham Ait," or Eel-pie House, on an island in the Thames, used to be a favorite resort of holiday visitors from the metropolis. The river is narrow here and the two banks are connected by ferryboats. "Twickenham Ferry" is celebrated in song and story. I don't know who wrote the words, but there is a very sweet and spirited song entitled "Twickenham Ferry," music by Marzials, which

I always listen to with great pleasure, as sung by a lovely New York girl, who charms me with her beautiful voice. The first verse goes this way :

“O, hoi, ye-ho ! hoi, ye-ho ! who's for the ferry ?”
The briar's in bud and the sun going down ;
I'll row ye so quick, and I'll row you so steady !
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town !”
The ferryman's slim, and the ferryman's young,
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue.
And he's fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town !
“O, hoi, ye-ho ! hoi, ye-ho ! hoi, ye-ho ! ho !”

Anybody will point out to you “Strawberry Hill,” famous as the home of Horace Walpole, and if you are a stranger, no driver will let you miss, in Twickenham, “Pope's Villa,” an old-fashioned stone house with a brownish-gray front, in which the poet lived for several years. Pope, you know, was styled “The Bard of Twickenham.”

Prior to removing to Twickenham Alexander Pope lived with his parents in the village of Binfield, nine miles from Windsor, and it was at Binfield that he penned “Spring, the First Pastoral.” It opens with these lines :

“First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains ;
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing ;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.”

“Eloise to Abelard,” among other famous poems, was penned in this Twickenham Villa, in 1717, when Pope was under thirty years old. In the same place he wrote “To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.” There were two such ladies, so we read in the life of Pope, in whom he was interested, Mrs. Cope and Mrs. Weston, but his biographer does not seem to be able to settle the

question as to which one of the two it was that inspired these lines.

“Pope’s Villa” is occupied in summer time, or it was last summer, by Labouchere, whose London residence is at Queen’s Gate. But to return to the main subject of this sketch—it may be worth telling the reader that Hampton Court Palace is open to the public free throughout the year except Fridays and Christmas Day. The hours on week days are from :

April 1 to Sept. 30, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

October 1 to March 31, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

Sundays :—2 P.M. to 4 or 6 P.M.

It is a notable fact that Hampton Court is one of the very few public places in or near London which are open on Sundays. Services in the Chapel on Sundays at 11 A.M. and 3.30 P.M., on Wednesday and Fridays at 10.30 A.M.

The gardens, which are very attractive and tastefully laid out, and unreservedly thrown open to the public, contain several fine avenues of trees, and are open until 8 P.M. during the summer months, and until dusk the remainder of the year.

LONDON ODDITIES.

It serves the purpose of correspondents as well as of the postal authorities to add the postal district initials in addressing letters to London—as for instance, C., indicating central, or S. W., Southwest. There are eight of these districts, and the necessity for adding the initials will be seen when one learns that in London there are no less than thirty-five King streets, thirty Queen streets, eighteen York streets, a Victoria Park in the extreme east, one Queen Victoria street, a Victoria railway station in the Southwestern district, a Hotel Victoria in the western central and a Victoria Hotel in quite another district.

The postal system in London is as near perfection as it is possible to make it. Few letters go astray, and the delivery is prompt, there being from six to twelve deliveries daily; but by neglecting to add the initial letter of the district a letter may be delayed several hours. There are three thousand offices and pillar boxes in London, but in addressing letters take care and take into consideration that there are nearly six millions of people in London, that the streets and squares cover eight thousand acres, and within a radius of fifteen miles of Charing Cross seven hundred square miles are covered. Correspondence between England and the United States also shows wonderful increase. Ten years ago the number of letters which annually passed between the two countries was eight millions; at present the number is twenty-four millions. Reduction of postage rates has of course had something to do with this great increase and it will bear further reduction.

I happened to be near Euston station and wanted to go to my hotel in Northumberland avenue. I stepped into a hansom, and not wishing to be taken for a stranger I simply said "Victoria Hotel." In five minutes Mr. Cabbie pulled up in front of what seemed to be a gin palace, bearing the sign plain enough, "Victoria Hotel." "I want the hotel in Northumberland avenue," I said to the driver. "Then why didn't you say Hotel Victoria," was the quick response, and cabbie charged me a fare and a half to emphasize the distinction.

The growth of London is something marvellous. More than ten thousand houses annually, or, it may be roughly stated, one thousand houses every month, are added to London. In August of 1889, 754,464 houses were supplied with water by the water companies, or 11,113 below the number in the same month of 1890. In September, 1890, the companies had to supply 10,976 houses more than in September of 1889. In August of that year 765,577 houses were supplied with water, and in September, 1891, that number had increased to 766,797.

The London police are a pleasant, polite set of men, and if they do not refuse the price of a pint of beer for a slight service, neither will they refuse to answer any question, respectfully and satisfactorily. The contrast is very striking between these good-tempered, obliging officers, and the sullen, saucy, sour-visaged, tobacco-chewing New York policeman who is just as ready to answer with his club, which he carries exposed, as he is with his uncivil tongue. London policemen are paid from six to seven and a half dollars per week: New York policemen from sixteen to twenty-four dollars weekly. A London police sergeant gets only ten dollars a week.

SIXPENCE FOR A PLAY BILL.—At the Prince of Wales Theatre and at the Shaftesbury you are charged sixpence for a bill of the play, and at the majority of London

theatres you pay for a programme. The exceptions are Irving's -Lyceum and D'Oyly Carte's Savoy, where no employee is allowed to accept a fee of any kind—not if the manager knows it. That does not say, however, that a “tip” for a programme is unexpected, even at the two houses named.

CIVILITY AND SERVILITY.—There's a difference between civility and servility. You are pleased to have an omnibus conductor audibly “thank you” when you hand him your fare, but in the London shops a saleswoman will do the same thing even when you make no purchase. At the pleasant Nayland Rock Hotel in Margate, on the south coast of England, a waiter will thank you for allowing him to put a clean plate before you, or when he hands you a glass of water—if you can get such a thing as water at your meals in an English hotel. It is not obtainable without a little trouble ; everybody drinks wine.

SOOT, SOOT, EVERYWHERE.—Owing to the use of soft coal in London, white buildings are soon changed into black ones, partially. This change, especially where one side of a set of Corinthian columns, for instance, remains the original color, and the other side has gradually turned very dark, gives some of the churches and public buildings a picturesque and pleasing appearance. Yellow brick is very largely used, but it soon changes color. If you place a tumbler of water outside your window at night with the idea of keeping it cool, for you rarely see a piece of ice, you will find a number of tiny globules of soot floating on the surface of the water in the morning. And it is exceedingly difficult in London to make weather prognostications, the sun being usually hidden or half-hidden by London smoke, if not by fog.

EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS.—Englishmen say “as drunk as a Scotchman,” and Scotchmen have a saying “as durr as an Englishman.” “Durr” implies something

more than quiet : it means surly, sullen. It cannot be denied that English tourists are unusually quiet : they seldom speak without having been formally introduced. That reminds me that two or three years ago I was travelling on the Midland road from London to Liverpool, and I happened to make some casual remark to a fellow traveller who was a stranger to me. The gentleman replied very briefly but courteously, and then added : " Beg pardon, you hail from the other side, do you not ? " " Yes, but why do you ask ? " " If I didn't detect it in your accent," said my neighbor, " I should know it because you addressed me. I have been travelling between London and Liverpool now for many years, and I am never spoken to but by an American, and I rather like it. "

There are no " cross-walks," as we call them, in the cities of Great Britain ; none are needed. Nor does anybody cross the street at right angles, as we do in New York. Everybody crosses diagonally, from corner to corner, or crosses in the middle of the block. The road-ways are so smooth and well paved that all parts are alike, and it is never necessary to pick your way. In New York, besides exercising great vigilance to prevent being knocked down and run over by vehicles, you must always keep one eye on the ground while crossing. You may be upset by a car track, or you may step between two stone blocks that are a foot apart, more or less.

AS TO OYSTERS.—English oysters still retain their flavor, a great deal of flavor ; in fact they have entirely too much—that is to say, too much for anybody whose palate is not accustomed to the peculiar taste. You can get oysters as low as a shilling a dozen, but choice " Whitstables," that have a strong, coppery flavor, come as high as four shillings a dozen. For the uneducated American palate, Chesapeake oysters, or the Great South Bay blue points are good enough.

SERVANTS' WAGES.—Servant girls' wages in England are not nearly so high as they are in the United States. Even hotel chambermaids, who are paid better than family servants, only receive fourteen pounds sterling a year—about seventy dollars, but each one is allowed a fortnight's holiday (with pay) at the end of the summer. And the "tips" they receive from the guests are well worth consideration.

There are differences between the habits of London and New York women and here is one of the minor points: New York women go "shopping," that is to say they go into one store after another to examine the goods, as a diversion or pastime; English women never enter a shop without the intention to purchase; they make a business and not a pastime of replenishing their wardrobe. To go on a shopping tour American women often wear fine gowns and rich jewelry; English women on the contrary, dress very plainly when engaged in their business of purchasing. They reserve their fine clothes for the opera or for receptions, wearing no extra finery even for ordinary visiting. They are not seen parading the streets in silks and satins, and that is why some American writers who do not observe closely say that "English women in the street dress in dowdy style."

NO "FORELADIES" IN LONDON.—At the great dry-goods house and outfitting establishment of Debenham & Freebody, in Wigmore street, not far from the Langham Hotel, all the saleswomen are expected, nay, are obliged to dress in black. They number two hundred, but not a "saleslady" nor a "forelady" among them. They make derision of these terms, which are so commonly heard in New York. The firm also employs six or seven hundred young men. All the unmarried employees live on the premises, and this plan is found to operate satisfactorily to all concerned. The young men wear black coats, waistcoats and neckties. Many years ago salesmen in London dry goods houses were not

allowed to wear a moustache, but there is more liberty now and they can adorn their faces as fancy dictates.

You don't hear the words, corsets, dresses nor pounds, in London shops of the first class, such as Kate Reily's, Debenham & Freebody's or Redfern's. They have gone back to the old-fashioned term—stays, gowns and guineas. English merchants favor the last term because a guinea is worth a shilling more than a pound.

CUSTOMS IN ART GALLERIES ABROAD AND AT HOME.—The British National Gallery, in Trafalgar square, London, like our Metropolitan Museum of Art and like nearly all galleries in different parts of the world, is only open free on certain days of the week, while the great French collection at the Louvre, in Paris (probably the largest and most valuable collection of pictures under one roof) is always free, and may be visited without application to any circumlocution office. The Louvre is open six days of every week in the year; only on Mondays are the public not admitted, the officers reserving Monday for repairs and cleaning. In nearly all of the public galleries of Europe, as in the Corcoran gallery in Washington, you are obliged to leave your umbrella or walking stick in charge of an official at the door and for the care of such an article a fee is charged in some places; at the Louvre you may carry into the galleries as many umbrellas and bundles as you please. This is not always an advantage: for my part I am only too glad to be relieved of my umbrella and overcoat on such occasions. It seems strange that men while viewing pictures in the foreign galleries should persist in wearing their hats—it seems strange to a New Yorker; the custom being so different at our Academy of Design.

POLICE UNIFORM.—The New York police are fine-looking and their uniform is handsome—handsomer and probably better fitted for the purpose than the police uniform adopted in any other country. The London police look odd in their helmets and their coats, which

are too short in the skirt. Instead of rubber coats they wear a cape in inclement weather, which only protects the shoulders. But if the London police look clumsy and awkward what can be said of the Paris police? Simply that they look silly. With their military cap and sword they resemble soldiers, somewhat. In summer they wear linen trousers which are cut very loose, and instead of allowing freedom of movement, this waste of material seems to retard their progress. It is a funny sight to see one of these *gendarmes* running at full speed (*his* full speed) after a flying malefactor. Their side-arms, capes and baggy trousers are very much in the way.

The New York police act like brutes at times, but they are at least a fine-looking body of men, and in times of public emergency it must be admitted they show courage and perform good service.

When men at London places of amusement remove their hats, they seem to do it reluctantly. They will enter a theatre and enter a box, remove their overcoat and gloves, take out opera glass, and spread the play bill before them, and then, as a last thought, if they think about it at all, the hat will be slowly removed; they seem to be unwilling to part with it. How different in American theatres, where every man quickly doffs his hat the moment he enters the door of the auditorium. It is all the more noticeable in London theatres because the women are obliged to remove their hats before entering, and excepting at the Lyceum, the Savoy, and possibly one or two other houses, they are obliged to pay for their care.

In France you see a great number of young, and some very old women working in the streets and in the fields; in Germany women shovel and put in coal; in Paris they go into harness and draw hand-carts and barrows; in Switzerland they drag small carts harnessed alongside of dogs. You will often see a dog and a woman

harnessed to a fruit or milk wagon. In England they go into barrooms and stand up with men and drink—and get drunk.

KEW GARDENS.—Kew is not only the most popular and favorite resort of the London holiday maker, but a place unique among public institutions of its kind and of special value to the horticulturist and the botanist. Eighty thousand visitors have passed its gates in one day. The gardens are open free on week-days from noon (bank holidays 10 A. M.), and on Sundays from 1 P. M. until sunset. The gardens and houses form part of the grounds attached to the Royal Palace, a favorite residence of George III. The Palm House, said to be the largest glass building in the world, except the Crystal Palace, contains some of the most beautiful tropical palms and plants, ferns, fern trees and cacti, while in the other tropical houses there is a splendid collection of orchids, and other treasures of southern climates, including the gigantic "Victoria Regia" lily. The gardens contain an endless profusion of trees, shrubs, flowers and ferns of temperate regions, and flora of almost every land and clime. The names and descriptions will be found in most cases attached to the various specimens. The museums contain many valuable specimens, and much to amuse, interest and instruct, while the contiguity of the River Thames, with the view of Brentford and Isleworth, makes a trip to the Gardens a delightful day's outing. Trains run direct every half-hour from all parts of the District Railway and its connections to Kew Gardens station. The journey may be varied in the summer by traveling to Putney Bridge station, and thence by steamboat from adjoining pier to Kew Bridge.

RICHMOND.—You can drive to Richmond on the Thames by cab or carriage, but a quick and cheap way is by train. There is a half-hourly service of trains connecting Richmond with all parts of the District Rail-

way and its connections, and through rail tickets are issued at cheap fares from all stations. A steamboat runs daily in the summer months from Putney Bridge pier at 11.15 A.M., and through tickets by rail and boat, via Putney Bridge station, can be obtained at all District Railway stations. The attractions of Richmond are : Richmond Park, nearly equal in area to the whole of the London Parks, containing ornamental waters and herds of deer. The view of the river and valley of the Thames from Richmond Hill and Terrace, described by Sir Walter Scott as "an unrivalled landscape," is now rendered more delightful by the recently thrown open grounds of Buccleuch Park. The River Thames for all boating trips. Distance up the river to Teddington Lock three miles ; to Kingston Bridge five miles ; down to Kew Bridge three miles.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND WINDSOR PARK.—One of Her Majesty's residences ; twenty-one miles from London—forty-five minutes from Paddington station. The attractions of Windsor are great. The Round Tower, from the top of which a splendid view of the surrounding country may be had, is open to the public daily, except Sunday ; from 11 to 3 in winter and 11 to 4 in summer. St. George's Chapel may be viewed any day except Wednesday, between 12.30 and 4 P.M. The Albert Chapel is open every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 12 noon to 3 P.M. The State Apartments, during the absence of the Court, are open to the public daily (except Wednesday). Tickets, obtainable at the Lord Chamberlain's Stores, Winchester Tower, Castle Yard, Windsor, on presentation of your card or name. The Private Apartments can be viewed only by special order—rarely granted—of the Lord Chamberlain. One may revel to his heart's delight in the green luxury and unsurpassed beauties of nature in the Home and Great Parks ; while a stroll through the Long Walk, the longest avenue of trees in the kingdom, to the

picturesque ruins and beautiful scenery of Virginia Water gives a good idea of the princely residence and the lovely country which surrounds it. Eton College is within easy walk of Windsor Castle.

You hear a great deal about Charing Cross in London, but you may look in vain for a street sign bearing that name. Very few people in London know exactly where it is, nor does even the policeman on the "beat" know. Strange to say, neither the Charing Cross Hospital, the Charing Cross Station, nor the Charing Cross Hotel is in Charing Cross. Much as it is talked about, it is a very short street, extending easterly only from Cockspur street, then southerly, past the equestrian statue of Charles I. to Scotland Yard or Whitehall. Low's Exchange is in Charing Cross, and within two or three hundred feet of that house (No. 57), is the very centre of the city of London. From this spot cab fares are reckoned. Start from here and you can ride anywhere, within a radius of two miles, for one shilling. Low's Exchange, by the way, is a very popular rendezvous in London for Americans. It is where they "most congregate," and it offers many conveniences for travellers.

POVERTY AND CHARITY IN ENGLAND.

The drinking habit among men and among women and girls still remains the curse of Great Britain, and its companion, poverty, is everywhere. But if the poverty is striking and awful to behold, its next-door neighbor, charity, God be praised, aims to keep pace with it. Hospitals and other philanthropic institutions supported by voluntary contributions, are to be seen almost wherever the eye turns in the United Kingdom.

The patriotic and other public funds, to meet special emergencies at home and abroad, may well challenge the world's admiration, not only for the princely amounts subscribed, but also for the hearty and expeditious way in which the funds are raised. The charitable institutions of the city of London number upwards of one thousand, and simply of asylums for the aged (colleges, hospitals and almshouses), there are one hundred and twenty distinct institutions.

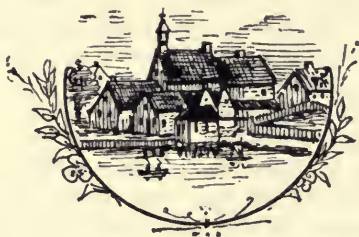
But to return to the drinking habit, which presents itself before you constantly: I was riding up to London from Margate with a hotel-keeper, at whose house, on the edge of the surf, I had been staying for a week, and I remarked that the drinking water at Margate was of good quality. "Is it?" said Mr. Knaggs, for this is the name of the agreeable gentleman who presided for three years over the destinies of the Nayland Rock Hotel. "Is it?" said mine host. "Well, you know more about it than I do, for I've never tasted it."

On Sunday, while at dinner at Philp's Cockburn Hotel, Edinburgh, just before dessert was served, a small box was passed around the table by a waiter and into it

people were dropping sixpences, shillings and pieces of higher denomination. At once it occurred to me, here's another overcharge or extra I had not counted on, and I began inwardly to rebel. "What's this for?" I blurted out in a rather injured tone. "Collection for the Orphan School, sir," and I gladly added my mite. Afterwards I saw money boxes in hotels and restaurants in other parts of Scotland and in England labelled, for example, "For Charing Cross Hospital; funds urgently needed," etc. Little boys and young women go about the busy and better parts of London on Sundays with boxes in their hands, begging you to "drop a penny in" for this charity or that—and you find it very hard, indeed, in London to keep any coppers in your pocket, so strong are the appeals. On hospital days the number of hospital boxes is largely increased temporarily. At this time sheets are spread in churchyards, into which people throw their spare change liberally.

"The People's Palace," which was opened by the Queen in jubilee year, is a noble illustration of the charitable English heart. The "People's Palace" is situated in one of the poorer quarters of London, and, as everybody knows, is the realization of an ideal conception of Walter Besant in his novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The palace includes a well-stocked library; a reading-room, supplied with papers from all parts of the world; a large swimming bath and a hall for musical and literary entertainments. In the basement of one of the main buildings boys are taught trades by which they may earn their living. That the recipients of all this good may not feel that they are objects of cold charity, a slight charge per month is made for those who use the reading-room, library, swimming bath, etc., and there is a nominal charge, about four cents each person, for admission to the concerts and lectures, which are given gratuitously by musicians and lecturers of celebrity.

I visited that part of the Whitechapel neighborhood which "Jack the Ripper" made infamous as the scene of his murders. It was a vile place three years ago, but the scene has been changed as if by a fairy hand. The Baroness Rothschild opened wide her heart and purse and erected here, for the poor of this unfortunate quarter, blocks of modern model tenements. These she lets at very low rents, asking only three per cent. return for her investment. In connection with the tenements the noble woman has built a well-appointed "Club and Library," with billiard-room, etc., for the amusement of her tenants. These premises are in charge of a custodian and his wife, who are paid for their services by the Baroness; and for the use of the "Club and Library" a merely nominal charge is made to any of the tenants who avail themselves of the privilege. It is not sectarian. In England they believe in "Faith, Hope and Charity," and of these three that "the greatest is Charity."



MARGATE,

AN ENGLISH WATERING PLACE.

I was ill in London, at the Windsor Hotel in the summer of 1899, and as my friend Dr. Walter M. Fleming of New York happened to be in London at the time, at the Savoy Hotel, I sent for him. The fact is that I had been receiving too much "attention" from my friends—dinners, drives, concerts, theatres, suppers, etc., all of which resulted in physical and nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Fleming's prescription was simple—"rest and a change of air," but as this was Dr. Fleming's first visit to England, I began to question my friends and others as to the best pharmacy at which to have the prescription filled. The proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Mr. J. R. Cleave, said "Margate;" so, too, said the intelligent manager of the house, Mr. Mann. An old and trusted friend wrote me, "Don't go to Margate, go to Brighton or to Hastings." Thus opinions differed. I knew all about Brighton and wanted to see a place new to me. I was much inclined to go to Hastings, but a consensus of opinion prevailed in favor of Margate.

"There's a beautiful air at Margate," is the response of everyone in England to whom you speak of that place, from the boys at Low's exchange in Charing Cross to Mr. R. Whiteing, a writer on the London Daily News. This remark was also made to me by Major Arthur Griffiths, an English author and *littérateur*, who is known and esteemed on both sides of the Atlantic. So to Margate I went.

Margate is on the south coast of England, seventy-five miles from London, whence it is reached by the London,

Chatham and Dover Railway. This is the road celebrated for the beautiful rural scenery that borders it ; it passes through the prettiest parts of Kent, "the garden of England," through Rochester and Canterbury, famous for their cathedrals, and other places of historic and scenic interest. You may also reach Margate by steamer from London Bridge. It is a pleasant sail on the Thames of ninety-three miles.

Having arrived at Margate, you can make it the starting point for many a delightful excursion. Boulogne on the French coast, for instance, across the channel, is directly opposite Margate ; steamer fare round trip, six shillings—a dollar and a half.

Other pleasant excursions are made to Canterbury and to Ramsgate. To these places run "pleasure vans" accommodating twenty persons and the fare ranges from threepence to a shilling, according to the style of vehicle. If you do not care to patronize the pleasure vans, you may hire a victoria at two shillings per hour. Canterbury is the site of the famous cathedral. At Ramsgate lived the Jewish philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, for nearly the length of his long and useful life—one hundred years.

Another interesting excursion is to the old-fashioned village of Broadstairs, for many years the home of Charles Dickens. The house Dickens occupied and which he called "Bleak House," still stands on its commanding site at the top of the cliffs directly overlooking the sea. A description of Bleak House, with illustration, appeared in the *Home Journal* in January, 1891, and has been widely copied in this country as well as in England. Broadstairs is only a five-mile drive from Margate, fare by victoria four shillings.

Few Americans who cross the ocean go to Margate, but they may spend a couple of days or a couple of weeks there with advantage. Margate is a town with a history. Its foremost historical feature is the Church of

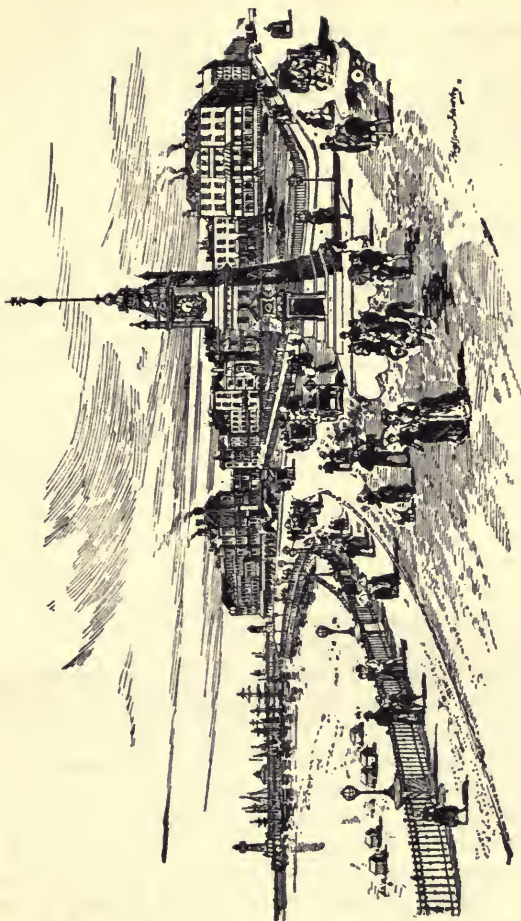
St. John, built in 1050. It has seen the rise of Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor dynasties and still stands, the oldest of England's possessions. In the time of Queen Anne, according to the chronicler, to be buried in a sheet cost sixpence, and a shilling was the extravagant price of a coffin, but the honor of being buried from St. John's Church cost two shillings more! Marriage banns were to be had at St. John's for three-and-six.

Modern Margate is one of England's most popular watering-places. There are many pleasant walks and some fine buildings. One of the pleasure resorts is the ocean pier. Here, three times a week, a large band of picked musicians perform a good programme giving a promenade concert directly over the breakers.

It is the boast of the Britisher that his government is "parental;" it not only assumes to take charge of the individual, but it does in many particulars compel him to take care of himself. If, for instance, you are caught boarding or leaving a moving train you are fined "forty shillings" (ten dollars)—a favorite sum for a fine, by the way, is that same forty shillings.

The pier at Margate would seem to be an exception to the rule of safety; it cannot be called absolutely safe at night. The boat landing below is reached by several flights of wide stairs, and the lowest flight is open and unguarded, not only in daytime but also at night. In addition to this the lower part of the pier is not lighted at all, and it would be the easiest thing in the world on a dark night to walk off by accident into the water. Why more accidents and loss of life do not occur is surprising. Twopence admits you to the pier, and it is a popular democratic resort.

At night the scene near the pier is a lively one. Street restaurateurs, their barrows ablaze with flambeaux, line the highway and drive quite a business selling plates of oysters, mussels, cockles and snails, which are more or less tempting.



MARGATE.

If you are fond of sea bathing by all means go to Margate. There is no high-rolling surf, but if you are a swimmer you will be all the better pleased. There are no ropes to lay hold of, none are necessary ; you bathe in perfect safety and comfort, and, as at all English resorts, you bathe from a " machine."

In America bathing facilities consist of long rows of commodious wooden boxes placed on the beach at some distance from the surf. You purchase a bathing ticket for twenty-five or fifty cents, the price depending on whether you prefer a woolen to a cotton costume. You receive the suit and the key of your box. Then you put your valuables in an envelope sealed by yourself and hand them to the custodian, who places them in a separate box in an enormous safe, returning you a check tied to a rubber band, which latter you pass over your head and wear while bathing. You proceed to your " house," as we call it, disrobe and don your scant suit, lock your door and walk out and down to the edge of the water, where, as fancy dictates, you loll around on the beach, talking to your friends, or you plunge immediately into the breakers only to come out, dry yourself in the sun, cut up capers on the sand, chat or smoke, repeating the process *ad libitum*. Of course men and women bathe together.

Not so in England. There you bathe from " machines," small wooden houses, five feet square by ten feet high, mounted on four wheels. They have entrances back and front, each approached by a low flight of steps. You enter by one door in street costume, and having disrobed and donned your bathing garments, you give the signal, a horse is attached to the " machine " which is drawn a short distance into the water. You step down and out, disport yourself in the water as long as you please and reënter your box, to emerge therefrom once more in everyday habiliments. No lolling about the beach, no unseemly display of person ; all is conduct-

ed in a proper, staid and exemplary manner—on the beach.

And in sooth, why should you walk around and smoke and chat with your friends on this occasion, in a costume, or lack of costume, which if worn at other times or places would land you in jail for exposure of person? This with reference to the American custom or costume.

In England it is worse in some respects, for while the women dress as they do here, the men bathe in a nude state, so to speak. They wear small trunks or loin cloths only, and men and women bathe together indiscriminately. Notices are posted in prominent places near the beach, boldly printed and bearing the English coat of arms, to the effect that in the water men and women must remain separate, and further that you will be fined forty shillings (of course forty shillings) if you are found nearer to a female than one hundred yards ; but it is a dead letter law, and is entirely disregarded. I am not the most prudish man in the world, but I confess to having been shocked. Trunks did not suit me ; I preferred and obtained a bathing costume which is to be had upon special application.

The beach is hard and smooth, broad and gently sloping. The bluff at Long Branch is not to be mentioned, scarcely, with the bold, beautiful white chalk cliffs that rise abruptly and picturesquely from the beach at Margate to a height of seventy-five feet. Along this bluff are miles of grassy, serpentine walks, gardens prettily laid out, dotted with summer houses and bounded by hedges and clover fields—a beautiful, natural landscape, artificially enhanced.

The favorite bathing place on the beach is managed by Charlotte Pettman. It is reached by a “coast guard” cutting in the cliff, an inclined passageway sloping from the road to the beach under the bridge. It is a sort of artificial cañon. Bathers are charged six-

pence each. "six baths for two-and-six, twelve for four-and-six."

Mrs. Pettman advertises her baths by a circular which contains the following touching verse, no doubt assisting trade materially.

"I pitied the dove, for my bosom was tender,
I pitied the sigh that she gave to the wind ;
But I ne'er shall forget the superlative splendor
Of Charlotte's sea baths, the pride of mankind."

In his early days of struggle the great Charles Dickens, for a few shillings, penned these lines as a "puff" of Day & Martin's blacking.

So far as the waves are concerned, the cliff is as solid as it appears to be, but it has yielded to the hand of man, and at Charlotte Pettman's baths there is a statue sculptured in the cliff, entitled "My first plunge." It is the life-size figure of a young and beautiful girl in bathing costume, just about to take "a header" from the platform. It is by Priestman, an English artist. The door is opened to art lovers for twopence each, or as much more as the generously disposed may be inclined to give, the proceeds being handed over to a local hospital.

One of Margate's architectural features, as seen in the accompanying illustration, is its handsome clock-tower, standing in a conspicuous position on the Marine drive. It was erected in honor of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, and has a musical chime of bells.

Like Brighton and some other seaside resorts, Margate is democratic in the height of summer, but select in the autumn. In olden times the season commenced in June and continued until October. Margate offers every inducement to a prolonged season. While London is miserable under November fogs and humid atmosphere, Margate is brilliant with glorious days and bright skies; fine weather from August until Christmas.

Americans, of course, must flock to the largest hotel. They like size, and many of them patronize the Cliftonville Hotel, which, to be sure, is a large establishment in the most fashionable, and certainly the most attractive part of the town, near the grand cliffs, and overlooking the sea—a splendid site and a beautiful house exteriorly, but not as well kept as an American host might care for it.

The White Hart Hotel, on the principal street, is a commercial house, and has a comfortable appearance from the outside, but the Nayland Rock Hotel, not far from the two railway stations, yet overlooking the sea, and from the windows of which you may toss a biscuit into the water (provided you have the biscuit), is to my knowledge a well-appointed hotel, with bedrooms as clean and comfortable and dining-room as cheerful as any hotel in the world. The cuisine is of the best. If great variety be absent, quality is present. The food is choice, and served in a neat, tempting and scrupulously clean manner.

European hotels, as a rule, are kept on the European plan; at the Nayland Rock you have your choice. If you choose the American plan, the terms are very low for the accommodation afforded. Two dollars and a half a day secures you pleasant room, three good meals, lights and service. There are no extras. The wines are of first quality.

But I almost forgot an important item. I went to Margate for health and rest; I found both there. After one week I returned to London "like a lion refreshed," and I shall always say, as everybody in London says, "there's a beautiful air at Margate."

TWO BRIGHTON HOTELS.

The company that owns the Grand Hotel and the Métropole in London, opened in March, 1890, a magnificent house at Brighton, on the English southern sea coast. "Magnificent" is the word. It is built of stone; it faces the sea; it has an acre or two at the back laid out in gardens, tennis courts, and pretty walks, after the style of the United States Hotel at Saratoga; there is a separate building on the grounds for a ball-room, in this respect resembling the Grand Union Hotel at the same American spa; the elegant drawing-room on the ground floor looks on the King's Road and the ocean; the library, which faces the garden, contains a large and choice selection of books by leading authors, and in the basement there are Turkish and Russian baths fitted up with a luxury and perfection of appointment not equalled in any other hotel. The proprietors have availed themselves of all the latest ideas in the construction and furnishing of hotels, and nothing that money can supply, or good taste can suggest, has been left undone to make the Métropole at Brighton what it is—one of the most beautiful and luxurious hotels in the world. It is said to accommodate six hundred guests and to have cost £480,000.

Besides this hotel, and the Grand and Métropole hotels in London, the same company owns another hotel in London, "The First Avenue," in Holborn; also the Burlington at Eastbourne; the Royal Pier Hotel at Ryde, Isle of Wight; the Métropole at Monte Carlo; and the Métropole at Cannes—all of them luxurious establishments.

Brighton attracts visitors the year round ; in fact it is a city of no mean size, having a permanent population numbering an eighth of a million. It enjoys two seasons—one for the *hoi polloi*, which begins in June and lasts three months, and another for the fashionable world, which begins in September and continues till near Christmas. During the second season the prices at Brighton are greatly increased.

I entered one of the leading hotels one day about lunch time, and as is my custom before engaging rooms or partaking of a meal at an English hotel, I asked : “What is the charge for a *table d’hôte* lunch here?” “Two-and-six,” replied the porter. As for seeing the lessee or manager of an English hotel, you can almost as easily secure an audience with the czar of all the Russias.

But to return to my muttons—or to the lunch, which, truth to tell, was good in quality and nicely served. My daughter heard the following conversation between the head waiter and the said porter as we were passing in to the “coffee-room” Quoth the former :—“How much did you tell these people for lunch?” “Two-and-six,” replied that blue-coated, gold-embroidered official. “That’s wrong,” remarked the head waiter, who almost lost his head as well as his temper. “Three shillings is the price to strangers,” and three shillings each we had to pay.

This reminds me of the old story of the Englishman who was heard to remark about a man passing, who had a foreign look : “’Ere’s a stranger, Bill, ’eave ’arf a brick at ’im.”

That they call these dining rooms in English hotels “Coffee Rooms,” when they never serve in them a cup of coffee after dinner without a separate and extra charge, is rather exasperating.

The porters and officials at some English hotels are not, though it appears as if they were, in league with

the cabmen. If you ask them about rates just before taking a drive they will occasionally mislead you and name a higher rate than the usual or legal one. For instance, I asked the clerk at another hotel in Brighton, what was the fare by the hour for a drive in an open cab or victoria holding two persons. "Four shillings per hour," quickly responded my misinformant. I knew better, for this was not my first visit to Brighton, but said nothing. To a cabman with a good-looking victoria who stood immediately opposite the hotel entrance I popped this question: "What will you charge us for an hour's drive along the beach and about the town?" "Two-and-six," briskly replied cabbie and we drove about the pretty place for a whole hour for the half crown.







BLEAK HOUSE FROM THE NORTH SEA.

A VISIT TO BLEAK HOUSE.

Bleak House, the scene of the novel of that name, is near the village of St. Albans, about twenty miles from London, and is described in the early part of the story as an "old-fashioned house with three peaks in the roof in front and a circular sweep leading to the porch." That there was more than one Bleak House in the mind of Dickens "there can be no possible probable manner of doubt," as Gilbert sings in "The Gondoliers," because at the close of the story one of the characters in it is made to say, "Both houses are your home, my dear, but the older Bleak House claims priority."

But the "Bleak House" which was for many years the home of Charles Dickens, and where he wrote many of his novels, was so named by the author after his famous story. It is located in the old-fashioned village of Broadstairs, on the North Sea, in the county of Kent, the garden of England, and is seventy-two miles from London, on the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. The population is given in the latest census as two thousand two hundred and sixty-three.

The house was formerly called Fort House, from its proximity to the British fortifications on the coast. It stands directly on the top of the chalk cliffs, seventy-five feet above the water, quite alone, and so near to the edge that from the portico a stone might be easily thrown into the surf—what little surf there is. It com-



BLEAK HOUSE.

mands a wide view of the ocean. In the southwest it looks toward Ramsgate, a seaside pleasure resort, distant five miles ; in the northeast toward Kingsgate. The house is appropriately named, for it is indeed bleak from Christmas until April, when the cold, biting north-east winds, for which these parts are noted, blow with all their might.

It was natural for Dickens to select such a spot for a residence. If he was not actually fond of the sea, he certainly had a great liking for the sea-coast, with which were associated the earliest memories of his childhood. It will be remembered that he was born at Portsmouth, a fortified seaport town, and the principal naval station of Great Britain, about one hundred miles southwest of London. Dickens lived at Portsmouth until he arrived at his majority. At Portsmouth he studied law, but he found Blackstone and Coke rather dry reading, and so went to London where, as everybody knows, he entered upon his literary career by reporting parliamentary debates for the *Morning Chronicle*.

Bleak House is a plain, substantial, compact, three-story structure of burnt brick. It has grounds of one and a quarter acres in extent, and the property is what is called in England "freehold ;" value, two thousand seven hundred pounds sterling. A stone wall five feet high, encloses the house on two sides. One side of the house is a flat, blank wall, evidently planned so that an extension could be easily made, and the lower part of the front is protected by plain iron railings. The entrance is by a low flight of five steps leading up to a portico and doorway supported by Doric columns. Next the doorway, on the first story, a semi-circular bay window projects, and on the second story are two deep windows which open upon a pretty ornamental iron balcony, having a curved, sloping roof. A great deal of ivy softens the bareness of the archi-

ture. It climbs up the walls and around the bay windows.

Dickens was very partial to the ivy plant, as his lyric, "The Ivy Green," testifies. He wrote several lyrics, but "The Ivy Green" which appeared originally in "Pickwick Papers" is the only one that has become familiar. It was first published as a song in the United States, and when a London publisher wished to reproduce it in England, Dickens refused the privilege except on the condition that the publisher pay ten guineas to the composer, Henry Russell.

Dickens was more thoughtful concerning Henry Russell's rights than this English composer is of the rights of others. I well remember that my predecessor on the *Home Journal*, the much beloved poet, George P. Morris, had a grudge against Russell, because Russell, in England, claimed to be the author of the words, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," as well as the composer of the music; and it is my humble opinion that the music in merit is far below Morris's poetry. The sentiment is beautiful, the words breathe a true, manly spirit and are full of deep feeling, while the music is plaintive, weak, childish—namby-pamby expresses it.

Russell did better with the English poet Mackay's song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," making it go with life and spirit, and he set appropriate music to our own Epes Sargent's song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," in which you may fancy you almost see the good old sailing ship bowling along before the wind. Henry Russell, who, by the way, is the father of Clark Russell, the novelist, is still living in London—February, 1892.

As to the melody, "The Ivy Green," an astute critic says: "It seems to me the composer has failed to catch the poet's meaning. Dickens's words are as sombre and tender as the vine that deepens the shadows and softens the ruggedness of decaying grandeur; while Russell's

music is as free and sturdy as the hardiest oak." The song opens with this stanza :

A dainty plant is the ivy green
That creepeth o'er ruins old,
Of rich choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold ;
The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim,
And the mould'ring dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

The house is about fifty years old, and contains ten rooms. Dickens's study was on the second floor, front. It has a southeastern outlook ; he was fond of the rising sun. The furniture and appointments of the room, which the writer saw in the autumn of 1891, remain as when Dickens left them—table with telescope, book-case, plain wooden armchair, etc.—a very simply furnished study. He did not die at Bleak House, however, but at a short distance from it, on June 9, 1870, at Gads' Hill, " Higham by Rochester, Kent," as he was in the habit of dating from.

Dickens, at Bleak House, was a tenant of a Mr. Fosbury, but the house was sold after Dickens's death, and is at present owned in Broadstairs by " W. S. Blackburn, house and estate agent, undertaker, builder and decorator, and upholsterer and mover of furniture," by which man-of-many-trades the house was leased for a very short term to a Mrs. Whitehead, sister of the vicar of St. Peter's of Broadstairs, at an annual rent of six hundred dollars. Mr. Blackburn now offers the property for sale. It would make a cool and charming summer retreat for some American prince. Or let some large-hearted and large-pursed man like George W. Childs buy the precious property and present it to the village of Broadstairs.

BATH AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

The beauty of Bath is an old story ; indeed, it is proverbial. Lord Macaulay described Bath as "that beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio"; Carlyle declared it to be "the prettiest town in all England"; and Walter Savage Landor averred, in his usual downright way, "that it was the only place worth living in, after Florence". The *London Globe*, as far back as the 30th of October, 1869, in an article discussing the attractions of English towns, said : "Bath is, with perhaps the exception of Edinburgh, the most beautiful city in the kingdom."

Of the valley in which the city reposes, the physical features are distinctly marked and impressive. Bath lies in the centre of a vast amphitheatre of hills that present the most varied outlines, and every variety of light, shade and color. In some places bold eminences rise and impend over the low lying fields and orchards ; in others, a green and gradual ascent presents a widening prospect. Everywhere there is a happy blending of town and country. At the end of each street verdant slopes or rugged rocks meet the gaze. No matter where you stand, whether on Claverton Down, rising six hundred feet above the level of the sea, on the still loftier range of Lansdown, with Beckford's Tower, or on Béechen Cliff, or on Sham Castle, everywhere a lovely panorama is spread out before you. Being well protected on all sides by hills the climate is never severe, and is even genial and balmy in the colder months of the year.

Much of what is told us of the early history of Bath is of a legendary character, and no statement entitled to

credit can, we are assured on good authority, be made regarding the discovery and use of its thermal mineral springs, prior to the Roman occupation of the locality about the middle of the first century.

To what extent the practice of drinking the waters was carried in early times we have little means of knowing, but it is certain that they were rarely ever prescribed for use internally, as a therapeutic agent, until the time of Sir Alexander Fraser, physician to Charles II. in 1663.

The medicinal value of these healing springs even now would seem to be less extensively known than in the interests of humanity it deserves to be. Numbers of English people annually resort to the Continental spas for means of relief from some lingering disease, apparently ignorant of the fact that almost at their doors and in a city so accessible as Bath, there exist fountains of equal or greater efficacy for healing and under conditions of far greater comfort and convenience.

Among the diseases to which the Bath waters are specially applicable are rheumatism, gout, various intestinal diseases, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous debility, eczema, and other skin diseases, bilious affections, dyspepsia and catarrh.

The many buildings devoted to the baths form a conspicuous feature in the architecture and embellishment of the city. Not to enumerate them all, there is the King's Bath, adjoining the Grand Pump Room, about 60 feet in length and 40 feet wide, and containing over 50,000 gallons of water at a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit; the Hot Baths, the spring supplying which has a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and the tepid Swimming Bath, for gentlemen only, 60 feet long and 25 feet wide, and containing more than 37,000 gallons of water.

In the business part of the town there is a faucet where the hot mineral water flows constantly *pro bono*

publico. It may be "good for the stomach," but to a strange palate it is not pleasant. An educated taste is needed before one can take delight in the bubbling, boiling beverage.

The whole town is built of Bath stone, which is soft and white when quarried and first used in building. It hardens with time, however, resembling after a few years of exposure the black buildings in London which were once gray. The inhabitants have a fancy for window gardens, and the bright flowers and green leaves about the windows form a pleasing contrast to their sombre-colored surroundings. Bath stone and Bath brick are known all over England ; also Bath chairs and Bath buns, which originated there.

There are several good specimens of hotel architecture, the Grand Pump Room Hotel, for instance, near the old Abbey, and in which there are several mineral baths. The interior of the hotel, however, is not so "grand" as its name and its imposing exterior would lead you to expect. If you want to save cab hire there is a small and modest looking house, with the somewhat pretentious title, "The Royal Station Hotel," which is reached by a bridge from the railway station, across the narrow street.

A good class of English and also Americans of quiet and refined tastes favor the York House Hotel. It is an establishment of the first class, having a central and beautiful situation on a wide and leading thoroughfare. Next door are the post and telegraph offices ; in the immediate vicinity are the Royal Victoria Park, the theatre, the Assembly Rooms and the attractive Crescents of the city ; the principal baths are within walking distance and the railway stations are reached by cab in five minutes. The public rooms are handsomely fitted up and the bedrooms are luxurious in size and very home-like. Meals are served at small tables and the tariff is moderate. It is essentially a house for the

patronage of families. E. Ashcroft, who is proprietor of the St. Vincent Rocks Hotel in Clifton, Bristol, is proprietor of the York House Hotel at Bath.

The Great Western Railway which takes you to Bath, from Paddington station in London (one hundred and seven miles) in $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours, is one of the important British roads. By the Great Western you go to Torquay, and Plymouth, on the southwest coast, and to such interesting points as Warwick, Stratford-upon-Avon, the old town of Chester and beautiful Leamington. The road traverses a lovely part of the country. *En route* you get a glimpse of Windsor Castle and pass through Taplow and Maidenhead on the Thames, the rails or "metals," as they are called in England, skirting the river for many miles, affording delightful views of the Thames—not a wide sheet of water but very picturesque in this region.

Long before you approach Bath the Avon is sighted, and as you near the station the eye is greeted by the noble hills which surround the ancient city.

TAKIN' NOTES

IN EDINBORO' TOWN.

Singular that more Americans do not "take in" Scotland when they are making the grand tour. Its historic interest and its scenic beauty are great. Glasgow is reached direct from New York by the fine fleet of Anchor boats, numbered among which are the "Furnessia," the "Devonia" and the "City of Rome." Excepting the last named the Scotch boats are slow in these days of "racers" and "greyhounds," but they are very comfortable vessels, as I know, from experience, and I have crossed in seven days by the "Rome"—crossed, that is, from Queenstown to New York.

If you don't care about bustling, busy Glasgow, with its smoke and its dirt, bonnie Edinburgh is distant only sixty-five minutes by express trains of the Caledonian railway, one of the best built and best equipped roads in Great Britain.

It hasn't the commerce of Glasgow, not being a sea-port, but it is the cleanest city I ever visited, and one of the most beautiful. Many travellers consider London the most interesting city in the world, but to a casual observer, five of the most attractive cities in Europe are Rome, Paris, Vienna, Venice and Edinburgh.

Edinburgh is built entirely of granite and freestone. You don't see a brick excepting in a very few and very tall factory chimneys. To some eyes this is monotonous; to mine it is pleasing. It looks, and it is, substantial, solid and strong.

Don't come at any time, not even in August, without winter clothing. The winds are keen and cutting.

Umbrella and "waterproof" are indispensable; overshoes, also, if it is your habit to wear them, for "the rain it raineth every day"—so to speak. This is not the remark of a hasty tourist. I have been making trips to Scotland for the past twenty years and I have stayed there for weeks at a time.

It is cool here and rain is frequent, but everything in this life has its compensation. This is the twentieth day of August, 1891, and we have strawberries for breakfast every morning and fresh green peas are in season. Large, luscious strawberries and raspberries sixpence a quart. Edinburgh, remember, is four hundred miles north of London. The twilight is long and late. I was reading a badly-printed Scotch newspaper this evening by daylight at half-past eight.

Labor is cheap here, and yet boys do men's work, such as driving carts and sweeping the streets.

The drives in and about Edinburgh are very attractive, and there are no better roads anywhere.

There are tram-cars in the city: fare, inside, two pence; "on top," one penny. There are also two lines of cable cars.

In a "distillery agent's" window, in Princes street, I saw flasks of wine marked "two shillings." I stepped in and bought a flask. "One penny more," remarked the salesman. "For what," said I, inquiringly. "For the cork." When I reached my hotel I applied a corkscrew; it wouldn't budge. The penny "cork" was a glass stopper with a "worm," to screw on and off.

It strikes a stranger as rather odd to see men and boys carry so much on their heads and to see them balance their loads with such nicety. Instead of using small, light push carts, or delivering goods in baskets hanging on the arm, as is done in New York, Edinburgh boys use a tray or flat board with an edge turned up, in which they carry vegetables, meat, poultry, fruit, etc. This tray is placed on the head and is scarcely ever touched

by the hand except to load or unload. The head in Edinburgh is made to do good physical service.

The house still stands, and is likely to stand for centuries, in which Walter Scott lived for years, and in which he wrote several of his novels. It is of granite, with a rounded (swelled) front, three stories high and about thirty feet wide. You must look it up when you go to Edinburgh—No. 39 Castle street. It is now used for office purposes, and is tenanted by doctors, lawyers, civil engineers and the like. In the transom window, over the door, you will see a small marble bust of the novelist.

Princes street, the principal street, is not very long, only about one mile, but as far as it goes it is not easily surpassed in any city. On one side are the principal hotels and business blocks, all of granite or freestone ; on the other side are the handsome Princes Gardens with monuments and the magnificent Art Institute in the foreground, and in the background such buildings as the Castle, several churches and the Bank of Scotland.

The gardens, with their terraces, gravel walks, fountains, rustic seats, lawns and flower-beds are uncommonly attractive. It would seem that nowhere are the flowers brought to a higher state of cultivation than in the Princes Gardens.

Blackwood has a large but very quiet-looking shop in George street, not so crowded a thoroughfare as Princes street, but in which a very select business is transacted.

Thomas Nelson & Sons have the largest book publishing establishment in Scotland—I was going to say in Great Britain. Their business buildings cover a vast space, and the late Mr. Nelson's residence, not far from Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat, is one of the most attractive private citizens' residences in this part of the country. It was only two or three years ago, so a coachman informed me, that Mr. Nelson gave ten thousand pounds to restore the front of the castle.

David Douglas, whose retail house is at No. 9 Castle

street, makes a specialty of publishing and republishing works of American authors, and finds his profit in it. You may pick up on his counters almost anything of Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Howells, Winter and Aldrich. Winter's "Shakespeare in England" and a later work, "Gray Days and Gold," were both published by Douglas, duplicate plates being sent over to Macmillan of New York.

Talk of books being expensive in England: these very books by Winter which Macmillan sells in New York at seventy-five cents each, Douglas publishes at two shillings; in paper covers for one shilling—twenty-five cents.

Douglas's people tell me that Winter's books find a ready sale in Great Britain. The critics and the reading public are delighted with his sketches of English and Scotch scenery, and especially with his scholarly and beautiful descriptions of Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's country. They think that no author has written with more reverence and feeling about Shakespeare. They find "his language poetical and his style artistic, with a Meissonier-like finish."

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.—In Scotland herrings are always sold by pairs, haddocks by threes. In England and Scotland fruit is sold by the pound, so are vegetables: and this fair and excellent method proves satisfactory to buyer and seller. Flowers and fruit are sold in the same shop: the signs read, "fruiterer and florist." Flowers are very high in price. They use growing flowers and living plants in pots very freely to decorate the dinner table, but this idea, which is pretty enough in its way, is carried too far in hotel dining-rooms. So many tall plants make the table look dark and heavy, and the broad leaves prevent you from seeing your neighbor or chatting with a friend on the other side of the table, for in some hotels they still persist in using the old-fashioned long tables which are neither home-

like nor comfortable. Choice fruit, being either imported from the warmer climates or grown under glass, is very expensive in the British kingdom. You pay sixpence or a shilling for a peach or nectarine ; two shillings each for choice varieties. The largest and handsomest peach ever grown, possibly, or certainly ever shown, was exhibited last summer in a shop window in Buchanan street, Glasgow. It weighed eighteen ounces, price three-and-sixpence.

The capital of Scotland is always spelled Edinburgh, but is always pronounced Edinb~~ro~~pro'.

In the stamp department of the post-office in Edinburgh there is a shallow indentation about four inches square in the table, in which a piece of felt is kept constantly damp. Instead of putting the stamp on your tongue you pass it over the piece of felt before placing it on the envelope. Small matter, but very convenient, and shows thoughtfulness on the part of the authorities.

STREET RELIGION.—There's a great deal of poverty and drunkenness in Edinburgh, but there is also a great deal of religion. All the churches are well attended on Sunday, and there are preaching, praying and singing in the public streets. Church choirs, men and women, stand and sing in the public highways. In the lower quarters of the city they attract people with a harmonium, which is wheeled about from place to place. Passers-by stop, join in the singing, and in fine weather uncover their heads. The singers are not paid for their services.

THE DOGS.—Here's a hint for the society which Mr. Henry Bergh founded:—On the sidewalk in front of large shops and public buildings in Glasgow and Edinburgh they place small earthenware or iron vessels filled with water for passing dogs. The vessel is simply and legibly marked "DOG." Probably the dogs cannot read, but they seem to know or to "nose out" the shops where such a humane practice is carried out. But a certain Scotch editor contends that Scotch dogs can read.

• INDIA RUBBER PAVEMENT.—The attention of every stranger who walks in Princes street, Edinburgh, is immediately arrested as soon as he gets in front of a certain shop, nearly opposite the castle, where rubber goods are sold. His attention is arrested because he finds himself on a yielding pavement. It is a rubber "sidewalk" (as we say in New York), and was laid there by the enterprising shopkeeper. It is very pleasant and comfortable to walk on, and so durable that the authorities have talked about putting down rubber pavements on both sides of Princes street.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—There is not much for the tourist to see in Glasgow except the university, the cathedral, founded in the fourteenth century, and the municipal buildings. But the first-named is worth walking many miles to visit, if one is interested in such things. I spent several hours in the university with pleasure and profit. This university, Glasgow people claim, is the finest in Scotland. It accommodates twenty-three hundred students who pay an average of forty pounds a year. It is generously endowed. The buildings are of granite and present a noble appearance, standing on very high ground in their own large park, which is beautifully laid out with terraces, flower beds and gravel walks. There are some grand old trees in the park, and a pretty winding lake, over which are thrown many picturesque bridges. Though it is a seat of learning, you will not expect the services of a college professor as a cicerone, but you might naturally expect to hear fair English spoken. The liveried servant who guides you will tell you, with strong aspirations, of the "helementary" classes and the "school of harts." In describing the *modus operandi* of taking the gold medal, the graduate sitting in a very high-backed chair, which is several hundred years old, you will be told "it's a very 'igh honor."

In the "Edinburgh Café," a fairish kind of restaurant

in Princes street, opposite the Scott monument, a penny is charged for the privilege of washing your hands, and a penny for the use of a napkin. The majority of this café's customers, however, if the truth must be told, make a *mouchoir* serve for a *serviette*.

SLIPPERS SUPPLIED FREE.—If you go to Philp's Cockburn (pronounced Coburn) Hotel in Edinburgh, it matters not if you have forgotten to pack your slippers in your portmanteau, for the porter will provide you with a pair. One hundred pairs of red morocco slippers are kept at this hotel for the use of guests. A foot of any size can be accommodated, and there is no charge.

Smoking is not allowed in bedrooms of Scotch hotels, and a notice to that effect is posted in each room. "Smoking rooms" are provided, and only such apartment may be used for this purpose. They are both smoky and dingy.

AN EDINBURGH DOLLAR DINNER.—I have dined at the leading hotels in New York, at "The States," in Saratoga, the Breslin, at Lake Hopatcong, and my experience includes the leading hotels in the principal European capitals, and the leading hotels in the Southern and far Western States, as far as California, yet I can say that the *table d'hôte* dinner served at Philp's Cockburn Hotel, Edinburgh (one Sunday last summer), will rank with the fare at any of these houses, and it excels the table d'hôte at some high-priced hotels in London and Paris. Yet the price charged for this dinner was very moderate—only four shillings, about one dollar. The dinner included grouse, peaches, strawberries and nectarines, and from the hare soup down to the dessert, everything was well cooked and nicely served. The charge is remarkably moderate when it is understood that this is a "temperance house," and when you know that the choice fruit is grown under glass at high cost. The dinner would have been perfect with *café noir* at the close, but this is not served in British hotels without additional charge.

THE BURNS MONUMENT.

If Baltimore is the monumental city of the United States, Edinburgh may surely be called the monumental city of the United Kingdom. The majority of its public buildings, of freestone or granite, are noble structures standing on hills in the heart of the city, and for their situation alone would command admiration—the old Castle, Nelson monument, the city prison, the National Gallery, the Bank of Scotland, etc. No bank in the world occupies a more commanding site than the one just named. Owing to the peculiar natural formation of the land upon which the city is built, an observer may stand in one spot in Edinburgh (say the Waverley Gardens) and see a greater number of splendid buildings at a glance than may be seen simultaneously from the level in any other city.

Not among the largest by any means but among the most interesting must be reckoned the Burns monument, which occupies a high position near its still higher neighbor, the Nelson monument, on Calton Hill. The Burns monument was built in 1830 for the purpose of containing a marble statue of the poet by Flaxman. The building, of freestone, is a circular temple on a quadrangular basement surrounded by a peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns which support an entablature and cornice. Over this is a cupola, a restoration of the monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The whole is surmounted by a tripod supported by winged griffins. The extreme height of the structure is fifty feet, the twelve outside columns are fourteen feet high and the twelve inside columns are ten feet high. The latter

are of freestone painted to represent variegated marble. The cost of the monument and statue was three thousand three hundred pounds sterling (about sixteen thousand five hundred dollars)—not a large sum considering the result attained.

Besides the statue of the poet, the monument holds a number of relics—letters written by or to Burns, the worm-eaten three-legged stool upon which the poet sat in 1786 and '87 while correcting the proofs of his poems, and other things of interest. A letter from the poet to his cousin, James Burness, and dated Lochee, 21st June, 1783, complains of the depressed state of the country during the American war. As is well known, the poet spelled his name Burness (his family name) until the publication of his poems in 1786. Another letter to his cousin, dated Mossgiel, August 3, 1784, describes the fanatical religious sect that had sprung up in the neighborhood of Dumfries headed by a mad woman named Buchan. Hence they called themselves Buchanites. The subjoined manuscript poem accompanied a gift of fresh eggs from Burns's wife to Alexander Findlater :

Dear sir, our lacky humbly begs
Ye'll pree her caller new-laid Eggs
And grant the cock may keep his legs
Aboon the chuckies.

Ellesland, December 22, 1788.

One of the most interesting letters is here given in full :

To

Mr. James Burness

Writer, Montrose.

My Dear Cousin :

When you offered me money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me,

and that by return of post, with ten pounds. O, James, did you know the pride of my heart you would feel doubly for me. Alas, I am not used to beg. The worse of it is my health was coming about finely, you know, and my physician assures me that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease. Guess then my horrors since this business began. If I had it settled I would be, I think, quite well in a manner. O, do not disappoint me. But strong necessity's curst command. I have been thinking over my brother's affairs, and I fear I must cut him up, but on this I will correspond at another time, particularly as I shall — your advice. Forgive me for once more mention—by return of post save me from the horrors of a jail.

My compliments to my friend James, and to all the rest. I do not know what I have written, the subject is so horrible I dare not look it over again. Farewell,

ROBERT BURNS.

JULY 12, Tewesday.

The letter to John Tennent Auchenchey, thanking him for his kind present of a cask of whiskey, and praising its strength and good quality, betrayed the poet's great weakness. It is dated Eltenland, December 22, 1788.

Another characteristic letter in a different strain, is worth quoting in full :

To Mrs. Dunlop,
Of Dunlop.

I have received twins, dear madam, more than once, but scarcely ever with more pleasure than when I received yours of the 12th instant. To make myself understood, I had wrote to Mr. Graham inclosing my poem addressed to him, and the same post that favored me with yours brought me an answer from him. It was dated the very day he had received mine, and I am quite at a loss to say whether it was more polite or kind. Your criticisms, my honored benefactress, are truly the work of a friend. They are not the blasting depredations of a canker-toothed caterpillar critic, nor are they fair statements of cold impartiality balancing with unfeeling exactitude the pro and con of an author's merits ; they are the judicious observations of animated friendship selecting the beauties of the pen. I have just

arrived from Nithsdale and will be here a fortnight. I was on horseback this morning (for between my wife and my farm is just forty-six miles) by three o'clock. As I jogged on in the dark I was taken with a poetic fit as follows: Mrs. T.—, of C—. Lamentations for the death of her son, an uncommonly promising youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age :

Fate gave the wound—the arrow sped
And pierced my darling's heart.

You will not send me your poetic rambles, but you see I am no niggard of mine. I am sure your impromptus gave me double pleasure. What falls from your pen can be neither uninteresting in itself nor indifferent to me. The one fault you find is just, but I cannot please myself in an emendation.

I will pay the sapient-potent George [reference to postage] most cheerfully to hear from you ere I leave Ayrshire. I have the honor to be, dear madam, your much obliged, humble servant,
ROBERT BURNS.

Among other relics are the lease or tack of the farm of Ellesland taken from Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, the gentleman who launched the first steamboat in the world in 1788; the manuscript of a poem, "The Kirk's Alarm;" excise return by the poet from Dumfries district, 1794; manuscript poems by Clarinda, "Autumn of Life;" portion of manuscript of *Kilmarnock* edition, 1786; portraits of the poet by Nasmyth, Skewing and Taylor. Relics of the poet's personal property are not wanting. There is a wooden trencher or cheese plate from *Possie Nancy's*, where Burns wrote "The Jolly Beggars;" a wine glass used by the poet; an oak mallet made from the rafter of Alloway's auld haunted kirk and used by Burns as deputy master of the Tarbolton Mason Lodge, 1794; a sword cane used by him while in the excise, and his favorite knife and fork. There is also a curious delft jug which belonged to Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmanan, a friend of Burns. She was a descendant of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and on Burns's last visit she knighted him with an old sword

that belonged to the king, saying "she had as much right to do so as any other body."

Others matters of interest to those who love the poet are a snuff-box made from the printing press at which his first edition of poems was printed in Kilmarnock, 1786; a sneeshan mull, or snuff horn, which belonged to Highland Mary's father, 1758; Indian china cup and saucer that belonged to Miss Alexander, the bonny lass of Balochmyll; lock of hair which belonged to Miss Lorimer, the lassie wi' the tent white locks; curious round oak silver-mounted snuff-box used by the poet, and presented to his trusty friend, George Richmond, 1788; an apple presented by the poet to his brother Gilbert's wife as a wedding gift.

Among the relics preserved in frames and hung on the walls is the printed newspaper report of Burns's death. This occurred at Dumfries, July 21, 1796, and the report appeared in the London *Herald* of July 27—nearly one week after. The London *Herald* of that day was a very small sheet, about fifteen inches long and only four columns wide, price fourpence halfpenny a copy. The obituary notice is unique, and is worth reproducing to-day :

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT BURNS,
THE CELEBRATED POET.

"On the 21st instant died at Dumfries, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humor, by the warmth and tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigor and versatility of a mind, guided only by the light of nature and the inspirations of genius. The public, to whose amusement he so largely contributed, will learn with regret that the last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence, and his widow with five infant children, and in the hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband."

Monuments, however, are not Edinburgh's only attractions, but do not count on seeing the sights there on Sunday. The day is closely and strictly observed. London is surely quiet enough on a Sunday, but it is gayety itself when compared with the capital of Scotland. Not a shop is open ; even the drug shops are open only during two hours. Everything is shut as tight as a drum in Edinburgh except the churches, and to these you must either walk or hire a carriage, for not a wheel of an omnibus or car turns on Sunday.



THE BURNS MONUMENT.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

There are many ways of "crossing" between the Continent and the English coast, or *vice versa*. The best steamers between England and Holland are those which go from Rotterdam to Harwich. Harwich (Anglice, Harridge) is about a two hours' run up to London. I have tried the different ways of crossing from the French coast to England—via Newhaven and Dieppe, Folkstone and Boulogne, and Calais and Dover. The last route is by far the best. It would be preferred over all others, if for only one reason, because it is the shortest, the English Channel being "disagreeable" at least one half the year. The Calais and Dover boats are advertised to make the trip between the two points "in seventy minutes," and they do actually make it in one hour and a quarter. The other routes are much longer. No small craft that ply on the English waters are as beautiful in their appointments as our Hudson river boats, or those for instance of the Fall River line, but they are staunch and swift, and they are manned by as brave a set of seamen as ever trod a deck. The English boats are proof against wind and wave, the only danger being from fire or fog, but as they are officered by skillful and experienced navigators, and are very carefully handled, the danger is reduced to a minimum.

PARIS HOTELS.

Paris is not in the least behind other cities in the number of its hotels nor in the variety of accommodations offered. Your choice must depend first upon the length of your purse ; second, upon the length of your stay ; third, the purpose of your visit. The number in the party and their individual tastes and requirements must also be taken into account.

I have not passed near so much time in Paris as in London. The most I can do is to suggest some of the choicest hotels and *pensions* with which I am acquainted, giving their rates and distinctive features.

For information as to Where to Dine in Paris I must refer the reader to a chapter further on, entitled "The Restaurants of Paris," by the late writer and connoisseur in many arts, Mr. Theodore Child. It first appeared in a book entitled "Living Paris," which was published in London four years ago by Ward & Downey, and is the most complete and comprehensive Guide to Paris I have ever seen.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

The Grand Hotel is one of the largest and most expensive. It is grand in size ; grand in appointments. It is not a cheap house in any sense of that term, and possibly for that reason is largely patronized by Americans. The building occupies a square block facing that magnificent street, Avenue de l'Opéra, diagonally across

from the Grand Opera House. It encloses a large courtyard with fountains and parterres. The *caves* of the Grand are ranked as one of the sights of Paris ; they are stocked with the choicest of wines. Rooms from six francs per day ; breakfast, two francs ; luncheon, five francs ; table d'hôte dinner, eight francs with wine. Board and lodging complete (American plan), from twenty francs per day.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL.

The Continental, on the corner of the rue de Rivoli and rue Castiglione, is opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. Near by are Hotel des Invalides, the Madeleine, the Eiffel Tower and other interesting buildings. It is large and elegant—grander than the Grand. The grounds, with the structure and furnishing are said to have cost some millions of francs.

The rates at the Continental are a little lower than at the Grand. They range all the way from five francs to thirty-five francs per day for room ; lights and attendance extra. Breakfast of coffee, chocolate or tea with rolls, from one to two francs ; breakfast proper, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*, five francs, wine and coffee included. Table d'hôte dinner, seven francs. At many Paris hotels wine is included in the charge for dinner, but at the Continental on Sundays, champagne as well as *vin ordinaire* is served free, but not, as in the case of the latter, in unlimited quantity.

HOTEL MEURICE.

Smaller than these two hotels and for that reason thought by some to be more select is the Hotel Meurice, in rue de Rivoli. It is near rue Castiglione and oppo-

site the Tuileries gardens, altogether a beautiful location. Issuing from the handsome courtyard and turning to the left, a few minutes walk brings you to the Palais Royal and the Louvre galleries ; or turning to the right a few steps bring you past the hotel Continental, to Place de la Concorde and the Champs Élysées. It may seem strange to those who have not lived in continental hotels, to note that the hotel Meurice is scrupulously clean. You observe this in its beautiful courtyard, in its handsome dining-room and in the neatly kept bedrooms.

The hotel is patronized by leading New York families and by the best English society, and it ranks as does the Brunswick or the Victoria in New York. The *cuisine* of the house is famous and its cellars contain rare wines. Hotel Meurice was established in 1815 and its present proprietor has kept it for more than thirty years. If your stay in Paris is to cover a week or more, you—and especially the ladies of your party—will find this hotel a thoroughly agreeable place of sojourn ; Bae-deker counsels avoiding the largest hotels if you are accompanied by ladies. Hotel Meurice has electric light, and new plumbing was put in a few years ago. It accommodates two hundred guests. Single rooms from five francs per day ; apartments from fifteen to one hundred francs. Table d'hôte dinner, at six P.M., six francs. Proprietor, H. Schœurich ; address, 228 rue de Rivoli.

HOTEL CHATHAM.

Hotel Chatham is justly famed as one of the most elegantly appointed of Paris hotels. I have known it for twenty years, and for twenty-five years it has been the

temporary home of travellers of all nations,—those who demand the best hotel accommodations, and for which you pay only a moderate price. Single rooms from five francs per day ; luncheon, four francs ; table d'hôte dinner, six francs. Hotel Chatham occupies a central location, near the Opéra, rue de la Paix, the theatres, and the best shopping streets. The first feature of the Hotel Chatham that attracts attention is the large, light, and spacious courtyard, fifty by one hundred feet. It makes an impression that gains in favor when you see the apartments. The grand salon, the reading-room and café look out upon this courtyard, which is embellished with flowers.

The sleeping apartments are beautifully furnished, have plenty of light and good ventilation. There are elegant suites, also choice single and double rooms. The decorations are in good taste. In the best apartments the walls are not hung with paper, but are covered with stuffs—a mixture of worsted and soft silks. Hot and cold water on every floor. Two features especially commend themselves to those who are acquainted with foreign hotels ; there are two Otis elevators, and the house is lighted throughout by electricity—shedding a light in the rooms, not of one *bougie*, but of twenty. The cuisine represents the perfection of the culinary art, and the wine-cellars are celebrated for their famous vintages.

The Hotel Chatham is the home of the best people and many Americans annually seek its hospitality. The Harpers, for instance, members of the great publishing house, are among its regular guests. The present proprietor is M. H. Holzschuch, son of the late owner, under whom the house acquired its wide fame. Hotel Chatham is at 17 and 19 rue Daunou, between rue de la Paix and Boulevard des Capucines.

HOTEL BINDA.

Everybody in Paris knows the Hotel Binda, and it is known by a great many people who have never been in Paris. With New Yorkers the house is a favorite because it is kept by Mr. Charles Binda who for years was manager of Delmonico's, and this settles at once and satisfactorily the important question of *cuisine*. The house was opened in 1878. It is solidly built of stone, five stories high, and is an imposing structure. It stands in rue de l'Echelle, on a corner of the avenue de l'Opéra, the principal business street of Paris, and probably the handsomest shopping street in the world. It is most conveniently located for the principal places of interest—the Grand Opera, Palais Royal, the Louvre galleries, etc. One minute's walk brings you to the rue de Rivoli, that wide open street, one side of which is flanked by the open and beautiful gardens of the Tuileries.

If in the heat of a summer day in walking to Place Vendome or to the Champs Élysées, you wish to avoid sunny rue de Rivoli, shade is at your very door in the narrow but picturesque rue St. Honoré, which, with its little shops, its hotels, old churches, etc., is a feature of outdoor life in Paris.

The Grand Opera is at the other end of the Avenue de l'Opéra, a short walk. But omnibuses pass the door, by which you can reach any part of Paris at the expense of a few sous. And, for that matter, it is only a thirty-cent cab fare to the Grand Opera, to the offices of the American Minister, Whitelaw Reid, in Avenue Hoche, or to the Anglo-American Bank on the corner of Chaussée d'Antin and rue Meyerbeer. *Cocher* will go fast enough if by the course and slow enough (too slow) if by the hour.

Instead of a courtyard such as many hotels in Paris have, and which in some cases are useless, the space on

the ground floor is used by the Binda for a grand, glass-enclosed reception and reading-room, beautifully lighted by day and by night. There is also a grand drawing-room and a smoking-room, which unlike the dingy rooms turned over to the use of men in some English hotels is, in the Binda, a very bright and attractive apartment.

All the apartments are comfortably and tastefully furnished, but some of the rooms are furnished in palatial style. There are baths on every floor and some rooms have running water. Of course there are electric lights and an *ascenseur*, Anglice "lift." But for all its grandeur, one may live at the Binda at moderate cost.

If you know about how wide you wish to open your purse in selecting apartments you can tell as precisely as you could in an American hotel how much your bill will amount to for a stay of five days or five weeks. Single rooms may be had from seven to twelve francs per day ; double rooms from fourteen to thirty francs. Special rates, lower than these, are made to guests remaining a length of time. Here is the tariff for the dining-room : Plain breakfast (tea or chocolate) 1f. 50c., about 30 cents ; table d'hôte dinner, served at separate tables, 6f., servant's board 6f. per day. No charge is made for attendance.

That Charles Binda is proprietor is guarantee that the table is equal to the Windsor in New York, or the Albemarle in London, and these satisfy the most fastidious. Mr. Binda is famous for his *cuisine*, but he prides himself most upon the quality of his guests. He demands that above and beyond everything else his house shall be select, and it is so in the fullest sense. Mail address, No. 11 rue de l'Echelle. Cable, "Binda ; Paris."

HOTEL MÉTROPOLE.

There are several comparatively small but decidedly pleasant hotels in rue Castiglione—Hotel Liverpool, Hotel Balmoral and Hotel Métropole. The last-named is especially to be commended for its choice location, the comfort and cleanliness of its rooms, its appetizing cuisine, and its remarkably moderate charges. It is in rue Castiglione, directly opposite the Continental ; two blocks one way from the Column Vendôme, two blocks from the Place de la Concorde, near the Champs Élysées, and only a few hundred feet from the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries.

Like the majority of Paris hotels, the Métropole is entered by a court-yard, but unlike some of them, the ventilation and lighting of the house are good. It has ample room for more than one hundred guests, and they can be made very comfortable.

The house is kept on the American as well as on the European plan. If you adopt the system which prevails abroad, you may hire a single room as low as four francs per day, or a double room for seven francs per day. Breakfast, three francs ; luncheon, four francs ; table d'hôte dinner, five francs. This figure includes good wine in *quantum sufficit*, as a medical man might say. As at nearly all Continental hotels, "service" is charged. In this instance it is one franc per day ; and you pay for lights—item seventy-five centimes, about fifteen cents.

But if you wish to be relieved of all this detail and save the bother of reckoning, you can stay at the Métropole and your whole bill per day for board, lodging, lights, wine, etc., will be the moderate sum of fifteen francs (three dollars), which, considering the excellent table and the attention you receive, is a low rate.

If you desire to mix with an ultra-fashionable set, the Bristol is your house ; if you want to see and be with

Americans only, then select the Grand. The Continental is the place for those who would feast their eyes on palatial salons; at the Métropole you will get into the company of good people from different countries, you can be quiet and comfortable and made to feel at home, as is to be expected in a smaller house. Moreover, your purse will be lightly drawn upon in accordance with the figures given above. Proprietor, X. Silvani; address, No. 6 rue Castiglione.

HOTEL DE LILLE ET D'ALBION, in rue St. Honoré, is not a very large house, but it is ranked among the best, although its charges are quite moderate. It has baths, lift, electric light and English billiard tables, its modern contrivances including telephonic communication with the leading European cities. The sanitary arrangements are said to be perfect. The location is central for shopping, for places of amusement and points of interest, being near Place Vendome, Tuileries Gardens and the Opéra. Mail address, 223 rue St. Honoré; telegraph address, Lillalbion, Paris.

HOTEL BRISTOL AND HOTEL DU RHIN both front on the Place Vendome; you can't miss them; they are near the tall and graceful Column Vendome which pierces the sky from the centre of the square. There is no question as to the excellence of either of these houses. Both are patronized by a select class of patrons; the former is the home of the Prince of Wales when he visits Paris.

HOTEL LIVERPOOL is patronized by the Astors. To Americans this information conveys more than could be detailed in a whole page of description. It is situated at 11 rue Castiglione, a wide and fashionable thoroughfare leading from Place Vendome to the Tuileries Gardens. The house was recently newly fitted up and has a hydraulic lift. There are large apartments for families making a more or less prolonged stay; smaller apartments for transient guests.

HOTEL DE L'ATHÉNÉE.—Of hotels just as select as any of those mentioned, there are a score or more. Among them may be mentioned the Hotel de l'Athénée, 15 rue Scribe. It was recently enlarged, the whole of the Théâtre de l'Athénée having been added, and the former dining-room is now converted into a reading room. There are two bath-rooms on each floor. The appointments include a parlor, a reading room, a restaurant a la carte, and two private dining-rooms. There are 180 rooms in all, which rent from four francs to twenty francs a day, but there are not very many rooms in the house at four francs.

HOTEL CAMPBELL.—The Hotel Campbell, at 61 and 63 Avenue de Friedland, has one of the best sites in Paris for a family house. It stands on the highest ground, the location being healthy, beautiful, select and fashionable—a few steps from the Champs Élysées and the Arc de Triomphe. The house is six stories high, built of stone, and has an imposing front, standing on the corner of rue Tilsit and avenue de Friedland, a wide and grand boulevard. The salon is richly furnished. There is a new dining-room covered with glass and flooded with light. House heated by steam; lift, electric light, all modern contrivances. Mr. Arthur Geissler, the present proprietor, took the house about three years ago, since which time he has enlarged it, making also great changes and improvements. Mr. Geissler's native tongue is German, but he converses easily in English, speaks Italian and, of course, French. There are accommodations for one hundred guests at from twelve and a half francs per day for room and three meals, everything included but wine and lights. Still more moderate terms to families who make a protracted stay. Address letters and telegrams "Hotel Campbell, Paris."

HOTEL DE CASTILLE.—This is at No. 37 rue Cambon, a narrow, but pleasant street running off from the Boulevard des Italiens, and leading to Place Vendôme, a convenient place for those who desire to be near shopping

and amusement centres. From above the ground floor there is a pleasing front outlook, the hotel standing opposite the gardens attached to the residence of the Minister of Justice. The public rooms, on the first floor, are very pretty; the bedrooms have high ceilings and are richly furnished, many having pictures in oil on the walls. Modern conveniences—electric light, lift, baths, hot and cold water on every floor. One hundred and fifty guests accommodated. There is a large and handsome courtyard in which, during warm weather, meals are served, *al fresco*, under a decorated canopy. The proprietor of Hotel Castille, James F. Wullschleger, is a young Swiss. He speaks German fluently, as well as Italian, and Americans will not find him at all deficient in the English tongue. Breakfast, one and a half francs; luncheon, four francs; dinner, five francs, wine not included. Mail and cable address, "Hotel Castille, Paris."

HOTEL LA TREMOILLE.—The Hotel Tremoille (formerly Hotel Pension Lafond) is in rue de la Tremoille, a quiet, select and beautiful location, on the corner of rue de la Tremoille and rue Boccador. The neighborhood is known as the Quartier Marboeuf-Champs Élysées, and the Arc de Triomphe is but a few steps distant. The house has *ascenseur*, baths and water on every floor; the salon is handsome, and the bed-rooms are beautifully furnished. Accommodation for one hundred guests. Single rooms from six to ten francs per day; room for two persons from eight to twelve francs per day. Breakfast from two to four francs; luncheon, from two to four francs; seven o'clock dinner, five francs, wine not included. Arrangements for complete board (three meals), rooms, service, everything included, from ten to fifteen francs per day for one person. Board for children under seven, six francs per day. The house has not changed proprietors for the past six years. Mail address, Madame Lafond, 14 rue de la Tremoille; cable, Lafhotel, Paris.

PENSIONS OF THE FIRST CLASS.

But you are not forced to patronize any hotel, large or small ; there are many very delightful *pensions* or boarding houses in Paris. These some people prefer, if their party includes ladies, or if they intend to make a protracted stay. A few of these *pensions* are presided over by American women.

THE VAN PELT PENSION at 69 Boulevard St. Michel is kept by Mrs. E. L. Van Pelt, a New Orleans woman who took with her to Paris the best American references. This place has some features which commend it to the stranger in Paris. Its location, facing the Luxembourg Gardens, is near the famous art schools and the Sorbonne, where free lectures are given, thus making this a desirable residence for students. It is across the Seine, and yet within comparatively easy access by omnibus, cab or train to all parts of Paris and environs. The house stands on a corner, and all the rooms are exposed to the sun and air. Mrs. Van Pelt has accommodation for thirty guests. Rates from \$2.50 to \$3 per day, according to season and length of stay. Average about seventy-five francs per week ; no wine.

AMERICAN FAMILY HOME.—This term is appropriately applied to the *pension de famille* presided over by a young French widow, whose personal beauty and grace of manner are more than marked. Reference is made to Madame Veuve Léon Glatz, who is assisted in her duties by her sister. Both of them speak English with a pretty and piquant accent. The Glatz *pension* is in rue de Clichy, five minutes distant from St. Lazare Station and Park Monceau ; ten minutes from la Madeleine and the Opéra. It was built in 1885 and is sanitarily correct ;

supplied with new spring water from the new water works of Paris. There is a really grand *salon* in which *musicales* are given weekly. In the rear of this is a large and handsome garden, neatly kept—a very pretty lounging place on summer evenings. There are baths in the house, the bedrooms are nicely furnished, the service is good, and last, and by no means least worthy of note, is the table, which is liberally supplied; the best as to quality. But Madame Glatz at present has only room for thirty guests and her house is in such demand that you must engage rooms months, or at least weeks, in advance. Terms, eight to fourteen francs per day, which is the full charge; no extras, except, possibly, for lights. This is a favorite place with Americans of refinement; others are not admitted to Madame Glatz's charming family circle. Address, 45 rue de Clichy.

THE POWERS PENSION.—One of the most desirable *pensions* in Paris, especially desirable for Americans, is kept not by a "charming Frenchwoman," nor by a "hearty" Britisher, but by a couple of cultivated, good Americans, well-known in New York—Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Powers, Jr. The house is in a high and delightful location, in the American quarter, 69 Avenue d'Antin, near the Champs Élysées. Mrs. Powers claims that it is "the most elegant and comfortable *pension* in Europe," and I, who have had some experience in hotels and *pensions* of the first rank, do not contradict the statement. I am not given to using the adjective "elegant" too freely, but elegant and tasteful are words that come to mind without summoning, in speaking of the Powers *pension*. The *salon* is a beautiful apartment; yes, uncommonly beautiful. It is on Monday evenings more particularly that this *salon* looks its best, when the receptions are held. The house, it is well worth noting, has been enlarged and greatly improved since last year. Mrs. Powers has the entire building, now, with sixty bedrooms. A hydraulic lift has been put in, and the

driveway which led from avenue D'Antin to the street parallel with it at the back, has been done away with. The space thus gained has been added to the dining-room, so that ninety guests can now sit down at one time. The Powers *pension* is a select family home in the strictest sense of the term, and the rates for board are quite reasonable; pleasant rooms and three meals from ten francs per day. Make a note of the address—69 Avenue d'Antin.

A QUIET PENSION FOR AMERICANS.—Number 7 Avenue du Trocadero is in the American residential quarter, three minutes' walk from the American Church. The avenue is handsome and very wide, admitting of an equestrian road and three rows of fine old sycamores between the sidewalks. No. 7 has been kept as a *pension* since 1872, and it is now under the care of two "good Americans," who have had it for six years, and who have won the patronage of a quiet class of English people, the aim of the Seymours being to make it an attractive, comfortable, Christian home. Forty-five guests accommodated. Trams and 'buses pass the door every few minutes; boats, within two minutes' walk, to all parts of the Seine. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour do not pretend to keep a fashionable or an elegant house for people having long purses and luxurious tastes, but the beds are good, the rooms look cozy and comfortable, and they claim that "the *cuisine* is of the best." The rates at this *pension* are low—from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

MRS. CROWTHER'S is a select *pension* in which you will be entertained if you are willing to furnish references. This Mrs. Crowther will most gladly do, and thus, as a former famous commander of the New York Seventh Regiment used to say, "honors are divided." I am acquainted with Americans who have stayed with Mrs. Crowther for months at a time so pleased were they with their surroundings and their host. Although select and choice and nicely situated, near the much-talked-of-

Arc de Triomphe, the rates here are moderate—from ten dollars a week. Address, Mrs. Crowther, No. 6 rue de Belloy.

VILLENEUVE'S HOUSE.—This is called an "American Pension," because it is largely patronized by Americans. The house has what so many New Yorkers demand—southern exposure; it has elevator, baths, etc., and is tastefully furnished. The *lôcation*, in rue Boccador, is most pleasant—in the Champs Élysées district. Address No. 12 rue Boccador.

"A FRENCH FAMILY HOME," where French lessons are given, is Mme. Tonnot's, in that attractive avenue named for Baron Haussmann, who did so much to improve Paris by widening the streets and beautifying the city. Tonnot's is convenient to avenue de l'Opéra, the opera house and the shopping district. Address, No. 52 bis Boulevard Haussmann.



THE RESTAURANTS OF PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

In order to anticipate criticism, and to avoid disappointment, it may be well to state at once that the art of cookery is in a terrible state of decadence in Paris. The men of the present generation do not seem to have the sentiment of the table ; they know neither its varied resources nor its infinite refinements ; their palates are dull, and they are content to eat rather than to dine. This decadence may be remarked both in private and in public establishments. The *gourmet* nowadays is a rarity, and a man of thirty years of age who knows how to order a dinner is a still greater rarity. One might discover many causes of this decline of a delicate art. The conditions of contemporary life, the hurry and unrest of modern Paris, doubtless do not conduce to the appreciation of fine cooking ; but the chief cause of the decline of cookery in restaurants is the development of club life. The men of fashion, leisure, or wealth, who formerly would have lived at the restaurants, now dine at their clubs between two *séances* at the baccarat table, and the restaurants have thus lost that nucleus of regular and fastidious customers which, by its readiness to criticise and appreciate, obliged and encouraged the *chef* to keep up the traditions of the dainty palates of the past. At present the great restaurants of Paris depend for support as much on foreigners and on provincial people as on resident Parisians. The criticism of their cookery is less constant and less rigorous ; the bills

of fare are less varied than they were of old ; the *amour propre* of the cooks is less ; in a word, cookery has become nowadays more an industry than an art. Even in the most famous Parisian restaurants the visitor must not expect too much in the way either of viands or of wines.

In certain things, again, it must be remembered that the Parisian market is inferior to the markets of almost any town in England. The English visitor generally speaks disparagingly of the French oyster, for instance, doubtless because he is not accustomed to its flavor, and yet I know many connoisseurs who have travelled and dined in many lands who maintain that of all oysters the green Marennes (*Marennes vertes*) are the most delicate and delicious. The lovers of comparisons will ask what equivalents the French have for real turtle-soup, ox-tail, mulligatawny, and pea-soup with a sprinkling of dried mint and sippets. Is it their *bisque* or *purée* of crayfish, their *consommé de volaille*, their *Saint Germain*, or green pea-soup, their *Parmentier*, or thick potato-soup? But the traveller does not go to Paris to eat the food of his native land, but rather to enjoy the particular food of the country. Therefore, he must not expect to get fine salmon, or cod-fish, or turbot, or even mackerel in Paris. The city is too far away from the sea to have good salt-water fish. Salmon in Paris is dry and of poor flavor ; fresh cod-fish is rarely seen, and the habits of the restaurants render it impossible to eat such salmon and turbot as there is in favorable conditions. In a London restaurant a whole salmon or a whole turbot is served hot like the joints ; in a Paris restaurant, if you order boiled salmon or turbot, the cook cuts a slice off a parboiled fish, puts the slice in the pot, and boils it up for you. The result is unsatisfactory. As a rule, I should say, in a Parisian restaurant eat your salmon and your turbot cold, and prefer to both a red mullet (*rouget*), a sole, a trout, or some fresh-water fish.

A carefully prepared *matelotte d'anguilles*, which is not precisely the same as stewed eels, and *friture de Seine*, which need not be compared to whitebait, are both dishes not unworthy of the attention of the epicure.

The French are poor roasters; the roast beef and roast mutton in their restaurants cannot for a moment be compared with the joints at Simpson's or Blanchard's in London. Pies and puddings also are unknown to the French, with the exception of *pâtés de foie gras* and game pies. The French, again, eat their game very fresh and less cooked than the English. Generally, I think that the raw material of the Parisian restaurant cuisine is inferior to that of English restaurants; on the other hand, with the limitations referred to above, particularly as regards roasting, the preparation of the dishes is superior, and in the first-class restaurants unique. In the preparation and variety of vegetables the French lead the world; in the fabrication of sauces they are unsurpassed; in the serving and arrangement of a dinner they leave little to be desired.

But where can one go to dine in Paris? Which restaurants are the best, and what are the prices, and what is one to order? The subject is delicate and even dangerous, for although the critic has the right to declare a book or picture bad, pernicious, or abominable, and to pronounce its author to be unworthy of public attention, he dare not be so outspoken about the wretchedest restaurant-keeper who is licensed to poison his customers. I cannot tell you that such and such a restaurant in the Palais Royal is not to be frequented, or that such and such a gilded palace on the boulevard is an expensive delusion. I may, however, assure you that as prices run in Paris, it is impossible for a restaurateur to serve you with a healthy and honest plate of meat for less than one and a half francs, and you may therefore conclude that the restaurateurs who, for a fixed price, varying from one and a quarter to three francs,

offer you a complete dinner of five courses—soup, fish, meat, two desserts, and half a bottle of wine—are probably in league with the honorable apothecaries, whose aid their customers must often need.

To the traveller I say avoid *prix fixe* dinners altogether, or, if you will satisfy your curiosity, go to the Dîner Européen at the corner of rue Lepelletier and the boulevard (price five francs), or to the table d'hôte dinners of those vast caravansaries, the Hôtel du Louvre, the Grand Hôtel, or the Hôtel Continental, where you dine for six, seven, or eight francs, and see specimens of men, women and children of all the countries of the world, and a profusion of linen, of silver plate, and luxurious surroundings which, for a time, will perhaps distract your attention from the insipidness of the roasts and the cheapness of the sauces.

The Bouillon Duval is an establishment which generally attracts the attention of the traveller. In every quarter of Paris you see one or two sober and respectable-looking façades painted dark red and lettered simply, "Établissement Duval." The Duval restaurants are wonderfully organized, exceedingly cheap, and all the food sold in them is good and genuine; these establishments now serve an average of three million meals a year. The visitor may often find it convenient in his wanderings about Paris to lunch in one of these Duval restaurants, if he is out of the way of any other well-known restaurant. In all of them he will find the food of the same quality, and the prices the same. As he enters, the doorkeeper will hand him a bulletin, on which all that he eats and drinks will be checked off, and which bulletin, when duly paid and stamped, will serve him as a passport when he leaves the establishment. The prices at the Duvals are very low; no dish costs more than one franc, and most of them only fifty or sixty centimes; wine costs twenty centimes a carafon, which is equivalent to one glassful, or one franc a bot-

tle and upwards ; coffee and cognac costs forty centimes. The Duval restaurant may be frequented with impunity, for nothing poisonous or deleterious is sold there ; the only disadvantage is that the portions being very small, a hungry man, in order to satisfy his appetite, will need so many portions, that his bill will mount up to as much as if he had lunched or dined in an establishment of superior standing and comfort. The Bouillon Duval stands in the same relation to the regular restaurant as the omnibus or tram-car stands to the victoria ; as somebody has said, *c'est l'omnibus du ventre*.

At length we come to the restaurants proper, the restaurants where one dines in the true sense of the term. It is commonly believed that the first-class restaurants in Paris are very dear. The Café Anglais, you will be told, charges twelve francs for a beefsteak for two, and fifteen francs for a Rouen duck. Yes, but the beefsteak in question is a Chateaubriand, a kernel of delicate meat cut in the heart of the *filet*,—meat that is sold at two and a half francs a pound by the butcher—and the duck costs eight or nine francs at the poulterer's. Good provisions in Paris are dear, and when one considers the heavy expenses of the first-class restaurants, one cannot complain of their charges.

As regards perfection of cooking, the Café Anglais heads the list. Its soups and sauces are exquisite ; a sole “à l'Orly,” “Colbert,” “normande,” “à la Joinville,” or “au vin blanc,” may be eaten there in perfection, and there is no restaurant in Paris where you can get a more delicate “sauce diable” served to a grilled fowl. The two great tests of a French kitchen are soups and sauces ; if these are good, you may rest assured that everything else will be good.

In the same category with the Café Anglais, both as regards quality of food and price, may be placed Durand's, opposite the Madeleine, and Adolphe and Pellé behind the Opéra. Next come the Maison d'Or, the

Café de la Paix, Bignon, and the Café de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, Voisin in the rue Cambon, the old Véfour in the Palais Royal, the Père Lathuile, in the Avenue de Clichy, and Fayot, opposite the Luxembourg Palace. At all these restaurants you can dine delicately and drink as good wines as are still to be had in France. Voisin and Foyot, especially, have choice Burgundies of incomparable fineness.

The third category of restaurants includes the Café Riche, which years ago belonged to the first category ; Brébant's, now a general Bouillon, at the corner of Boulevard Montmartre ; Chevilliard, at the Rond-Point des Champs Élysées ; Laurent, and Ledoyen, in the Champs Élysées ; Champeaux, Place de la Bourse, where you dine in a perpetual winter garden ; Edouard, Place Boieldieu, opposite the Opéra Comique ; Wepler, Place Clichy ; La Pérouse, on the Quai des Grands Augustins ; Maire, at the corner of the Boulevard de Strasbourg and the Boulevard St. Denis ; Marguery, next door to the Gymnase theatre ; Perroncel, rue du Havre, opposite the Gare Saint Lazare. In the Bois du Boulogne the restaurants of Madrid, and of the Pavillon d'Armenonville are much frequented in the summer by gay and smart people : the prices are about the same as at the restaurants in town of the second category, that is to say, two can dine there modestly with ordinary wine for a louis.

I presume that the traveller comes to Paris to taste Parisian cooking, and therefore I shall not recommend him to try the pseudo-English cuisine of Weber or Lucas in the rue Royale and Place de la Madeleine, or the Russian restaurant in the rue Marivaux, or the Hungarian restaurant in the rue Rougemont. There remain then to be mentioned only a few special establishments, such as the Pied de Mouton near the Central Market, and the famous tripe restaurant in the rue Montorgueil. There are several restaurants in Paris which make a

specialty of Bouillabaisse ; but I do not recommend that dish in Paris, for the simple reason that it is not the real article. In the Parisian Bouillabaisse several of the fish elements are wanting because they cannot bear transportation from the seaside. The traveller *gourmet* will prefer to wait until chance leads him to Marseilles, where the reigning chief of the great dynasty of Roubion will serve him this savoury dish on a balcony overlooking the blue Mediterranean. The café concerts in the Champs Élysées are also much frequented by open air diners in the summer. The spectacle is curious and amusing, but the *gourmet* will flee the promiscuity and bustle of their dear and mediocre cuisine.

To give precise details as to price is difficult. One may say generally that at the Café Anglais two persons can dine delicately and well without stint as to good wines or choice of dishes, for about two louis (forty francs). On the other hand, the single man who is prepared to spend not less than seven francs on his dinner may enter boldly any restaurant in Paris, from the Café Anglais downward, and dine for that sum on soup, one dish, cheese, and half a bottle of wine. For ten or twelve francs one may dine simply but abundantly almost anywhere, except at the very tip-top houses, such as the Café Anglais, Durand's, and Adolphe and Pellé's. By way of practical hints I will subjoin a few observations.

Beware of *hors d'œuvres* and baskets of fruit, for their influence on the total of your bill is alarming. If you are alone, resolutely refuse radishes and butter, or rather leave them untouched on the table before you ; if you have invited a friend to dinner, offer him *hors d'œuvres* and hope that he will refuse ; if you are with a lady, both *hors d'œuvres* and the basket of fruit are obligatory. Eve offered fruit to Adam ; the least we sons of Adam can do is to return the politeness.

The real *gourmet* eats by candle-light, because, as Nestor Roqueplan said, "rein n'est laid comme une sauce vue au soleil."

When you enter a restaurant refuse as a rule the place that is offered you. Choose your own table, and if it is breakfast-time secure a view through the window and a view of the whole restaurant, and if possible let the light strike on the table from your left hand.

Preserve your freedom of will, but do not try to impose it. You are the master, it is true, and yet to a certain extent you must obey. Consult, therefore, with the *maître d'hôtel*, consider what he recommends, and accept it if it be to your taste, for in the good restaurants there is no question of passing off stale food. The *maître d'hôtel* is flattered when you ask his advice, and it is his business to be acquainted with the special and daily resources of the larder. At places like the Café Anglais the written *menu* mentions only a few very ordinary dishes, and you will inspire respect by not asking for the *carte*. At Bignon's do not trouble yourself about the *carte*; ask advice of the portly Louis, and do not disdain his counsel. In cookery as in love much confidence is necessary.

Always ask for the wine list, *la carte des vins*, even if you end by selecting *vin ordinaire*. The richest people in the land drink *vin ordinaire* with their dinner, and dilute it with simple water. The traveller, therefore, need not fear to do likewise even in the most gorgeous restaurants. Champagne is not much drunk by French *gourmets*, and such champagnes as the Paris restaurants keep is sweeter than our people generally like. To the connoisseur in champagne I would say, "Do not drink champagne in France, for the best *crûs* are to be found in England and Russia." If you desire fine red or white wines you will find the nomenclature and the prices on the list; choose your Beaune, Pomard, Volnay, Nuits, or Moulin à Vent, your Tavel, Tonnerre, or Chamber-

tin according to your taste and purse ; consult confidentially with the butler, and mind that you always address him as *sommelier*, and not *garçon*. The *sommelier* is inferior to the *garçon* in the hierarchy of table service, as you will see from his more humble and respectful demeanor.

Ask for *l'addition*, and not either *la carte* or *la note*, which savours of provincialism. Verify your change rapidly, and see that no pieces lurk on the plate beneath the bill. Be liberal towards the waiter, for it is the *pourboire* that secures you a smile when you arrive and a smile when you leave, a helping hand when you are struggling into your overcoat, obliging and ready service, and the appearance, nay, even the reality of friendship. In the three categories of restaurants mentioned above do not give the waiter less than fifty centimes, however modest your bill, and the more delicate and satisfactory your dinner, the more liberal let your *pourboire* be, ranging from one franc up to five, calculated generally at the rate of five per cent. on the total of your bill.





THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN PARIS.

On the rue de Berri, a short street connecting the beautiful Champs Élysées with the splendid Boulevard Haussmann, stands a church edifice of which much is heard through the newspapers, but the history of which is not generally known. It is "The American Church in Paris," that being its formal title. With one exception, it is the only American house of worship in Paris. The exception is its neighbor, the American *Episcopal* church, situated on the avenue de l'Alma, the thoroughfare connecting the Champs Élysées with Place de l'Alma. The former edifice is, however, always known as "The American Church."

It was founded early in the second empire, by the American and Foreign Christian Union of New York city. In 1857 the Union selected the Rev. Edward Norris Kirk, D.D., of Boston, to commence the enterprise of securing funds for the purchase of the property, an undertaking which he courageously and successfully accomplished. In the same year the property was purchased by him and the American Church in Paris was established.

Although American in name and built in response to a local demand for an American Church, all denominations contributed to its construction, all have aided in its support and it belongs alike to all, having from its inception been designed as a house of prayer for all people. Until five years ago it was known as the American chapel. Dr. Beard, who was then serving it, changed chapel to church.

Divine service is held every Sunday throughout the year, and on the third Sunday of the month a meeting is held in the interests of French evangelization. From October to June Sunday school and adult Bible classes are conducted, and the attendance is gratifying. A prayer meeting is held on Monday afternoons, and on Friday afternoons there is a meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Association at some house designated on the previous Sunday. A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies sojourning in Paris to associate themselves with the work of this society. The church is, as before stated, an American church only in name, for all English speaking people are welcome at the different services and are invited to associate themselves in the fellowship and work.

To speak precisely, the American Church is a union church on the doctrinal basis of the Evangelical Alliance. It is supported by pew rentals, Sunday offerings and special donations. The pews contain six sittings and rent for \$80 per annum. Certain churches in the United

States support pews for the benefit of their travelling members and many Americans at home as well as in England and Paris rent pews which bear their names.

The American Church has a library of over one thousand volumes, which is open on Sundays for the free use of visitors. In many other ways the church welcomes the stranger. Special interest is felt by the church in the large number of students prosecuting their studies in Paris. Dr. Thurber extends a general invitation to his friends and to friends of the church, resident in or visiting Paris, to call upon him socially at his home, 13 avenue McMahon, near the Arc de Triomphe. He sets apart Wednesday as a special reception day, afternoon and evening, and courteously requests that those who worship at the church introduce themselves after service or send him their cards.

The structure was designed by E. A. Salmon in the thirteenth century style of architecture and it is similar to the church of St. Germain des Prés, Paris. The façade is of the light colored Caen stone so commonly used in Paris. The plot is fifty feet wide. Interiorly the aspect is clean and fresh, and the atmosphere home-like and inviting. The building was entirely renovated some twelve years ago, during the ministry of Dr. Hitchcock, and since then it has been maintained in excellent condition.

Above the mortuary chapel hangs a picture representing "Christ Blessing the Children." It is a gift from the Hon. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford, of San Francisco, in memorial of their son, who died eight years ago. The mortuary chapel itself is the gift of Mrs. Stanford. The body of her son was deposited here for five weeks, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Stanford came every day, always bringing freshly cut flowers. Above the vestry hangs another picture, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. White, also Americans, presented on the occasion of their departure from Paris.

MUSÉE DU LOUVRE.

The Louvre Palace is a most magnificent building, the largest picture gallery in Paris or in Europe.

The offices of the Minister of Finance occupy the greater portion of the modern building, while the more ancient portion, since 1793, serves as a Museum.

The Painting and Sculpture Galleries, which contain many of the master-pieces of all periods, are open daily (except Mondays) from nine to five in summer and from ten to four in winter (Sundays and public holidays, ten to four).

Among the works of the early Italian Masters the most remarkable are those of the Florentine school. The Virgin and Angels, by Cimabue ; St. François Receiving the Stigmata, by Giotto ; the Virgin and Child, and the Conflict between Cupid and Chastity, by Perugino, and others by Fra Angelico, Gozzoli, Fra Filippo Lippi and André Mantegna.

The most interesting of Raphael's works are : La Belle Jardinière ; Apollo and Marsyas ; The Holy Family ; St. Michael Conquering Satan, and his superb portrait of Bernard Castiglione, painted in 1516.

By Leonardo da Vinci : St. John the Baptist ; St. Anne ; la Belle Ferrière, and his celebrated Joconde.

By Titian : The Entombment ; Christ at Emmaus ; Christ Crowned with Thorns ; François I. ; L'homme au gant ; Alphonso Davalos and his wife ; Alphonse de Ferrare and Laura de Dianti.

By Corregio : Marriage of St. Catherine, and Jupiter and Antiope.

By Paul Veronese : The Meal at the House of Simon the Pharisee, and the Marriage of Cana.

Among the paintings of the old Flemish school the most remarkable are : Jan van Eyck's Madonna revered by the Chancellor Rollin, and Memling's St. John the Baptist and St. Mary Magdalene.

The Museum contains a considerable portion of Rubens's works, firstly the series of twenty-one allegorical paintings representing scenes from the life of Marie de Medicis, then Lot's Flight, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Flight into Egypt, etc., the Portrait of Hélène Fourment, his second wife, with two of his children, and the Flemish Fair.

By Rubens' pupil, Van Dyck : Charles I. of England, a chef-d'œuvre.

Of the Dutch school there are several superb Rembrandts : Angel of Tobias ; the Carpenter's Family ; the Good Samaritan ; Christ at Emmaus ; Woman Bathing, and several portraits by the same artist.

By Fr. Hals : The Portrait of Descartes, and others. A few characteristic paintings by Dou, Metz, Terburg, P. de Hooch, van Ostade, Jean Stern, Cuyp, Paul Potter, and some excellent landscapes of the same school by Hobbema, van de Velde, Ruysdaël, etc.

Of the French school, which is largely represented : Charles IX. and that of his wife, Elisabeth of Austria, by Clouet, the first French artist worthy of note, who died about 1572.

The Day of Judgment, by Jean Cousin, painter, sculptor, architect and mathematician.

Of the seventeenth century, are paintings by Simon Vouet, Nicolas Poussin, Claude Gellée (called Le Lorrain), Philippe de Champaigne, Eustache Lesueur, Ch. Lebrun, Jean Jouvenet, Mignard, Largillière and his rival, Rigaud, who has left some excellent portraits of Louis XIV. and Bossuet.

Arriving at the eighteenth century there are paintings

by-Watteau, Boucher, Vien, Fragonard, Chardin, Lancret, Greuze, etc.

At the beginning of this century the French school was regenerated by David. His principal pupils, Girodet-Trioson, Gérard, Gros and Guérin, followed his example, as did also his contemporaries, Lethière and Prudhon.

A new revolution was brought about by Géricault, who was the head of the school of romantic painting.

Then followed Ingres, Delacroix, Horace Vernet, Paul Delaroche, Hippolyte Flandrin. A number of landscape painters, Th. Rousseau, Huet, Jules Dupré, Corot, Daubigny, Troyon and then Diaz and Millet brought forth new vigor in the direct study of nature; and here ends the development of the art as far as one can follow it in the galleries of the Louvre Palace. The most interesting Salle is the famous square salon which contains the greatest gems of the entire Museum and forms in itself a complete collection of incomparable masterpieces.

The Sculpture Galleries are divided into three classes, Ancient, Renaissance and Modern, and they occupy the ground floor.

The gallery of Ancient Sculpture (on the Seine side) is rich in productions of different periods. The most remarkable are: Apollo Belvedere, Diana à la Biche, Gnidian Venus (of which the original is in the Vatican), Medicean Venus, a Minerva, Fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon, the Nointel Tablets, Torso of Juno, the Three Graces with modern heads, the celebrated Venus de Milo, the colossal Melpomene, Venus of Arles, Apollo Sauroctonus, Pallas of Velletry, Venus Genetrix, the Borghese Gladiator, Diana of Gabii, Centaur, Diana Huntress and the Tiber recumbent.

The Renaissance Collection is in the south wing of the inner court and on the east side. The most remarkable are the works of Jean Goujon, Germain Pilon and

Michael Angelo, particularly the Fettered Slaves, by the last named artist (1513-1516), destined for the Mausoleum of Pope Julius II.

The Collection of modern sculpture is on the west side of the ancient building and occupies six Salles bearing the names of the most celebrated French sculptors, from the time of the Renaissance to the middle of the present century, Puget, Coysevox, les Coustou, Houdon, Chaudet, Rude. The most recent additions are to be found in the last named Salle by Pradier and Dumont.

MUSÉE DU LUXEMBOURG.

The Musée du Luxembourg is open daily, except Mondays, from nine to five in Summer, and from ten to four in winter. Sundays and holidays, ten to four. It contains a collection of works by living artists, in painting and sculpture. The most choice works are transferred to the Galleries of the Louvre ten years after the death of the artist, the others are assigned to provincial museums.

Since 1886 the museum has occupied a new building in the Palace Gardens.

Its façade, decorated by Crauk, represents France recompensing Art. To the right, Orpheus Lulling Cerberus to Sleep, by Peinte; to the left, Phaéton, by Houssin.

In the vestibule a marble bust of Géricault, by Clère.

In the Sculpture Gallery the Florentine Singer, by Paul Dubois; Victor of the Cock Fight and Tarcissus, by Falguière; Love's Messenger and Dawn, by Delaplanche; The Nest, by Croisy; Joan of Arc, by Chapu; Genius Guarding the Secret of the Tomb, by Saint-Marceaux; Woman's Head, by Rodin; Agar and Ismael, by Aizelin; David, by Mercié; Salammbô, by Idrac; Immortality, by Longepied; Fortune, by Franceschi; Youth, by Carles, and Bailly, by Aubé.

Among the paintings most worthy of notice are :

Salle I. Conquerors of Salamis, by Cormon; St. Cuthbert, a triptych, by Duez; Henri III. and the Duke of Guise, by Comte; Laghouat, by Guillaumet; Venus, by the sculptor Mercié; Woman's Head, by Ricard; Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcassonne, by J. P. Laurens; St. Sebastien, by Ribot, and Fish, by Vollon.

Salle II. The Birth of Venus, by Cabanel; Haymaking, by Bastien Lepage; Job, by Léon Bonnat; Forward, by Roll; The Poor Fisherman, by Puvis de

Chavannes ; The Meeting, by Marie ; The Cock-Fight, by Gérôme, and The Excommunication of Robert the Pious, by J. P. Laurens.

Salle III. Chaste Susanna, by Henner ; Fortune, by Jean Baudry ; Ismaël, by Cazin ; View of Venice, by Ziem ; Rezonville, by Morot, and Oxen, by Rosa Bonheur. To the left a large painting by Benjamin Constant, The Last Rebels.

Salle IV. Gleaner, by Breton ; Truth, by J. Lefebvre ; The Last Days of Corinth, by Tony Robert Fleury ; Two Small Military Subjects, by A. de Neuville ; Napoleon III. at Solferino, by Meissonier ; a Large Landscape, by Pelouse, and a View of Bercy, by Guillemet.

Salle V. In the Country, by Lerolle ; Morning and Evening, by Jules Dupré ; Maid at the Fountain, by Bonvin ; Cain, by Cormon ; Floreal, by Collin ; The Reapers' Pay-day, by Lhermitte ; All Saints' Day, by Friant ; The Dream, by Detaille, and For the Country, by G. Bertrand.

Salle VI. The Arrest, by Salmson ; The Samaritan, by Ribot ; The Burial, by Ulysse Butin ; The Death-bed of Gambetta, by Cazin, and The Bearers of Ill News, by Jules Leecomte-Dunouy.

Salle VII. The Satyr, by Gerveix ; Visiting Day at the Hospital, by Jean Geoffrey ; Naiad, by Henner ; The Baptism, by Renard.

Salle VIII. Sketches by different masters and a few paintings, among them the Abandoned Child, by Louis Deschamps.

Salle X. The Farmer's Wife, by Roll ; Divine Service on the Sea-shore, by Edelfelt, and the Sacred Wafer, by Dagnan.

Salle XI. Vierge Consolatrice, by Bouguereau ; Fan and Dagger, by Falguière ; the Beach, by Madame Demont Breton ; Saint Sebastien, by Henner ; the Ferryman's Daughter, by Adan ; Mazarin, by Vetter, and Souvenirs, by Chaplin.

MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

The Musée de Cluny is open to the public from eleven to five in summer and eleven to four in winter (Mondays excepted).

It contains a most varied collection of mediæval objects of art, upwards of eleven thousand, dating from the seventh to the eighteenth century.

The Hotel de Cluny is in itself an historical monument of the highest interest, uniting in one building, almost intact, the three finest periods of French architectural art.

On entering the court-yard by a gateway, which merits particular attention, is to be remarked the principal façade bearing the escutcheons and devices of the Amboise family.

Entrance to the Museum, at the end of the court-yard on the right.

Salle I. Carved wood, sculptured marble and alabaster, see 705, dating from the end of the fifteenth century. The glass cases contain buckets, medals and a leaden case which contained the heart of Louis de Luxembourg.

Salle II. The collection of shoes of all periods and countries and the stone chimney-piece dating from the sixteenth century.

Salle III. Curiosities in lead and bronze, inscriptions from the crypt of St. Denis, a Triptych of the Memling School and a large buffet in carved wood, dating from the fifteenth century.

Salle IV. Furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a finely carved chimney-piece. To the left, the Andéoud Collection, specimens of Italian and Spanish art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

On descending two steps from Salle IV. is a triptych of the Florentine school, buffet in carved wood (768), Italian paintings and a piece of French tapestry (6370).

To the right, a large room containing sculpture, among which are Jeanne de Laval, wife of King René, in white

marble, curious statuettes of the fourteenth century, The Mourners, by Philippe le Hardi, taken from the tomb of the Dukes of Bourgogne and Berry; several Virgin Marys of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, etc.

To the left of the corridor, three rooms containing tapestries made in Flanders during the reign of Louis XII.; in the cases, ecclesiastical ornaments and vestments of the sixteenth century, head-dresses, belts, etc.

A Venetian lady's garment in point lace of the sixteenth century, and the mantles and collarettes of the dignitaries of the order of Saint-Esprit created by Henri III. in 1579. Buffets, cabinets and other works of art in wood and marble.

In a room to the right, gala carriages, sledges, Sedan chairs, etc.

The corridor on the first floor is decorated with armor, and in the two rooms to the right is exposed a magnificent collection of Italian and Hispano-Moorish faience. See the superb bas-reliefs in enamel faience from Lucca della Robbia and those from Lindos after the style of the Persian workmanship.

At the end of these two rooms two fine tapestries of the fifteenth century, in the cases; works in glass and enamel, carved wooden panels and large plaques in Limoges enamel by Pierre Courteys.

To the left of the corridor a room containing French and Dutch faience (25 authentic pieces, by Bernard Palissy). The three small rooms at the side contain various paintings of the Italian school, furniture of the sixteenth century, etc.

In the suite of rooms following, a state bed of the time of Francis I., manuscripts of the thirteenth century, works in ivory, various statuettes, objects in precious metals, etc., etc.

In the Chapel, a large altar-piece of the fifteenth century, carved choir-stall and chairs. Access to the garden is obtained by a staircase at the end of the Chapel.

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

The Hotel des Invalides was commenced in 1670 after the designs of Libéral Bruant, and finished in 1674 by Mansard, who designed the *dôme*. The interior of the dome was painted by Jouvelt. In the two high chapels on each side of the circular crypt are monuments of Vauban and Turenne ; in the circular crypt the tomb of Napoleon I. with bas reliefs in marble by Simart and the twelve colossal figures by Pradier, symbolic of the Emperor's principal victories.

The entrance to the Musée d'Artillerie is on the right hand side of the court yard of honor. The western wing consists of two galleries, and contains both foot and cavalry armor of great value ; to the right several historical pieces, those of the High Constable de Montmorency, of the Duke of Guise, of Sully de Turenne, etc., a bas relief of the Chateau de Pierrefonds and the history of the French flag from the time of Charlemagne. The left room contains suites of armor worn by the French kings from the time of François I. down to Louis XIV. ; cavalry armor and a variety of arms used by the different French kings ; the swords of François I. Henri II., Charles IX., Henri IV., Louis XIV., Louis XVI., Charles X., a rifle of Napoleon I. and thirty-one foreign flags taken from the enemy under the first empire. At the end of this gallery are rooms containing the war dresses of Africa, America and Asia.

On the opposite side of the court yard is an historical gallery of arms and weapons from the most remote

ages down to the rifle invented in 1874, and a handsome collection of Oriental arms from Asia and Africa. On the floor above are specimens of war-dress dating from the most remote ages down to the year 1792. The room facing contains a collection of model artillery of every invention down to the year 1870.

In the Cour de la Victoire a collection of cannon which were used by the French armies in different campaigns. The Chapel contains foreign flags taken during the different wars.

PLACES OF INTEREST AND TIME FOR VISITING THEM.

PLACES.	TIME FOR VISITING.	REMARKS.
ARC DE TRIOMPHE.....	All day.	
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE...	Tues. and Thurs., 10 to 4.	
*BON MARCHÉ	Daily, 8 to 8.	Sund. and holidays except.
BOURSE	Daily, 12 to 3.	Sund. and holidays except.
BUTTES-CHAUMONT	All day.	
*CATACOMBS	Saturdays.	By special permission from the préfet de la Seine.
CEMETERY PÈRE-LACHAISE...	All day.	
*CHAMBRE DES DÉPUTÉS.....	Daily, 12 to 4.	
COLONNE VENDÔME.....	All day.	
“ DE JUILLET (Bastille).....	Week days, 10 to 4.	Sundays, 12 to 4.
*ECOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS.....	Daily, 11 to 5.	
*ECOLE DE MÉDECINE.....	Wed. and Sat., 1 to 3.	
*GOBELINS (Tapestry Manufactory).	Daily.	
HALLES CENTR. (Market)....	Daily, 12 to 4.	
*HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.....	Tuesday and Frid., 12 to 3.	By per. from the directors.
*HÔT. DES MONNAIES (Mint)..	Frid., 12 to 3, Tues., Thurs.,	By permission from the director of works.
HÔTEL DE VILLE.....	Sats., 2 to 3.	
JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION...	All day.	
*JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG...	All day.	
*JARDIN DES PLANTES.....	All day (Tuesdays and Fridays, best days to visit).	Tickets to visit the conservatories, etc., may be had at the office of the administ.
*LUXEMBOURG (Palais du)....	Daily, except Mond., 9 to 6.	See galleries of paintings and sculptures, works of living artists.
MADELEINE (Church).....	Daily, after 1 o'clock.	No visiting allowed during service.
MUSÉE DES ARTS ET MÉTIERS.	Sundays, Tues., Thursdays, 10 to 4.	Other days apply to the administration from 12 to 3.
*MUSÉE DE CLUNY.....	Daily, Mondays excepted, 11 to 5.	Closed on public holidays falling in the week.
MUSÉE DU LOUVRE	Week days, Mond. except., 9 to 5.	Sundays, 10 to 4.
*NOTRE-DAME (Cathedral)...	Daily, 10 to 5.	Relics, 10 to 5. The Towers, 9 to ½ past 5.
*PALAIS DE JUSTICE	Daily, 12 to 4.	Sund. and holidays except.
PALAIS-ROYAL.....	All day.	
*PANTHÉON.....	Daily, Mondays excepted, 10 to 4.	To visit Dome an order is necessary from the administration des Beaux-Arts.
SAINTE-CHAPELLE.....	Daily, 11 to 5.	
SAINT-DENIS (Abbey).....	Daily, 8.30 to 5.30.	Crypt from 1 to 4. No visiting during service.
SEWERS (Égouts).....		By perm. from Director of works, Hôtel de Ville.
*TOMB OF NAPOLEON	Mondays, Tues., Thurs., Fridays, 12 to 4.	Winter months, 12 to 3.
*TOUR EIFFEL	Daily.	
*PARC DE MONTSOURIS.....	Daily.	

N. B.—Places marked * are on the bank of the Seine.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

Performances begin from 7.30 to 8.30 P.M. Most Theatres, etc.,
hold Matinées on Sundays.

THEATRES.	LOCATION.	BOOKING OFFICE HOURS.	CLASS OF ENTERTAIN- MENT.
OPÉRA	Place de l'Opéra	10 to 5	Lyrical (Grand Opera).
COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE ..	Place du Théâtre - Fran- çais.	11 to 6	Comedy and Tragedy (ancient and modern).
OPÉRA-COMIQUE	Place du Châtelet.....	10 to 7	Lyrical (Operas and Com- ic Operas).
ODÉON	Place de l'Odéon	11 to 6	Comedy, Tragedy, Dra- ma.
GYMNASE	Bd. de Bonne-Nouvelle ..	11 to 7	Modern Comedy and Drama.
VAUDEVILLE	Rue de la Chauss.-d'Antin.	11 to 6	Vaudeville and Comedy.
VARIÉTÉS	Boulevard Montmartre...	From 11 a.m.	Operettes, Opera-Bouf- fes and Light Comedy.
PALAIS-ROYAL	N. W. Corner of the Pa- lais-Royal	11 to 6	Vaudeville, Comedies.
PORTE ST-MARTIN...	Boulevard Saint-Martin..	11 to 7	Tragedy and Drama.
BOUFFES-PARISIENS ..	Passage Choiseul	10 to 7	Operettes and Opera- Bouffes.
RENAISSANCE	Boulevard Saint-Martin..	11 to 6	Operettes and Opera- Bouffes.
CHÂTELET	Place du Châtelet	11 to 6	Fairy Scenes and Ballet.
GAITÉ	Square des Arts et Métiers.	11 to 6	Operettes and Burlesques
NOUVEAUTÉS	Boulevard des Italiens ...	11 to 6.30	Operettes and Opera- Bouffes.
FOLIES DRAMATIQUES.	Rue de Bondy	11 to 6	Operettes and Opera- Bouffes.
AMBIGU	Boulevard Saint Martin..	11 to 6	Melodrama.
CHÂTEAU-D'EAU	Rue de Malte	11 to 5.30	Comedy and Drama.
CLUNY	Boulevard St-Germain ..	11 to 6	Light Comedy.
MENUS-PLAISIRS	Boulevard de Strasbourg.	11 to 9	Operettes and Opera- Bouffes.
DÉJAZET	Boulevard du Temple....	12 to 5	Comedy.
ÉDEN-THEATRE	Rue Boudreau	11 to 7	Ballets, Pantomimes, Operettes.
CONCERTS AND CAFÉS-CHANTANTS.	LOCATION.	DATE AND TIME.	REMARKS.
CONC. POPULAIRES....	Cirque d'Hiver	Sunday.	During Winter Months.
CONC. LAMOUREUX....		Sunday.	During Winter Months.
CONCERTS COLONNE ..	Châtelet-Théâtre		During Winter Months.
AMBASSADEURS	Champs-Elysées	Daily p.m.	During Summer Months.
ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ.....	Champs-Elysées	Daily p.m.	During Summer Months.
L'HORLOGE	Champs-Elysées	Daily p.m.	During Summer Months.
ELDORADO	Bd. de Strasbourg	Daily p.m.	During Winter Months.
SCALA.	Bd. de Strasbourg	Daily p.m.	All the Year.

CIRCUSES AND VARIETIES.	LOCATION.	DATE AND TIME.	REMARKS.
HIPPODROME	Avenue de l'Alma.....	Daily.	From March to November
CIRQUE D'ÉTÉ.....	Champs-Élysées.....	Daily p.m.	From April to October.
CIRQUE D'HIVER.....	Bd. des Filles du Calvaire.	Daily p.m.	From November to May.
NOUVEAU CIRQUE	Rue Saint-Honoré	Daily p.m.	From October to May.
CIRQUE FERNANDO....	Bd. Rochechouart.....	Daily p.m.	During Winter Months.
FOLIES-BERGÈRE	Rue Richer.....	Daily p.m.	Variety Entertainments.

CABS.

On hiring a cab, ask the Driver for his number (*Numéro*). His ticket will serve in case of complaint or inquiry.

MAXIMUM TARIFF WITHIN PARIS.						BEYOND THE FORTIFICAT.		TARIFF PER KIL. FOR ALL CABS PROVIDED WITH A DISTANCE CONTROLLER.				
CABS.	PER HOUR.		PER HOUR.		FOR HOURS.	CABS.	WITHIN PARIS.					
	By day.		Night.				By day.		Night.			
	1st kil.	Foll. kil.	1st kil.	Foll. kil.			1st kil.	Foll. kil.	Extra.			
To seat 2 persons.	F. C.	F. C.	F. C.	F. C.	F. C.	To seat 2 persons.	F. C.	F. C.	F. C.			
" " 4 and 5 persons with or without gallery top	1 50	2 25	2 00	2 50	2 50	" " 4 " ..	0 75	0 25				
Landaus to seat 4 or 6 persons..	2 00	2 50	2 50	2 75	2 75	Landaus to seat 4 or 6 persons..	1 00	0 30	0 50			
	2 00	2 50	2 50	2 75	2 75		1 25	0 40				
	2 50	3 00	3 00	3 50	3 00							
DAY. In summer from 6 a. m. Winter from 7 a. m. to 12.30 a. m.												
NIGHT. In " " 12.30 a. m. " 12.30 a. m. to 7 a. m.												

The charge in case of a cab for 2 or 4 persons returning empty from beyond the fortification is of 1 franc, and of a cab for 6 persons, 2 francs.

Luggage.—One parcel, 25 c. ; two parcels, 50 c. ; three or more, 75 c.

No charge for small parcels taken inside the cab.

It is customary to give a small gratuity or *pourboire* of a few *sous* to the driver.

When hiring by time the first hour must be paid in full, after which the time may be calculated by fraction.

It is advisable when taking a cab by the hour to mention the time to the driver.

Should there be any cause for complaint, apply to the guardian stationed at every cabstand or to a policeman.

Any article forgotten in a cab should be claimed at the *Préfecture de Police* (Bureau des objets trouvés) 2, quai du Marché-Neuf, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

FRENCH COINS AND THEIR UNITED STATES VALUE.

FRENCH.			UNITED STATES.		FRENCH.			UNITED STATES.	
Francs.	Cen- times.	Sous.	Dollars.	Cents.	Francs.	Cen- times.	Sous.	Dollars.	Cents.
"	5	1	"	1	10	"	"	2	"
"	25	5	"	5	20	"	"	4	"
"	50	10	"	10	50	"	"	10	"
"	75	15	"	15	100	"	"	20	"
1	100	20	"	20	500	"	"	100	"
2	"	40	"	40	1,000	"	"	200	"
5	"	100	1	"	5,000	"	"	1,000	"

The Bank of France issues notes of 50, 100, 500, 1,000, and 5,000 francs.

Gold pieces are of the value of 5, 10, 20, 40, 50, and 100 francs.

Silver pieces are of the value of 20 c., 50 c., 1 fr., 2 fr., and 5 francs.

Bronze pieces are of the value of 1, 2, 5, and 10 centimes.

Minor values are often quoted in *sous* instead of centimes; the price of an article, for instance, is said to be of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 20, 40, or even 100 *sous*, instead of 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 50 centimes, 1 fr., 2 fr., and 5 fr., respectively.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH MEASURES.

MÈTRES.	YARDS.	INCHES.	MÈTRES.	YARDS.	INCHES.	MÈTRES.	YARDS.	INCHES.
1	1	3½	12	13	4	23	24	30
2	2	6½	13	14	7	24	26	8
3	3	10	14	15	11	25	27	13
4	4	13	15	16	15	26	28	15
5	5	17	16	17	18	27	29	19
6	6	20	17	18	21	28	30	22
7	7	23	18	19	24	29	31	26
8	8	27	19	20	28	30	32	29
9	9	30	20	21	31	40	43	27
10	10	34	21	22	35	50	54	25
11	12	1	22	24	1	100	109	14

Measures.—The unit employed for all measures is the metre, which is subdivided into centimetres and millimetres; the metre is equivalent to 1 yard 3½ inches.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH DISTANCES.

KILOMÈT.	MILES.	YARDS.	KILOMÈT.	MILES.	YARDS.	KILOMÈT.	MILES.	YARDS.
1	0	1090	12	7	760	50	30	1700
2	1	420	13	8	90	60	37	280
3	1	1510	14	8	1180	70	43	620
4	2	840	15	9	510	80	49	960
5	3	170	16	9	1600	90	55	1300
6	3	1260	17	10	930	100	61	1640
7	4	590	18	11	260	200	123	1520
8	4	1680	19	11	1350	300	185	1400
9	5	1010	20	12	680	400	247	1280
10	6	340	30	18	1020	500	309	1160
11	6	1430	40	24	1360	1000	619	1560

Distances.—1 kilometre is equal to 1,000 metres.

AMBASSADORS AND CONSULS.

HOURS 11 A.M. TO 2 P.M.

United States Ambassador, 35 Av. Hoche.

United States Consul, 36 Av. de l'Opéra.

Passports may be had from the American Ambassador ; although not necessary in France, they are often useful in case of admittance to public buildings or should one's identity be required.

AMERICAN BANKERS.

HOURS 10 A.M. TO 4 P.M.

Drexel Harjès & Co., 31 Boulevard Haussmann.

Hottinguer & Co. (agents for Brown Bros., New York),
38 Rue de Provence.

Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe.

Rothschild Frères, 21 Rue Laffitte.

Seligman Frères & Co., 32 bis, Boulevard Haussmann.

Anglo American Bank, cor. of Rue Meyerbeer and
Chaussée d'Antin.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

American Church, 21 Rue de Berri (Champs-Élysées),
11 A.M.

American Episcopal Church, 19 Avenue de l'Alma,
11 A.M.

English Church, 5 Rue d'Aguesseau (60 Faubourg
Saint-Honoré), 11 A.M., 3:30 and 8 P.M.

Christ Church, 49 Boulevard Bineau, Neuilly, 10:30
A.M. and 4 P.M.

Church of England, 5 Rue de Bassins (near the Arc
de Triomphe).

Eglise de l'Etoile, 6 Avenue de la Grande-Armée, 10
A.M. and 4 P.M.

English Congregational Chapel, 23 Rue Royale, 11:15
A.M. and 7:30 P.M.

Church of Scotland, 17 Rue Bayard (Champs-Élysées).

Wesleyan Methodist Church, 4 Rue Roquépine (near
the Madeleine) 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.

English Roman Catholic Church, 50 Avenue Hoche.

VERSAILLES.

Versailles is situated about fourteen miles S. W. of Paris.

Trains run from the gare Saint-Lazare on the right bank of the Seine and from the gare Montparnasse on the left bank—every hour—from thirty-five to fifty minutes' ride.

Tramways run every hour from the Quai du Louvre (Paris) to the square in front of the palace (Versailles)—one hour and thirty minutes' ride. The Palace is within easy walking distance of the railway stations, and is open every day (Monday excepted) from ten to five in summer and from eleven to four in winter.

The Palace of Versailles, as seen from the court yard, presents a less imposing aspect than from the garden side, where the façade measures one thousand three hundred and sixty feet.

The most interesting points of interest in the interior are :

The Historical Museum, the first gallery of which, consisting of eleven rooms, contains a most valuable collection of paintings illustrative of the principal events in the history of France, dating from Clovis to the reign of Louis XVI.

Salle des Croisades.—The walls and ceilings of which are adorned with paintings, armorial bearings, etc., relating to the crusades.

The Sculpture gallery and the salle de Constantine.

In the second gallery, consisting of ten rooms on the first floor, are to be seen paintings descriptive of historical events from 1797 to 1835.

Salon d'Hercule, salle des États Généraux and Salon de la Guerre.

The Galerie des Glaces.—From its windows may be had a splendid view of the park.

Salle du Conseil and Salon de la Paix.

The apartments of Louis XIV. and the Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf.

The rich and highly decorated Appartements de la Reine contain David's painting of the coronation of Napoleon and the marble statue by Vela (last moments of Napoleon).

Galerie de l'Empire and the Grande Galerie des Batailles.

The gardens behind the palace, which were laid out by A. Le Notre, the most celebrated landscape gardener of his time, are exceedingly beautiful. They possess probably the most splendid fountains to be found anywhere, the working of which is estimated at an aggregate cost of ten thousand francs each time they play.

The Grand Trianon, fifteen minutes walk from the terrace of the palace, was built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon. See the State carriages exhibited in a building a little to the right.

The Petit Trianon, built during the reign of Louis XV., was the favorite resort of Marie Antoinette, who constructed a model Swiss village in the adjoining gardens.

The Grand and Petit Trianon close at four P.M.

EN PASSANT.

It is always the best plan to drink the wines of the country through which you are travelling. On the Rhine, drink Rhine wines; on the Mosel, take wines named after that river. If you persist in having French wine in Italy you will have to pay well for it; Italy charges heavy duty on all wines brought across her borders.

At railway stations in the States, when trains are about to start, conductors call out, "All aboard;" in Italy you hear "Pronti;" in France "En voiture;" in England, the more polite, "Take your seats, please."

Everybody in Paris who passes a house where a funeral is being conducted raises his hat, even peddlers and beggars; so does every driver or coachman who passes in the roadway. It is a mark of respect for the dead and of sympathy for those who mourn. Women cross themselves. The same custom is observed if a funeral *cortège* passes you in the street.

Do not call on lawyers at their offices, nor on anybody socially, in Paris, between the hours of twelve and two; everybody at that time is taking what we should call our luncheon, what they call their breakfast, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*. They take it easy about noon-time in Paris, but they begin business at a much earlier hour than Londoners do.

In London and New York omnibuses the charge is the same whether you ride outside or inside. In Edinburgh you pay less for an outside seat. In Paris, omnibus fare inside is thirty centimes; on top or on the rear platform it is only twenty centimes. Women often stand on the platform the whole distance.

There are always some elegant looking *voitures* standing in rue Scribe and about the Opéra, in Paris. They are so handsome, the horses so sleek, the coachmen are so well dressed, the whole turnout so finely equipped that many people take them for private vehicles. They are for hire, all the same, but do not be inveigled into entering one with the idea that the fare is the same as for the ordinary or cheaper looking victoria, which may be had for two francs an hour. The law allows cabmen to charge higher when they are called from a stand than if hailed or "picked up" on the street. And you need not be surprised if one of these expensively gotten-up *cochers* charges you at the rate of five francs an hour. But there is speed in the horse, there is comfort on the back seat of the carriage, and the whole turnout makes a rather stylish and private looking affair for an afternoon drive in the Bois. A dollar an hour for such a vehicle does not seem exorbitant to a New Yorker.

Ask a *gendarme* in Paris to direct you to a certain location, and if he does not know he will pull out of his pocket a miniature street directory and give you the desired information,

TIPS AND DRINKS.

Talk about "tips;" at all drinking places of any pretension in Paris you must fee the man who brings you a glass of absinthe or lemonade. In the sultry days of last August I was a frequent applicant for seltzer-lemonade at "The Bodega," on the corner of rue de Rivoli and rue Castiglione, under the Hotel Continental, and I obtained some information from one of the waiters. Their wages are very small and the living expenses of a single man are from four to seven francs a day. They depend entirely on fees. The Bodega waiters in

Paris don't care about their own countrymen for customers ; they like Americans better than people of any other nationality. Where a Frenchman will give a sou, an Englishman two sous, an American will freely hand out half a franc, or a franc, if he is treating a party of three or four.

At many places of public entertainment in Paris, at the *Café de la Paix* and at a place of different character, the *Moulin Rouge*, for example, they have a system which makes it impossible for waiters to overcharge you as do waiters in a few restaurants in Regent street and the lower Strand. In these Paris drinking places, upon the porcelain saucer which holds your glass, is printed (burnt in colors) the price of your order. This method makes you independent of the waiter's tricks. You know exactly how much to pay him.

In pleasant weather you do not enter a Paris café for liquid refreshment, day or night ; all Paris is out of doors. Thousands of people sit in front of the cafés and sip their lager or coffee, small iron tables and chairs being supplied for the purpose. A stranger may express surprise at the high price charged for a glass of bock, half a franc. There is a reason for the high rate. The proprietor or lessee of the café has to pay for the privilege of occupying space on the sidewalk. *Café Brébant*, in *Boulevard Poissonnière*, is taxed by the city five thousand francs ; *Café de la Paix*, on the Grand Hotel block, pays twenty thousand francs for this privilege.

RESTAURANT PRICES.

That clever magazinist, Theodore Child, whose untimely death all readers deplore, probably knew more about Paris life than any other American. In discussing the restaurants of Paris, he wrote : " As regards

perfection of cooking, the Café Anglais heads the list." This, without doubt, was true when Mr. Child wrote it many years ago, but the Café Anglais lives now on its old laurels. Its glory has departed. Its reputation has gone down, while its prices remain up.

I tried the Café Anglais last summer for a modest breakfast, and this was my bill :

Small lamb chop and fried potatoes, -	fr. 2.00
Cup of coffee, - - - - -	1.50
Bread, - - - - -	.50
Butter, - - - - -	.50
New York <i>Herald</i> . - - - - -	.15
Fee to waiter, - - - - -	.50
	frs. 5.15

Here was over one dollar, or, if you deduct the waiter's fee, about one dollar, for a not very elaborate meal. I include the charge for newspaper because at most New York restaurants you can consult a daily newspaper, which is supplied free by the proprietor. The charge for a cup of coffee (thirty cents American money) I regard as quite high, considering that there is a separate charge for bread and a separate charge for butter.

With a chop, potatoes and cup of coffee, for which in the States you would have to pay seventy cents, there would be no charge for bread, no charge for butter. The Café Riche, in Boulevard des Italiens, opposite Café Anglais, is also celebrated. It is a much larger place than the Café Anglais, not so quiet, select or stylish, but the prices are lower. The Café de la Paix, on the Avenue de l'Opéra, is another expensive restaurant.

Indeed, I long since arrived at the conclusion that the restaurants of London and Paris are dearer than our own restaurants. In Paris you don't get a good cup of tea ; in London you seldom get a good cup of coffee.

BY SEA TO ITALY.

Americans, in planning a winter European trip, who include Italy in their itinerary, will, of course, either go or return by one of the large and well-appointed vessels of the North German Lloyd line. So will many who have no desire to visit Italy, but are bound for Switzerland, for it is the most direct and a most interesting way of reaching the latter country ; via Genoa, then by rail or through the Italian lakes to Lucerne or Geneva.

The Anchor line, three years ago, made a bid for this Mediterranean trade, but they went the wrong way about it : they put on their small ships, which did not become popular for this service, and the company soon retired from the field.

The North German Lloyd people, undaunted by this failure, put into the service such vessels as *The Fuerst Bismarck*, the *Fulda* and the *Werra*, each over five thousand tons gross tonnage, and success from the start crowned their efforts. Three of their steamers make this trip now, winter and summer, and they go full, as a rule.

The voyage to Europe this way is far more interesting than the ordinary route across the Atlantic. It is much longer, over four thousand miles, lasting eleven days. This is an advantage to those who go for health and pleasure, and there is a feeling of safety about it, as I will explain presently. But the voyage does not seem anything like so long as eleven days ; it is so varied and broken. You are only out of sight of land for the first four or five days.

Before proceeding further let me offer a piece of advice to those who make this voyage for the first time.

Even in midwinter it is comparatively warm, but in the summer months summer clothing is indispensable. During the whole voyage, neither in day time nor at night, did I find even a light spring overcoat necessary, and I was on deck all day and every evening until bed time. But here are a few "figures," which, it is said, "do not lie." The thermometer in my state-room, during the whole voyage between New York and Genoa, never marked lower than seventy-two degrees, and this with the port, door and upper ventilator wide open. The same instrument, in the open air, on deck, as late as nine P. M. occasionally marked seventy-eight degrees.

Of course it is well to be provided with rugs and wraps in case of necessity, but on this voyage we only used rugs for a couple of days. Even before we entered the Mediterranean the officers of the ship changed their blue cloth uniforms for white linen suits, the chief-engineer accompanying his suit with a white cap and white canvas shoes. They are a fine, manly set of fellows, these German officers, and present a pleasing appearance in their white suits. You would judge that they had had military training; their walk and bearing are soldierly and they are minus the sailor step and swagger.

All of the passengers who possessed light suits followed the example of the officers, some of the men leaving off their waistcoats and the women appearing in white mull or thin linen blouses.

On the fifth day out from New York you pass through the Azores, close enough to see the vineyards and the buildings on one island and the white surf beating against the shores of two of the islands.

On the morning of the eighth day you sight the coast of Portugal and a little later in the day you exchange signals with Cape St. Vincent, whence the name and position of your vessel are telegraphed to Gibraltar, and from there flashed over two continents.

Cape St. Vincent is a very bold promontory with a

powerful light and large lighthouse which is visible to the naked eye from the ship. Visible also is a large barracks or coast guard station, originally built as an observatory and long tenanted by monks who devoted their lives to the study of astronomy. A few miles to the east of this bold cape is Punta Sagris (Point Sagris.)

The ninth day, having left the Atlantic ocean and entered the Mediterranean sea, brings you through the Straits of Gibraltar. It is a delightful experience and a never-to-be forgotten sight if you make the Straits in daylight, as we did, the narrowest point being only nine miles wide.

The land on both sides of the Straits is rather mountainous. On the European side you have the rock of Gibraltar (the ancient "Calpe"), one thousand four hundred feet high, and on the African side, Ape's Hill, ("Abyla" the ancient), a mountain facing the rock and considerably higher.

To be strictly accurate, the entrance to the Mediterranean is formed by Gibraltar and Ceuta, a Spanish colony in Africa of no importance except that it is the largest penal settlement of a series of five extending eastward along the African shore to almost opposite the French frontier. This circumstance will explain the jealous care with which France and Spain watch the course of events in the decrepid Moorish empire, the French being bent upon extending their Algerian frontier westward into Morocco and the Spaniards desiring an extension in an opposite direction.

Having passed the Straits you "slow down" and presently drop anchor alongside the impregnable rock of Gibraltar, for which the British fought so hard and which they mean to retain. They use it only as a garrison, and at this time have about six thousand soldiers there under the command of Sir Lothian Nicholson, of the Royal Engineers, lately Inspector-General of Fortifications for Great Britain.

The ships of the line under notice make a stop at Gibraltar, both in going to and coming from Genoa, and this gives all cabin passengers an opportunity to go ashore for a few hours and explore the quaint old Spanish town, for being literally in Spain, to which nation it once belonged, it is still Spanish to all intents and purposes, with this important exception—England owns and holds it, this key to the Mediterranean; and the Union Jack waves over its great guns and forts.

In one or two particulars Gibraltar brings to mind Key West, Florida, which, although belonging to the United States, was once Spanish territory, and it has been called by one writer "A Cuban City in the United States." As in Key West, both the Spanish and the English languages are spoken; one as much as the other. All public notices are printed in both languages, and almost everybody who lives at Gibraltar speaks both. The driver will be explaining certain things to you in very fair English and in the next breath he will swear at a fellow driver or a *burro* in very hard if not very bad Spanish.

But here the similarity ends, for the cities are as different naturally as it is possible for two places to be. Gibraltar, as we all know, rises from the sea to great heights, and is surrounded by hills; Key West is a low, flat, level island; Gibraltar is hard and rocky; Key West is soft and sandy. All the houses in Gibraltar are built of stone and will stand for ages; in Key West they are wooden shanties which a very strong gust of wind might blow away. The streets of Key West are unpaved and dirty: the streets of Gibraltar are hard and remarkably clean. Key West, for a part of the year at least, is not considered healthy; Gibraltar is a winter sanatorium.

The climate of Gibraltar has some qualities like those of certain parts of Southern California. Snow is never

seen in Gibraltar, and ice only when it is brought there. The climate is equable—temperature rarely over ninety ; never below forty. They have their winter, which is marked by rains ; on the other hand, months of summer pass without rain. They grow fruits in plenty—apples, oranges, lemons in great profusion, figs and the pomegranate.

Gibraltar is an extraordinary fortress ; absolutely impregnable and in a position, incredible though it may appear, to sink any battle ship of the present day. In slang parlance Gibraltar is "up to date." Three batteries have just been built on the summit of the rock, whence the artillery can drop shot and shell, vertically if necessary and directly on the deck of any ship which might have the temerity to attack the fort.

The principal street of Gibraltar, Waterport street, has a decidedly cosmopolitan appearance. You see the costumes of many different nationalities, not only of Europe but the costumes of Africa—Spanish, English Arabs and Turks. This feature helps to make it picturesque in the extreme. They drink goats' milk, the animals being driven up to your door and milked into your own vessels.

I remember remarking, a year or two ago, in an article entitled " London on Wheels," that England was the only place I knew of where they drive to the left. I had not then been to Gibraltar, nor to Genoa or Florence. That English peculiarity (not British, mind you) has skipped Scotland and Ireland and planted itself in the three cities named. If on the road a carriage driver in Gibraltar meets a boy who is driving or riding on the wrong side of the road, both the boy and his patient *burro* will feel the thong of the irate driver's whip. You notice the same brutality here towards dumb animals which pains you in other parts of Spain, in Havana, yes, and in Paris. There is room in Gibraltar for a branch of the Royal Humane Society of London, or

the society with the too long name which Henry Bergh founded in New York.

Gibraltar is the only place I know of where increase of population is not desired—it is, indeed, not allowed. The population is stationary. For several years it has been twenty thousand, and it is the same to-day. You cannot enter the place for a temporary visit, even, without a permit, and if it is your desire to reside there permanently, permission is not accorded. England keeps it simply for garrison purposes and does not invite immigration.

There are a few acres just outside of the fortifications which belong neither to Spain nor England. The plot is neither public nor private property, but is kept as neutral ground to divide the border line and “keep the peace.”

Within a mile of Gibraltar is the Spanish town of Linea de la Concepcion, which, owing to the restrictions upon foreigners and strangers desiring to establish themselves in Gibraltar, is rapidly increasing in population and importance.

There are two theatres (so-called) in Gibraltar, but none in the Spanish town hard by. Linea makes up for this omission by having a bull-ring which accommodates twenty thousand spectators. The bull fights occur in summer only and on Sundays, of course.

To come back to the vessel again, you next sight Cape de Gatt, near which is Almeria, which sends quantities of its grapes to the States. Then come the Sierra Nevadas, and for scores of miles, for hours and hours, you keep in view snow-capped mountains.

On the tenth day out you pass the Balearic Islands, named Yviza, Majorca (the largest), and Minorca (the smallest).

On the morning of the eleventh day, in the Riviera, you sail along the southern French coast, passing Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Mentone, etc., getting

a fairly distinct view from the ship of the churches, hotels and large buildings in those places. These cities are backed by the Maritime Alps, some of which are still snow-covered, and this grand panorama, as viewed from the deck of a moving steamer, you will please imagine, as these notes, made *en route*, are mere "hurry-graphs," a phrase coined by N. P. Willis. The reader will fill in the picture for himself. In a hasty article, away from my desk and accustomed haunts, I can only sketch the merest outline of these impressive and beautiful scenes.

At last you are under Italian skies. The German flag is raised to the peak of one mast, the Stars and Stripes are hoisted to the main truck of another, to the top of a third goes the flag of the North German Lloyd—blue key and anchor, on a white ground. The captain is on the bridge, with a marine glass in his hand.

Long before you reach the bay of Genoa the white buildings of the city come in view, and these, backed by the hills and the fortresses on them form a bold and striking picture. In entering the harbor you will not fail to notice six ironclads of the Italian navy. They look as if they might be able to give a good account of themselves if a dispute occurred.

The Fulda cannot boast of a twin screw, nor has she triple expansion engines, as some of the later ships of this line have, but there are electric lights and other modern improvements, and her staterooms are large and comfortable. Probably no steadier ship crosses the ocean. Even when there's a "a little sea on," and when other vessels might roll or pitch, there is very little motion to the Fulda.

The Fulda's commander, Captain Thalenhorst, is tall, well formed, erect, with a decided military bearing, but every inch a sailor, and very much of a gentleman. Unlike many of the bluff English captains, he not only attends to the sailing of the ship but attends also to the

wishes and comforts of the passengers, and eagerly watches for opportunities to entertain them, playing host as if they were his invited guests.

On English ships the decks are washed at night or in the small hours of the morning, and for this reason, even if the sea be smooth, all stateroom ports are closed at night, making the air stuffy and close, producing white tongue and a headache in the morning. Captain Thalenhorst manages things differently. He washes his decks in midday, and so the ports are only closed, unless such action is demanded by the weather, while the passengers are at lunch or dinner. And this illustrates his spirit of accommodation. He seems to have adopted the motto of the Leland family of hotel-keepers: "We Study to Please."



THE HARBOR OF GENOA.

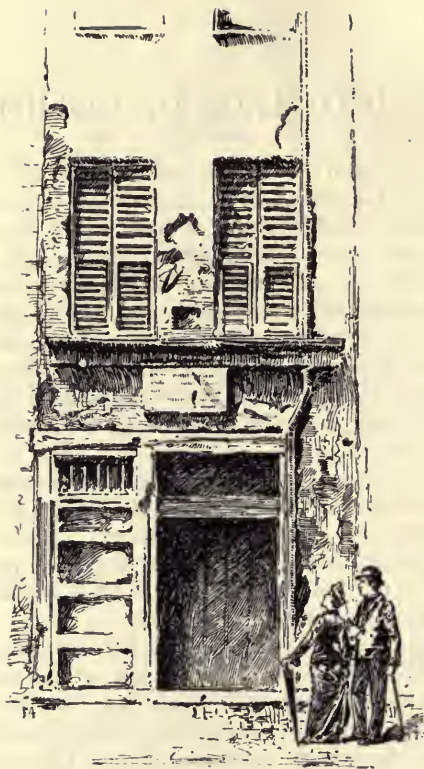
Currylove

THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

Letters written to or received by Shakespeare are in existence. I saw one last summer at Stratford-on-Avon. It reminded me of letters of Robert Burns which I had seen—in the Burns Monument in Edinburgh, because in both cases the letters touched on matters of money. In the Scotch poet's case he would be a borrower; in that of the English poet he was begged to lend money. Burns was always poor; Shakespeare, besides being a great poet, was practical, notwithstanding the statement of some philosophers that the two qualities are not found together.

Letters in Shakespeare's hand are not in existence, so I was informed at Stratford, unless there be one, as I believe there is, at the British Museum. As to the portraits of the bard, nothing satisfactorily definite is known as to their authenticity. Who knows where Homer first saw the light of day?

But I fancy that I hear the reader ask what has all this irrelevant prattle about Burns, Shakespeare and Homer to do with the title of the article? Not much, to be sure, only the question of the birthplace of Columbus is as much unsettled as one of the preceding points, or as the year in which he was born. Genoa, among other Italian cities, claims to be the birthplace of Columbus, with proof to substantiate her claim, but there are also several houses in Genoa, each of which is said to be the house in which the renowned Christopher Columbus first saw the light of day. Landing at Genoa last July from the deck of the Fulda, I gave the matter



THE COLUMBUS HOUSE.

as much time as I could afford in my brief tour of Italy. And then the temperature of an Italian July interfered with my discoveries concerning the discoverer.

I may not, after all, have seen the house in which Columbus was born, although it was pointed out to me in different parts of the town, but I did find the house in which lived for many years Domenico Colombo, the father of Columbus, and the Great Admiral himself. It is numbered 37 in the Vico Dritto Ponticello. Immediately next door, one way, is numbered 35, a small grocery shop; directly next door again, on the other side, is numbered 69, a little shoe shop.

You may drive to "the top of the street," as they say in London, but not through the street. It is not wide enough for a vehicle to pass through, unless that vehicle is a baby-carriage or donkey-cart, for the high-sounding Vico Dritto Ponticello, be it known, is only fifteen feet wide.

Our driver was good enough to leave his horse and carriage at the said "top of the street," for which rest thus obtained the poor, abused animal was no doubt duly thankful. With the driver we stayed a long time in front of the house, examining it closely and copying the inscription, and when we returned to his steed the driver found himself under arrest for abandoning his horse, leaving him alone in the public highway. I used some silvery language in explaining to the policeman the reason for the delay and then we were allowed to proceed. And this brings to mind a saying of my dear mother's, when I used to remark that I could not make myself clearly understood in a foreign tongue: "My son, you have that in your pocket which speaks in all languages."

The municipal policemen of Genoa are not much more than half the size and weight of members of the Broadway squad, but they look very neat and tidy in their black caps and black cloth suits, minus metal but-

tons. The coat is made single-breasted with skirts reaching below the calf of the leg. He had an eye for form, did the man who designed this uniform ; it gives a little more height to the little Italian.

London and New York policemen carry clubs ; gendarmes of Paris threaten with a small sword ; the municipal police of Genoa protect themselves with a stick or mace over four feet long. It is highly polished and resembles a Malacca cane. The long stick has a silver top upon which these words are engraved : "Respect the Law."

But this is not getting to the house in the Vico Dritto Ponticello. You will have no difficulty in getting to it in Genoa if you find your way to the First Gate of the old city, to the City Prison or to the ancient church which Columbus built. These buildings are very near the spot.

Nearly all of the surrounding houses are of six or seven stories ; No. 37 is five stories high and barely twelve feet wide. It has a very plain, undecorated front of stucco, which is in a fair state of preservation.

The windows have Venetian blinds, painted green. The main entrance is through a double door of iron and there is a side door which was probably used by the servants of the family. On the door is an iron ring four inches long, which was evidently used for the double purpose of handle and knocker. About fifteen feet from the ground there is a white marble tablet, three feet by two feet, in which this inscription is cut in old-fashioned Roman characters :

Nulla Domus Titulo Dignor

Heic

Paternis in Aedibus

Christophorus Columbus

Pueritiam

Primamque Juventam Transegit.

HOTEL DE GÈNES, GENOA.

Genoa, the most important town in Italy from a commercial point of view, has increased in importance, at least for Americans, now that the North German Lloyd line sends its fine steamers hither. It has good hotel accommodation. The largest, best appointed and most expensive house is The Isota, on the principal thoroughfare, convenient to many points of interest. But a very comfortable and modest house is the Hotel Genoa, or, to give its title in full, the Grand Hotel de Gênes. It has fifty years' reputation. It is in the most central part of the city—in via Carlo Felice, and fronts on a large square, Piazza Deferrari, whence you can take a car to the Campo Santo (the famous cemetery), the grand palaces, the noted churches, the Exposition grounds—to all the principal sights, in fact. The Teatro Carlo Felice is on one side of the piazza, the post office is but a step away, on Via Roma, one of the principal shopping streets, which leads to the statue of Victor Emmanuel and the public gardens.

The Hotel de Gênes is solidly constructed; the stairs are of white marble and the floors of the bed rooms are laid in mosaic marble. They are warm enough and require nothing over them in summer time in the way of carpets. The house has electric lights and an elevator. The rates at Hotel de Gênes are : breakfast, one and a half lire ; luncheon, four lire ; dinner, five lire ; rooms according to size and location, from five lire per day—a lire being equal to a franc, say twenty cents. Among the guests whose names have appeared on the books within the past few years are the Duchess of Talleyrand, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Princess of Battenberg, the Count and Countess Schouvaloff of Russia ; De Struve, Russian Ambassador to the United States ; Baron Adolphe De Rothschild ; Prince Hohenzollern and suite, and a host of other titled and distinguished people.

The Hotel de Gênes has accommodation for more than one hundred guests. Proprietors, Bonera Frères; telegraphic and cable address: "Bonera, Gênes."

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI, VENICE.

There is good hotel accommodation in Venice; among the leading houses are the Grand Hotel, Hotel de L'Europe, Hotel Britannia, and, to mention it last, though it is one of the first in size and appointments, the Hotel Royal Danieli. Its situation, directly on the border of the lagoon and the Grand Canal, affords fine water views and landscape pictures.

The house is centrally located. The Doge's Palace, with its wonderful pictures and frescoes, and the Piazza St. Marco (the great square) are but a few hundred yards distant, while the steamboat wharf where you embark for the Lido, a pretty place one half hour distant on the shores of the Adriatic, is almost at the front door of the hotel. Thirty minutes' sail to the Lido where you bathe in the open sea.

Hotel Danieli was once a palace, the residence of Doge Dondalo. I am speaking of what was the case five hundred years ago; just think of it—before Columbus was born.

They knew how to build in those days, for the palatial structure shows no signs of wear. You might suppose it was erected only half a century ago. Of course, parts of it are occasionally "restored" and renovated.

One of the *salons* is a gorgeous apartment in size and decoration, and would not discredit a palace of the present day. It is forty-one by nineteen feet, with a heavily decorated ceiling twenty-six feet high. The great doors of this noble apartment are set in heavy marble casings heavier and richer than the marble cas-

ings which surround the doors and windows of the palace which A. T. Stewart built in New York, and which is now the home of the Manhattan Club. Above each door is a massive ducal crown, gold on a green ground, extending from the door casing to the ceiling. The sofas and chairs of the salon are unusually large, to be in keeping with the great apartment; they are richly gilded and upholstered in green velvet.

There are two lifts in the house, also a railway office. You can purchase your tickets and have your luggage registered before you leave—a convenience no other hotel in Venice offers. You and your luggage are taken to the railway station in a gondola into which you step from the door of the hotel. The Hotel Danieli accommodates three hundred guests. Single rooms from three to six francs; breakfast, two francs; luncheon, four francs; table d'hôte dinner, five francs, which does not include wine. Proprietors, Genovesi & Campi.

THE HOTELS OF LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

There is probably a greater number of large and finely appointed hotels in Lucerne than in any other place of its size in either hemisphere.

Lucerne, situated on "the lake of the four Cantons," with the summits of Mount Pilatus and the Rigi within very easy reach by railway, is a great rendezvous and centre for tourists, several railway lines having their terminus here. Steamboats start from here for all points on the lake.

In a few hours by rail, through the St. Gothard tunnel, over, under and around the mountains, and along the edges of some wondrously beautiful Swiss and Italian lakes, you reach Milan, the views en route being sublimely grand. In another direction Paris is reached in less than twelve hours by day or night.

For its size, again, it is probably more cosmopolitan than any other town in the world. All the residents speak German and French, and everybody in the public places knows enough of English to make himself or herself understood. I refer to shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, chambermaids, cabbies, etc. The flags of all nations are seen at different times on the rowboats hired by strangers who represent the different nationalities. The German and French flags predominate; next in number come the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes.

The leading hotels of Lucerne proper are all clustered near each other, not far from the railway station, the steamboat landing and the Kursaal, or Music Hall.

The Schweizerhof, accommodating six hundred guests, will compare in its appointments with the hotels at leading summer resorts elsewhere; not with the Metropole at Brighton, England, nor with the "States" at Saratoga, but it ranks in the first class.

The Lucernhof, which is next door to and connected with the Schweizerhof and under the same management, is also a large and well appointed house. By the way, in Miss Braddon's last work, "The Venetians," there is a reference to the Schweizerhof. In the Tauchnitz edition, which does not, as a rule, find its way to the United States, appears this paragraph in Volume 2, p. 96:

"They loitered by the great Swiss lake until the October mists began to make Pilatus invisible. They lingered under Mr. Hauser's hospitable roof so long that the great St. Bernard lifted his head and howled an agonizing farewell when the carriage drove off to the station with Eve and her husband."

Since the book was written and printed both the master and his faithful dog have passed away. But Mr. Hauser left two sons, and they seem to have inherited some of their father's popularity. At all events the Schweizerhof does a prosperous summer business. During the height of the season it is not only full, but its overflow frequently helps to fill other houses.

The National is probably not so much talked of as the Schweizerhof. The latter is indeed the only hotel in Lucerne that is mentioned by guide-book Murray; it owes its prestige doubtless to its age and its association with the early history of Lucerne as a resort for tourists. But the National is not only not excelled by any hotel in Lucerne, but is probably the finest hotel structure in Switzerland. It occupies a whole block, with its grand front overlooking the lake, down to the edge of which the grounds of the National gracefully slope. The structure is of stone, and its public rooms are magnificent.

The Hotel de L'Europe is a pleasant house about a mile from the business part of the town. It stands in its own well shaded grounds, on a main drive.

A few steps from the National Hotel and the Kursaal is the Beau Rivage Hotel, not too long a walk from railway or steamboat and yet in a quiet and beautiful loca-

tion, affording choice views of the lake and surrounding mountains. The Beau Rivage was erected twenty-three years ago, but the house has since been greatly improved. New public rooms have been constructed, the plumbing is new and so is the furniture.

The Beau Rivage, as before remarked, is in a quiet neighborhood, and moreover, it is a very select house, well suited for families for a protracted stay. If you want brass bands and high life it is easy to enjoy them for an hour or the whole evening. Step across to the National or to one of the other large hotels down the street, and you will soon be in the midst of a bustling and busy life.

A feature with the National, the Beau Rivage and the Schweizerhof is that each of these three hotels has a library of several hundred choice volumes for the use of its guests. The books are uniformly bound and each one bears the name of the hotel on the cover, in gold letters.

But the Beau Rivage has another feature which is altogether unique in hotel-dom, so far as my experience goes. It has its own fish ponds—fish ponds *in the house*. The manager argues that trout only make a perfect dish when they are perfectly fresh, so he has a couple of trout tanks in the basement in which fresh water is flowing constantly and in which a good supply of trout and a few other kinds of fish are kept.

There are two tanks, each about three feet wide by four feet long and three feet high. Beside them conveniently stands a hand net. Does a guest order a dish of trout? The *chef's* assistant is quickly transformed into a disciple of Izaak Walton and, luck or no luck, he will very quickly "land" as many fish as may be required. I have since learned that there is a hotel in Bâle which also has its tanks and keeps its fish alive, ready to be caught.

The manager of the Beau Rivage, Mr. Richert, has had hotel experience in London; he was for ten years in a Nice hotel, and to quote a slang expression that was

current in New York some years ago, he "knows how to keep a hotel."

The rates at Lucerne hotels are not high. At the majority of the leading houses these figures rule—Rooms, from three and a half francs; breakfast, one and a half francs; luncheon, three and a half francs; table d'hôte dinner, five francs, without wine. These figures, at the Beau Rivage, Schweizerhof and some other hotels, include lights and service; at the National these items are charged for separately as "extras."

The Beau Rivage is open from April to October, the National and Schweizerhof are open the entire year.

In some of the Swiss hotels you not only place outside your door on retiring, your shoes, but your clothes also—those which you wish brushed. A hook is placed on the door-casing on which to hang your clothes.

They will cheat you at the railway stations in Italy, if they can, and the officials on steamboats which ply the Swiss lakes will try to overcharge you if they discover that you are not familiar with the charges or with the current coins. If you are making much of a tour in countries whose language you do not understand, by far the best plan, is to purchase tickets of Cook or Gaze. You pay these agents only the regular fares, and holding their tickets saves you a deal of time, trouble and annoyance. In the stations of all the principal cities of Italy and Switzerland you will find a Cook agent in uniform, with the word "Cook" in large silver letters on his black cap. He will aid you in registering and handling your baggage, he will secure for you the best seats in the train, and otherwise make himself useful—without a fee. His employer receives a commission from the railway companies. About travelling with Cook's parties I know nothing except from hearsay, but I have purchased and used Cook's tickets, and heartily recommend others to do so—those more particularly who are not linguists. But in any and every case you save annoyance and confusion at the stations.



THE DE SOTO.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

The city of Savannah, with its balmy air, its far famed Bonaventure Cemetery, its pretty parks, broad streets and many natural attractions (acknowledged to be one of the most attractive Southern cities), was long avoided by many pleasure tourists, because it had no hotel worthy of a city claiming fifty thousand inhabitants and doing a business of over one hundred and thirty millions of dollars annually.

Savannah is the greatest cotton port in the world—New Orleans excepted. Savannah has deep water and good docks. Sometimes as many as thirty English ships are in this port at the same time. They take cotton direct to foreign ports. Savannah is easily approached from North and South : presently it is to have communication with the west—direct from Kansas City. When these and other contemplated improvements are made, Savannah expects to experience an era of great prosperity. It is predicted that the city will double its population in the next ten years.

Anyone who doubts that Savannah is steadily moving forward in prosperity has only to take a glimpse at the tax returns made to the city treasurer for 1891, to have the doubt quickly dispelled. In 1890, the returns of personal property footed up \$9,948,048, and in 1891 they were considerably over \$10,000,000, the increase being about \$500,000. The banks alone in '91 made returns of \$506,000 in excess of 1890. This shows that there is a great demand for banking institutions. Real estate has increased \$1,300,000.

Such being the present condition and future prospects of Savannah, it was time that some movement were made for the better entertainment of visitors, so at last the citizens put their heads together and concluded that no matter how rich a city is in natural attractions, the climax of success is only capped by railway facilities and first class hotels.

Mr. H. B. Plant, head of the Plant System, furnished the railway facilities, and now the citizens of Savannah have supplied the hotel. They formed a stock company, subscribed a million of dollars and opened the De Soto, two years ago, which proved to be exteriorly one of the handsomest houses in this country, if not in the world, and interiorly one of the best appointed—in keeping with the American idea.

Savannah never had a habit of going across the seas for hotel names. It boasts of no Victoria, no Buckingham, no Imperial, but it has a Screven, named after a prominent Georgia family ; a Pulaski, named for a military hero, and now a De Soto, in honor of the discoverer of the Mississippi river. Savannah is nothing if not patriotic. It has a Monterey square, a Forsyth park. and among its monuments are the noble columns erected to perpetuate the memory of three revolutionary heroes—Jasper, Green and Pulaski.

The De Soto cost a round million of dollars. It occupies an entire block.

Within five minutes' walk of the house is Forsyth park, with its acres of forest trees, and plenty of japonicas and roses in full bloom at this writing, January 26. In the centre of this park there is a handsome fountain, modeled after the grand fountain in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. It is a mistake and a pity to half hide it behind japonica trees and rose bushes, from six to eight feet high.

It is very enjoyable to sit in any of Savannah's pretty parks these days, say between noon and four o'clock. There is no danger of taking nor of feeling cold. At night and in the early morn the air is cool (36 to 42 degrees), but in the afternoon it is soft and balmy—anywhere from 56 to 76 degrees. It is an old habit of mine to carry a thermometer in my satchel, so I am not dependent on the hotel instrument nor on hearsay for my facts and figures concerning the temperature. Frost is rarely seen in Savannah, and they never get a sight of snow unless some of the "beautiful" article should remain on the car roofs of trains coming from the North.

The De Soto can accommodate four hundred guests, and besides, the dining-room and the smaller "early breakfast-room" on the main floor, there is a banqueting hall on the first floor in which two hundred guests can sit down comfortably. A novel feature for a hotel is a gymnasium, on the sixth floor, and above this, at the very summit, there is a large "Solarium," fitted up with chairs, tables and lounges. Here you can sit, bask in the sun, and, as Walt Whitman says, "loaf and invite your soul." In this elevated position you get a magnificent view of Savannah and the surrounding country—as far east as the Tybee coast, twenty miles distant.

P. S.—This is called a cold winter in Savannah, yet at six A.M., Thursday, January 29, the thermometer marked sixty degrees.

THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA.

Time, eleven A. M., February 1.—Your correspondent is seated at his bedroom window ; there are two large windows in the room, and both are wide open. The apartment is twenty feet square with a twelve-foot ceiling ; it is not heated artificially and yet the temperature in it is seventy-two degrees. This is not said from hearsay, nor is the record taken from a hotel thermometer, which may be unreliable, but from a portable thermometer of my own.

WHEN THE PLACE WAS SETTLED.—People ask, “ How old is Thomasville : when was it first settled ? ” The writer can answer this question because he had the good fortune to be presented to no less a personage than Mrs. M. A. Bower, a most charming woman to look at and to converse with, who is proud of her fifty-six years, but whom you would judge to be at least ten years younger. Mrs. Bower was the first white child born in Thomasville, and in the first real house erected in the place. It stood on the present site of the Mitchell House. Mrs. Bower is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Remington who came here from Pawtuxet, R. I., in the year 1828. Set it down for a fact then that Thomasville is three score years old.

LOCATION. — Thomasville, the capital of Thomas county (this is not from a gazetteer, please believe), stands three hundred and thirty feet above sea level, being on the highest ground between Macon and the Gulf of Mexico, in the Uplands of Georgia. It is two hundred miles from the Atlantic, sixty miles from the Gulf of Mexico as the bird flies, twelve miles from the

Florida State line, a thirty-three-mile drive from Tallahassee, and is reached from Jacksonville at the South or from Savannah coming from the North in a few hours by way of Waycross or Jesup, two places not particularly attractive to the tourist but quite useful as way stations, affording junctions for several lines of railroad.

HEALTH AND PLEASURE.—Thomasville was at one time simply a health resort: people with consumption or other lung or throat diseases came here for relief and they found it. They, the sickly people, still come to get well; but beside being a health resort it is now also a place for pleasure. Fashion has set its seal on Thomasville. New York and Boston are well represented among the visitors, but the West especially favors Thomasville, and St. Paul, for its size, sends more people probably than any other city. A number of St. Paul citizens have cottages here and have set up fine establishments. Ladies dress for the morning ride or drive; they dress for the mid-day dinner and again for the evening dance. Ladies at the hotels exchange visits with the cottagers, also with the townspople, the permanent residents giving strangers a warm, Southern welcome.

FEATURES OF THE TOWN.—To-day Thomasville has churches of all denominations (including a Jewish place of worship), two hotels far superior to any between Baltimore and Jacksonville, unless exception be made of the new Oglethorpe at Brunswick: a number of smaller hotels, numerous boarding houses, two daily newspapers, several good private schools, a flourishing college for girls and one for the other sex, a railway direct to the town—and five thousand inhabitants. The boys' college is a branch of the State University and has at present two hundred and fifty pupils. The other institution, called "Young's Female College," was endowed by a Georgian, and the charge for tuition is so

low as to be nominal, ten dollars per year to each pupil. So the religiously inclined have ample opportunity to worship at their particular shrine, and the educational advantages of Thomasville are good.

NATURE'S GIFTS.—The reputation of this place was gained by its dry and balmy atmosphere, its even temperature, its health-giving pine forests and by its freedom from cold or sudden changes. The United States Signal Service report shows that the average winter temperature is about fifty-five degrees, and the average temperature last July, the hottest month here, was eighty-two degrees. While the winter days are warm the mornings and nights are pleasantly cool, and it never snows here. Once during the past fourteen years they did have a flurry of snow. It happened on a Sunday and the churches remained empty; so interested were the inhabitants in the uncommon sight that they neglected the church and all took to snowballing. You need no overcoats nor wraps for outdoor wear, except, perhaps, for an evening drive, or for rainy days; but an umbrella or parasol to protect you from the heat of the sun is indispensable. I am speaking of needing such an article at the present time, February 1.

THE PINEY WOODS OAK.—To those coming from the North the sight of the trees in full leaf is as agreeable as it is strange. The pine, live-oak, hemlock and holly all have their branches thickly covered. There is a gorgeous live-oak on the grounds of the Piney Woods Hotel whose spreading branches measure sixty feet across. There is still a larger one in the town, which people travel miles to see. It spreads ninety feet across. But beauty does not always consist in bigness. The Piney Woods oak is both beautiful and big, but its symmetrical beauty is its main attraction. Is it too warm on the hotel porch? Are the sun's rays too fierce? Cross over the road, fifty yards distant, and seek a comfortable bench or rustic seat in the grateful shade of

the pines, in what is popularly termed "Yankee Paradise," but known more correctly as Paradise Park. It includes thirty acres laid out in walks and drives. There is no ice to make your step unsteady, but the needles of the pines render the paths rather slippery.

WHEN TO COME.—You can pick violets in the open air and pluck in the fields a small bouquet of daisies at this writing, but to see Thomasville at its best, I am told that you must come a little later than this, when the grass is all green. You can then pluck wild roses to your heart's content. Then the pear orchards will be in full bloom, and the dogwood blossoms are a sight to behold. I have been here only three days and have seen no rain, but the soil is sandy and one can readily believe what enthusiasts say, that an hour or two after a long and heavy rain walking is again pleasant, the rain having percolated through the ground, leaving the surface perfectly dry, if not hard. And there is seemingly no end of lovely walks. You get out of the town in five minutes, and if you are bent on pedestrian exercise, and have an eye for beautiful scenes, turn your steps in any direction and you will make no mistake.

WHAT TO BRING.—If the ladies of your party are equestriennes, by all means let them bring their riding habits with them: everybody rides. Driving, too, is largely indulged in, the roads being hard, smooth and unusually wide. They extend for miles and miles through the pine woods, and their picturesque beauty you will please imagine; it is not easy to describe it without using more adjectives than I have at my command en route. To sportsmen let me say, do not come without your dog and gun or you will never forget nor forgive the error. Wild turkeys abound, there are snipe in plenty and quail can be bagged by a novice. You see them on the road while driving, and the crack of the rifle is heard almost constantly. Quail on toast is a regular dish at the hotels at least once a day.

THE NEGRO AND HIS WORKS.—Without desiring to attack political problems, to raise dead issues or to discuss questions that have long since been answered, one cannot resist the temptation to obtain information on the result of the emancipation proclamation, for although it is over a quarter of a century old the subject yet has great interest for this country, and for other countries also, for that matter. Here is a statement of facts and figures in condensed, nutshell form upon which chapters and books might be written—the colored population of Georgia pay taxes on real estate amounting to twelve millions of dollars, the realty being estimated at about one half its actual value, and their personal property is estimated at about six millions of dollars. There are instances of marked faithfulness and attachment of slaves to their former owners, some of the blacks still serving their white masters. Among the servants of Mrs. M. A. Bower, proprietor of the Piney Woods Hotel, are two who formerly served this same “master,” one of them being the skilful pastry-cook of the hotel.

THE HOTELS.—There is a standing joke about certain Southern cities where there are only two hotels, that, whichever one you select, you will wish that you had chosen the other. Although the hotels south of the line have greatly improved of late years, the old joke will still apply in certain towns and cities. Not so, however, at Thomasville. There are only two hotels here known to fame, and you will make no mistake if you select either. It is a matter of surprise to find two such hotels in such a comparatively small town. The Mitchell House and the Piney Woods Hotel (I take them alphabetically) are both large, new, handsomely furnished and perfectly appointed houses, containing all the modern improvements, and erected with strict regard for the laws of sanitation. The Mitchell House is an imposing solid brick structure, four stories high, two hundred feet square, with a cultivated park of two acres

sweeping before its front piazza. This little park is reserved for the hotel guests and their friends.

The Piney Woods Hotel is within gun-shot distance of the Mitchell House, on the same street, with a front measuring three hundred and fifty feet, the other side overlooking Paradise Park, of which I have already spoken. The Piney Woods stands, as it were, and as its name might indicate, on the very edge of the pine forests, and yet it is only a five minutes' walk from the post-office and a ten minutes' drive from the depot. The pamphlet issued by the proprietor tells you that "the Piney Woods is modelled similar to the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga Springs," but this is a mistake of the compiler of the work, and is no compliment at all to the house under consideration—which is far more pleasing to the eye, exteriorly, than the Grand Union at Saratoga. The Piney Woods is built after plans of J. A. Woods, a New York architect, who planned the new Grand Hotel *in the Catskill Mountains*, and with its wide and lofty verandas, its projecting towers, its pretty corners here and there, is a facsimile on a somewhat smaller scale of that favorite and beautiful house. Any one who has seen the hotel on the line of the Ulster and Delaware Railway, can picture to himself the Piney Woods Hotel at Thomasville. The late Captain Gillette, who kept the Mountain Hotel, kept this one also for years. William E. Davies is now the manager of the Piney Woods.

Each hotel, the Mitchell House and the Piney Woods, will accommodate nearly three hundred guests,

THE BEST ROUTE.—The Atlantic Coast Line, called "the short route to Florida," is by all odds the best way to reach Thomasville from the Eastern States and from New York. The vestibule train, "the Florida special" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which traverses this route, is the quickest and most luxurious train, with its dining-room car, library car, etc., but this only

leaves New York on three days of each week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and you must apply for seats some time ahead. The ordinary trains, with Pullman sleepers, are good enough for the majority of travellers, and they afford people opportunity to stop over and see the cities en route—Washington, Richmond, Wilmington, N. C., Charleston and Savannah. Or, if you prefer, you may come direct from New York, in about thirty-two hours, to Waycross, Ga., where there is connection for Thomasville, distant four hours. But if you “stop over,” you must be prepared to travel in ordinary coaches between the Southern cities; parlor cars are not attached to local trains. It would help Thomasville materially if the Savannah, Western and Florida Road (everybody in this section calls it “the S. F. & W.”) were to run a quick train with a parlor car to meet the Florida special. The return would not be great at first, but it would prove profitable to the road ultimately. Strangers and tourists make it a point to go to the stations to see the Pennsylvania vestibule train at different points of the road, and the colored folk stand and stare at the beautiful appointments with eyes and mouth wide open. “Only God’s people,” remarked one surprised darkey, “can ride in them carriages.”



A NEW SOUTHERN RESORT.

If you tell people in New York that you are "going to Brunswick for the winter," they will probably look at you with surprise ; some will say, "Do you mean New Brunswick?" having in mind New Brunswick, N. J. ; while others will say, "Brunswick ; where is Brunswick, in what State? I never heard of it." Well, new as Brunswick may appear to the majority, it is an old place, having been settled and laid out in the year 1763.

WHERE IS BRUNSWICK?—Brunswick is in the Southeastern part of Georgia, not far from the Florida border, sixty miles below Savannah, seventy miles north of Jacksonville. The city covers an area of two miles square, and is handsomely laid out, the whole adorned by some of the most beautiful groves of live oaks and cedars to be found in the South. It is situated on a small peninsula jutting out into the sea, surrounded on three sides by salt water, but protected from the severity of the ocean winds by outlying islands. Brunswick is only eight miles from the sea and there are no fresh water streams or swamps within many miles to breed malaria, the air being constantly renewed and vivified by the health-bearing breezes of the ocean, that render it, as official statistics show, one of the healthiest cities in the Union.

Among its natural advantages are its climate, uniform and mild in winter, its geographical position being but little north of St. Augustine, ice being seldom seen, and snow rarely, if ever ; its forests of pine, palm and moss-covered oak, its healthy soil, pure water, semi-tropical foliage and plants, the magnificent drives, and last, but by no means least, its superior water facilities,

having one of the finest harbors in the South Atlantic. As to the trees: I have stood under the far-famed old oaks of England, I have seen the moss-covered trees of Bonaventure, of which all Savannah proudly boasts, and admired the great oak at Thomasville, whose branches measure ninety feet across; but there is an oak here which belittles them all for age, strength and size. Under the "Lovers' Oak" at Brunswick it is said that one hundred teams can find shelter from the sun's rays. It is called Lovers' Oak because a marriage was once performed under it, several hundred witnesses being present at the open air ceremony.

JEKYL AND OTHER ISLANDS.—There are a number of beautiful islands near here which are fertile almost beyond one's imagination. Everybody has heard of Jekyl Island, and all true sportsmen know it. It is famous as the location of one of the finest club-houses in the country, the island being a paradise for the sportsman and fisherman. It is literally full of game; deer, wild turkey and other fowl are so plentiful that visitors are sure of good sport. Being a natural game preserve, upon which the general public have not been permitted to hunt, the increase has been rapid and the supply practically inexhaustible. The club-house, seen from the river, is a noble structure. Then there is St. Simon's Island, which lies off the coast at a distance of seven miles from Brunswick, and is noted for the wonderful fertility of its soil. It excels especially in fruits—oranges, peaches, figs, bananas, olives, lemons, limes and pecans, growing in great profusion. The climate is almost perfection. Ice is seldom seen, and snow has been seen here but once within the present century.

A DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE.—Brunswick's peninsular location, almost surrounded by salt water, with immense pine forests on the north, extending hundreds of miles into the interior, conduces to a state of healthfulness excelled by no other place of its population in the whole

South. Dr. H. Buford, Health Officer of the City of Brunswick, makes the following official statement: "The result of my observation and experience as a practitioner in this city and in the country adjacent thereto, during a residence of seven years, proves that our mortuary statistics show a minimum death rate—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., not excepted. During an active practice of seven years I cannot record a single case of scarlet fever or diphtheria. Hay fever and asthma are unknown here."

A MISTAKE OF CONGRESS.—Brunswick is a century and a quarter old, but it went along lazily and slowly, like many other Southern towns and villages, and the war somewhat retarded its progress. Nor was it helped by a committee from Congress which, some years after the war, took a cruise along the Atlantic coast to examine the facilities of our seaports. Congress has not earned its peculiar reputation without deserving it. This committee may have included members who were learned in the law, or who knew how to hoe potatoes, but of harbor advantages and the requirements of ships they must have been innocently ignorant. They reported that "the harbor of Brunswick was twelve feet deep." This went abroad and ships went elsewhere. How near to the truth came this report may be judged by one instance. On Friday, February 3, 1888, the English steamer, the Port Augusta, cleared this port drawing twenty feet of water and carrying 6,559 bales of cotton, weighing over three millions of pounds and valued at \$300,000. It was the largest cargo ever cleared from a South Atlantic port, and ships drawing *twenty-four feet of water* enter and leave here without the slightest danger of touching bottom. So much for the congressional report. That the shipping facilities of Brunswick are becoming known may be judged also from the following facts and figures: During the whole month of February, 1887, the exports of cotton, naval stores and

lumber amounted to \$78,000 while for only the *first five days* of Feb., 1888, the exports amounted to over \$300,000. These figures are given on official authority from the collector of the port. Are more significant statements needed to show the marvellous advance and improvement of this place? Here they are—the exports in the year 1886 amounted to less than a million dollars; in 1887 they footed up over two and a quarter millions. The imports of 1886 were less than \$5,000, the imports of 1887, \$48,000.

A CITY BY THE SEA.—How has all this seeming prosperity and increase of business on the water affected the land? Well, in 1884 the population of Brunswick was 3,000, four years later it was 8,000; the increase of taxable property was thirty-three per cent. greater in '87 than '86; the comptroller of the State says that this county (Glynn) has made for the last twelve months a larger pro rata increase than any other county in the State of Georgia, for eight years ago there was not a brick building in the place; now there are blocks and blocks of brick stores and fine dwellings; increase in the value of the land is almost fabulous, and there is a new brick hotel here, "the Oglethorpe," which cost with furniture, \$160,000, the equal of which for site and style cannot be found between Washington, D. C., and St. Augustine, Fla.

THE OGLETHORPE.—The new hotel is an evidence of and in keeping with the new order of things. The location of the building is choice—on the highest ground in Brunswick, affording fine views and rare sanitary facilities. The house is not merely considered to be, but is fire-proof. So perfect is the protection against fire that the company insuring the property reduced the usual hotel rate one-half in consideration of the character of the building and the excellence of the fire system adopted. The Oglethorpe stands on the principal street, near the railway depot and steamboat wharf, on

a plot of ground about three hundred feet square, the main building having three stories and being two hundred and sixty-seven feet long, with wings running back one hundred and forty feet. It is the largest building in the place, and with its graceful round brick towers at each corner, and its turrets and spires jutting through the roof, here and there, it is the most prominent object you see as you approach Brunswick from any direction, either by land or water. The Oglethorpe, being new, is the latest exponent of all that is best and most approved in modern hotel building, and of course has all the "modern improvements." The drawing-room is a grand apartment, reminding you of the parlor of the United States at Saratoga; the dining-room is lighted from three sides, and seats three hundred persons; the main floor, the entrance, office and lower hall are tiled with Georgia marble in beautiful colors, and there is a covered porch for promenading which reaches up to the second story. It is two hundred and forty feet long, and from twenty to twenty-five feet wide.

The bedrooms of the Oglethorpe are larger, as a rule, than those of most hotels. Even the "small rooms" connecting with the suites are twenty feet long by eleven wide, and have two windows, each seven feet high by three feet wide. The "tower" rooms, with their open fire-places, carved wooden mantels, tiled hearths, rich Moquette carpets, portières of velours, and lace curtains on brass poles are as handsome as the bedrooms of any other hotel that the writer has seen, and if the walls and ceilings were artistically decorated and frescoed, the "tower" rooms of the Oglethorpe probably might compare with those palatial bedrooms of the Hotel Métropole in London. A peculiarity of the Oglethorpe is that there are no back rooms; each one faces the street or overlooks the bay, but a few hundred feet distant. Between the bay and the house the grounds of

the hotel are attractively laid out. As to the table and general management of the Oglethorpe, it is only necessary to say that the manager is Warren Leland, Jr., a member of the celebrated Leland family—a name long associated with some of the leading hotels in the United States.

EN ROUTE TO AND FROM FLORIDA. — Brunswick is reached by rail from the North by the Atlantic Coast Line and the Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad by way of Savannah and Waycross, Ga., and from Jacksonville, Florida, by railway to Fernandina in one hour, and thence by steamboat in four hours. The water route is very pleasant. The boats, if not splendid specimens of naval architecture, are at least staunch and comfortable. You take an inside route, hug the shore, pass many beautiful islands and get glimpses of most picturesque scenes.

Tourists contemplating a visit to Florida for health or pleasure do well to break the journey at Waycross or Jessup, visit Brunswick and see the charming country thereabouts. The run is made from Waycross to Brunswick in three hours and ten minutes.

The route Southward is from New York to Quantico, Va., over the Pennsylvania tracks; from Richmond to Charleston via Atlantic Coast Line; from Waycross to Brunswick by the Plant system. Leave New York (Desbrosses or Cortlandt streets) at 9 P.M. or midnight—through car to Waycross.



A CUBAN CITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Key West, in Spanish Cayo Hueso (Bone Island), derived its name, so says history, from the fact that the island was strewn with human bones. The conquerors didn't take time to bury the bones of the conquered. The change, corruption Spaniards call it, from Cayo Hueso to Key West was easy.

The United States bought the island from Spain in 1816. The formation is coral and it contains about two thousand acres. The Hon. C. B. Pendleton, editor and proprietor of the *Equator-Democrat*, and a man of culture who has served in the State Senate, showed me an island, or key, as they call it in these parts, distant from Key West five miles, and which he believed to be the most southerly point in the United States. Another authority informed me that Cape Sable, distant from Key West about sixty miles, is the most southerly point.

To quote Editor Pendleton, Key West is distant from the tropical line only thirteen miles. Doctors will differ; another authority gives it as sixty miles. I am inclined to think that on the tropical question my editorial brother is correct in his estimate, because Key West is only distant from Cuba eighty or ninety miles.

The climate is about the same as that of Havana. In the Cuban capital the mercury never goes below sixty degrees; in Key West the lowest point recorded is fifty-one.

Key West is the ninth port of entry in the United States, collecting more import duty than all the other

ports in the States of Florida and Georgia and one-half of Alabama combined.

In 1860 the population was about two thousand, one-quarter of whom were colored ; but in 1869, after the rebellion in Cuba, the population of the island began to increase and now it numbers twenty-two thousand, and they claim that it is the largest city in Florida.

The inhabitants are mixed, very much mixed—Cubans, negroes, Americans, Chinese, etc. The negroes come from Nassau, Cuba and other places.

Key West was bought of Spain, as before remarked ; the island is nearer Cuba than any other land, it is not in any sense American except that it flies the American flag, and it seems to be now, to all intents and purposes, a foreign place—a Spanish colony, as it once was. Spanish is the prevailing language, and Cubans predominate. All the public notices and handbills are printed in two languages, several newspapers are printed in Spanish, and only one, the *Equator-Democrat*, in English. It is difficult to make a purchase or to transact any business unless you speak Spanish, and there are few drivers or conductors of street cars who can understand you if addressed in English. The car drivers swear at their patient, sadly abused mules in hard Spanish. All the American residents and business men speak the prevailing tongue, or are learning it as fast as they can, for without it they cannot so readily conduct business.

Speaking of the street cars, they are all open, of course, winter and summer. In fact, there is never anything resembling northern winter weather in Key West ; light summer clothes and Panama hats are worn the year round.

But you are not obliged to patronize street cars. Riding in private conveyances is at a cheaper rate of fare than even in London, or in a country town on the Continent. In London the smallest cab fare is one shilling

(twenty-five cents) ; in Key West you can ride a short distance for a dime, and a longer distance for fifteen cents. The conveyance is a very light and very dirty wagonette on four wheels. The driver is as dirty as his vehicle, and his horse resembles those poor skeletons which I have seen blindfolded and pushed into the arena at a Cuban bull fight.

Such tropical fruits as the sugar apple, the guava, mango, the soft and sweet sapadillo, thrive in Key West. The climate and salt atmosphere combine to make it the home of the palm. There are many tall, slender and beautiful cocoanut trees, some with their graceful leaves waving as high as eighty feet in the air, making an interesting and pretty picture against a cloudless sky.

But the cultivation of the cocoanut in Key West might be made very profitable as well as picturesque. At present there are comparatively few of such trees ; their cultivation ought to be encouraged. The tree has no tap root, and will thrive on a thin soil. It comes into bearing eight or ten years from the nut ; and after that the fruit grows and increases every month in the year. Like the orange tree, the older it gets the more it bears. A bearing cocoanut grove costs less to care for than an orange grove, and the revenue therefrom is greater. It requires no cultivation, and is as hardy in its section as the cabbage palmetto, that grows everywhere in Florida. Besides, cocoanuts can be shipped in any month of the year ; they require no packing, no care in handling, and they will bear transportation for thousands of miles. There is a good market for green cocoanuts in these parts as well as for matured ones. When the nut is fully grown, but green, it contains about two glasses of clear juice, milk we call it in the North. It is considered a healthful beverage in the tropics and sells per glass in the streets of Havana for the equivalent of five cents.

Nature has favored Key West with a perfect climate. It is surrounded by the Gulf of Mexico, as blue and as beautiful as the famous Danube. Nature in fact has done everything she could to make the place desirable as a residence for man, but man has done little or nothing for himself, thus far, and if the truth must be told, notwithstanding its favorable natural conditions and its lovely surroundings, Key West is not yet a desirable place to live in. It has no sanitary laws, for nothing whatever has been done with a view to sanitation, and yet with the salt ocean all around the little island, how easy it would be to make it healthy and clean, for it is neither one nor the other. There is no such thing as system, no sewerage whatever in the town excepting one iron pipe which leads from one hotel, the Russell House, to the sea, and even that one pipe is allowed to clog occasionally.

A liberally illustrated and large edition of the *Equator-Democrat* was issued in 1889, which presents a very rose-colored view of Key West. In that paper I find that "the pleasant streets running at right angles are as smooth and hard as adamant." I am not certain that I am very well acquainted with adamant, but I know that the streets of Key West are unpaved and that they are the roughest and the dirtiest streets I ever saw. As I have lived in Baltimore, in New York and in New Orleans, my testimony ought to be accepted on such a theme. I speak of Key West in fine weather; what it must be in wet weather I don't like to imagine. If nothing but very deep ruts, holes and great gullies in the roadway resemble adamant then is Key West adamantine beyond doubt.

There is not a boot-black in the town ; none is needed. Nobody thinks of blacking his shoes ; it would be absurd. I spoke on this point with a young New Yorker who hails from the fashionable precincts of Madison avenue. He is a business man who is liberal in the matter

of money, usually dressy, and extremely neat in his person. He has been in Key West six months, and in all that time not a brush has passed over his shoes.

I regret to differ with my learned and courteous friend, the editor of the *Democrat*, on the subject of hotels. Let him speak for himself. He says that "The Russell House, the leading hotel in the city, is second to none in the State in accommodations." Now I had an idea that St. Augustine and Jacksonville and Tampa were in Florida, and that there were such hotels "in the State" as the Ponce de Leon and The Cordova at St. Augustine, and the new Tampa Bay Hotel at Tampa Bay, not to mention a number of other first-class houses "in the State."

Directly opposite the Russell is the Duval House. You may never have heard of it; it is not one-third the size of the Russell House. I know nothing of the apartments of the Duval, for I investigated no further than the dining-room, but that was enough to establish its good reputation. It will be a long time before I forget how beautifully garnished a dish they made at the Duval of a red snapper, and the delicious flavor of their *omelette soufflée* remains with me still. The Duval is presided over by a Cuban lady, Mrs. Bolio, who kept for years one of the leading hotels in Havana. She is evidently a woman who knows what good living is.

Cigar-making is a very large and important industry in Key West. The place was selected for cigar-making because the climate is suited to the "curing" of tobacco in the leaf, and because it is near Havana. There is something also in the name. Everybody does not know that this (Spanish) island is United States territory, and some smokers if they see a "Key West" label on a box of cigars believe, without stopping to think, that they are smoking a foreign-made cigar. Now a Key West cigar if made from Havana tobacco of fine quality has just as good a flavor as if it were

made in Cuba, but the Key West cigar can be sold at a lower price because the import duty on cigars is much higher than the duty on the raw material.

Having the same climate as Havana, the best climate in the world for tobacco curing, and the cigars being made by Cubans, who are the best cigar-makers in the world, Key West turns out just as good cigars as can be produced anywhere—provided always that tobacco of the first quality is used. And the cigar need not consist entirely of Havana tobacco. A cigar of choice flavor is made of a mixture of tobaccos—Havana “filler” and “binder,” with, say, a “Connecticut seed” or Sumatra wrapper.

The manufacture of cigars has without doubt aided largely in building up the business of Key West. One authority says that there are two hundred factories, employing five thousand operatives, and transacting a business amounting to seven millions of dollars annually. But this report may be exaggerated. However, here are some more figures, and if the reader is mathematically inclined he can draw his own conclusions: Key West during 1890 turned out one hundred and forty millions of cigars.

There are very few Spanish or American cigarmakers in Key West; the majority are Cubans, with a very small sprinkling of negroes. There are so many factories and so many operatives that, although it is a cigar-producing place, very few cigars indeed are sold at retail. Everybody smokes, every one invites you to smoke; cigars are almost as free as the air. It would be a paradise for a young dude who has a slender purse and who is addicted to the weed.

Upon the courteous invitation of P. Pohalski & Co., who have a branch in Havana, with headquarters in Franklin St., New York, I paid a visit to their factory, which is one of the largest in Key West, and I was much interested in what I saw. Pohalski & Co. erected their

own factory, upon their own ground, and it is one of the most imposing edifices in Key West. They also built upon their own land a number of small houses which they rent to their workmen at a moderate figure; for its size it is quite a respectable colony.

Although very large, employing several hundred hands, the factory is orderly, exceedingly clean and neat, showing good government. Perfect system reigns throughout the entire establishment. The first floor is used for the business offices, for cases of tobacco and for the "strippers;" the whole of the second floor is occupied by cigar makers, and the third floor is used by the "packers," also for curing leaf tobacco and for storing cigars in boxes.

A "stripper" is one who, with the dexter finger and thumb of the right hand pulls the stem from the leaf while the leaf is damp, the leaf being held in the left hand. It is done by a dexterous and quick movement, not a vestige of the leaf remaining on the stem. The most costly leaves, for wrappers, are only entrusted to experienced operators. The strippers in this factory are numbered by scores. They are all females, all Cubans, and range in age from ten years old to women of fifty.

It is not a pleasing sight to one who associates woman with habits of refinement, to see the older women, while at their work of stripping, smoke long, thick cigars. They hold the cigar between their teeth and seldom remove it, not even to talk. They are rough-looking cigars, rolled into shape by the women themselves from the leaves they are stripping.

A more pleasing picture is presented on the cigar-making floor, above. You will be surprised upon entering to see a man standing erect in the centre of the room, book in hand, reading aloud. You cannot help but notice, although Spanish may be Greek to you, that the reader's voice is powerful and well trained, reach-

ing to the extreme corners and to the most distant ears on the vast floor. He is a professional reader. The several hundred men club together, each paying a nominal sum for the reader's services. In this way, while engaged in their work, they hear the news of the day and are regaled with the latest Spanish novel.

"Packing" cigars is a technical term. It is not simply to tie them up with pretty silk ribbons and place them neatly in a box. A packer is one who assorts the colors also. It is a very nice and delicate piece of work. It demands a good eye for color and long experience, and then it can only be done in a certain light, of course not by artificial light, nor unless the day is bright.

An overcast, murky and heavy sky is not good for packing—assorting, it might be called. In a few hundred loose cigars placed on a table ready for "packing," the casual observer will probably see only three or four colors. They are first assorted roughly to bring together those of decided colors—light brown, medium, dark brown, etc. Then a pile of dark or light shades is gone over again and again until the different piles of cigars are alike, as if they were all made from one leaf and turned out by machinery. The packer also discards a cigar that is not perfectly made, or one not uniform with the rest. A special few, exact as to form and hue, are selected for the top row, to catch and please the eye of the smoker when the lid of the box is raised. A good packer is paid better than any other operative in the business. Men and women are employed in it, some of them earning as high as twenty-five or thirty-five dollars per week.

The sponge trade is also a very large and important industry here. The sponges are found in this part of the Gulf of Mexico, and the trade gives employment to a great many people. I visited the largest sponge house, that of Arapian & Co., and saw there in different stages, sponges valued at a quarter of a million dollars.

Such a stock of sponges, as you can easily imagine, occupies much space. My only surprise was to find such valuable merchandise housed in a light frame building. A fire would spread easily, and the whole would be rapidly consumed.

I have spoken of the dirty, unpaved streets of Key West ; it would be unfair not to mention a lovely drive which you can take for a few miles on the edge of the Gulf. You go around the old forts, you see lighthouses and other interesting objects en route, the bracing air from the Gulf fans your cheeks, the ocean is spread out before you, and if you return in the early evening, and near dinner time, you will most likely be favored with a grand sunset, and you will surely have a keen appetite.

Key West is reached from New York by steamers of the Mallory line, and from New Orleans by New Orleans and Havana steamers, but decidedly the best and most luxurious way of going to the island is by the Plant line of steamers which leave Tampa, Florida and Havana, Cuba, three times a week. The "Mascotte" and "Olivette" were built for this route. They are both staunch, swift, beautifully appointed ships, whose commanders were in the Atlantic service for years, the "Olivette" being the fastest boat of her size in the world—a model vessel.

If you are going to Key West for pleasure—it is possible for people to go there with that end in view—you will go from New York to Jacksonville via the Pennsylvania and Atlantic coast lines and there take the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railroad, although part of this "railway" journey consists of a sail on the Gulf of Mexico, from Tampa.

The island, with all its objectionable features, has churches of different denominations, it has convents, good schools, and has one large substantial and beautiful brick and stone building for a custom house, for which the government appropriated one hundred thousand dollars.

Key West has a police force numbering fourteen officers, including men of all colors and several nationalities.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

AN ANCIENT CITY MODERNIZED.

What a contrast, to leave the dust and dirt of Key West, its unpaved roadways, full of deep ruts, large holes and great gullies : Key West, with its mixed population of twenty thousand negroes, Cubans, Chinamen and white folks : Key West, minus sidewalks, and minus many evidences of a high state of civilization : what a contrast is it to arrive in this beautiful city of the South, with its smooth-paved streets, its cleanly and aristocratic air, and its three wondrously beautiful Spanish hotels, all within speaking distance of each other. It is like leaping, if I may use such an expression, from hades to heaven.

The changes here within the past four years are great. Most important to the tourist is the erection of a railway bridge which crosses the St. John's River. Four years ago you were obliged to stop at Jacksonville if you approached from the north ; if from the south, you steamed across on a ferry-boat from Palatka. Now you take your seat in a drawing-room car at Jersey City, in the North, or at Tampa, if you approach from the South, and you need not leave the car until the conductor calls out " St. Augustine "—thirty-one hours by vestibuled train from New York, twelve hours by the West India Fast Mail from the Gulf, at Tampa.

As to other changes, much land has been reclaimed from the river, miles of roadway have been asphalted and paved with wooden blocks ; the old fort is being restored, for which work the government has appropriated

\$15,000; many new houses have been built, all of coquina and in the Moorish style; to the oldest house in the town has been added a new stone tower; there has been erected a new City Hall, which includes a fine market; and to crown it all, as it were, there is a new church, a Memorial Presbyterian Church, built in memory of the beautiful daughter Mr. Flagler lost two years ago. The structure is so attractive, so pleasing to the eye, that in driving away from it you find yourself constantly turning around to keep its graceful architectural lines in view as long as possible.

It is probably not possible to enhance the splendor of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, the drawing-room of which, with its magnificent proportions, its onyx fire-place, its ceiling decorations, its rich carpets and furniture, and its rare paintings by Bridgman, Koppay, and other artists, is not rivalled by any other hotel in the world. To call it palatial is no compliment to "the Ponce" parlor, for I have seen no apartments in royal palaces that are more pleasing, and I have been favored with a view of many palaces in many countries.

The smooth and pleasant walk around the Alcazar Hotel measures just half a mile. The colored boys know: "they use it semi-occasionally for a foot or bicycle race: "twice around the Alcazar is one mile" they will tell you.

One of the novel features of the Alcazar is the swimming pool, into which the sulphur water rushes up from the artesian well with great force. There is room in the pool (40 by 120 feet) for scores of swimmers, and there is always a number of visitors looking from the galleries above on the lively scene below. With the mercury ranging between 70 and 80 the sulphur water is indeed refreshing; and they say it is quite invigorating. Temperature of the water, 75 degrees.

Mr. Flagler has bought all the land around and about his three hotels, so that nobody can erect anything any-

where near him. He is not the man to do anything by halves.

The sitting-room in which this is penned is one of a suite I occupy in the castellated tower on a corner of the Hotel Cordova. The walls of the building are of gray coquina. Outside each window is a small and separate "kneeling balcony," protected by ornamental iron railings, painted a reddish brown—such balconies as you see in some buildings in Madrid. The windows have white lace curtains and the shades are alternately blue and crimson—contrasting pleasantly with the neutral tint of the outer walls. To the east, within stone's throw, is Cordova Park; to the west, the same distance, is the one-acre park of the Alcazar, with its tropical foliage, pretty walks and handsome fountain; while diagonally opposite, same distance again (about one hundred feet), loom up the terra-cotta turrets, towers, arches and gabled roofs of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, with its grand park of four and a half acres. This may convey some idea of the situation; to describe the scene requires the pen if not the pencil of an artist.

The manager of these three grand hotels in St. Augustine is O. D. Seavey, who is also entrusted in summer time with the management of the magnificent Hotel Champlain, on Lake Champlain. In the winter season Mr. Seavey's address is St. Augustine, Fla.; in the summer he should be addressed Hotel Champlain, Clinton County, N. Y.

ABOUT TAMPA.

THE INN, PORT TAMPA, FLA.

Tampa is of interest historically, being the place where Ferdinand De Soto landed May 25, 1539. From here he started on his search for the mines of wealth supposed to exist in the new world, which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi river. It is here also that Narvaez, having obtained a grant of Florida from Charles V. of Spain, landed with a large force April 16, 1528.

Tampa is on the Gulf coast of Florida, two hundred and forty miles from Jacksonville. There are two trains daily with Pullman cars from Jacksonville and St. Augustine to Tampa, passing through Palatka, Sanford and Winter Park, both having direct connection with all Eastern and Western cities and one being a through train from New York.

Its rapid growth during the past seven years from about eight hundred inhabitants to as many thousands, has been brought about by the Plant system, which completed the South Florida railroad to Tampa for the purpose of developing Tampa commercially.

Dr. Long, a United States army surgeon, wrote of Fort Brooks, at Tampa, "This post has always been considered a delightful station." Dr. Long's reports and other reports to the surgeon-general at Washington show it to be one of the most healthful stations in the country.

Peninsulas have always been thought desirable because of their climate, which gives them advantages

over other localities, and among peninsulas Florida is unrivalled because of its latitude and particularly as it is affected by the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The investment of large capital in constructing a new hotel in Florida with the expectation of drawing to it the requisite patronage, demanded a knowledge of the requirements of winter tourists who visit the place for health or pleasure. Those requirements have been carefully studied by Mr. H. B. Plant, president of the Plant Investment Company, acting under the advice of eminent scientists, in the selection of Tampa. The new hotel is situated on the west side of the Hillsborough river where it empties into Tampa bay, opposite to and facing the city, which is within easy walking distance. From the river to the front of the hotel there are extensive lawns and flower beds, with orange, palm and other tropical trees, the hotel grounds and property including twenty-two acres. At the rear of the house there is a long stretch of pine lands.

As you view the house at a distance, from the deck of a steamer, or from a car window, with its long stretch of brick front, its iron and stone trimmings, its many towers with great and gorgeous silver-bronzed, balloon-shaped domes, each surmounted by a shining gold crescent, it impresses you at once as being a great oriental palace. And this idea is aided by the palms and other tropical trees and shrubs by which it is surrounded.

The oriental idea also strikes you as you enter. There is a grand "office," the ceilings are supported by stout marble columns, and the music-room, the drawing-room, and all the minor rooms on the main floor are furnished in the very best taste, the matter of expense never seeming to be a question with those who selected the furniture and decorations in different parts of the world. It is safe to say that very few winter

or summer resort hotels in this country are as richly furnished.

The hotel has been most thoroughly constructed and is practically fireproof, the outer and inner walls being of brick, with steel beams and concrete floors. There has been the most approved scientific work in drainage and plumbing, and there is an abundant supply of good water. On each floor the wide hall extends the entire length of the main building—512 feet. There are no inside rooms. Every room has the sun during some portion of the day, and a large number of suites have private baths. The house is heated by steam, in addition to which there are open fire-places in the rooms. The latest improvements have been introduced in lighting.

Mr. Plant did a great deal for Tampa when he ran his railroad down there. His lines of steamers from Tampa to Havana and Mobile have greatly helped the prosperity of the place, and now he has crowned his good work by putting up a magnificent hotel utterly regardless of the cost. If there was not already a Plant City in Florida, I should suggest to change the name of Tampa to Plant City. The house will accommodate four hundred guests; the rates are five dollars per day. It is only open during the winter, from Christmas until the first of April. But do not go to Tampa without your summer clothes.

All the above relates to the big new hotel at Tampa Bay, but all of it is written at the Inn, in Port Tampa, distant from Tampa Bay proper nine miles. The Inn is "little," it accommodates only seventy-five guests, but it is a gem of a hotel. It is built on, or rather over, the water on piles, and is like an island, being actually surrounded by water. There is always a pleasant breeze on one side of the house, and a breeze is very grateful in this latitude. As I write, the mercury in a thermometer hanging outside my bedroom window marks 75 degrees; this is at 5 P.M., Saturday, January 31. We sleep with

open windows, and nothing more than your pajama or a sheet is necessary for a covering.

Two sides of the dining-room are composed entirely of sliding-windows through which you can see wild ducks and fish in great quantities. I have seen wild ducks hauled in by the waiters through the open windows of this dining-room. You can throw a line into the water as you sit at dinner and if it be properly baited you will probably find a mullet at the end of the cord before you reach your *café noir*.

It goes without saying that there are good sailing and fishing at Port Tampa: Spanish mackerel and the pompano abound, the latter conceded by epicures to be one of the most exquisitely flavored fish in the world. Here also is the famous tarpon—Silver King he has been christened. In fact Port Tampa is a very paradise for sportsmen. It is easy to supply the table with oysters, fish and game in profusion. The table, by the way, is liberally provided, and the service by Swiss and French waiters is good.

The dining-room of the Tampa Inn reminds you of the dining-room of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort, not for its size, but for its water surroundings, and the scene outside brings up recollections of the Surf Hotel at Fire Island. Picnic Island, across the Gulf one mile, might be a bit of Long Island. But there the similarity ends because the Inn, unlike the Surf Hotel, is a new house and is luxuriously furnished.

Steamers leave here weekly (every Tuesday) for Mobile, and tri-weekly (Monday, Thursday and Saturday), for Key West and Havana.

The railway depot conveying you to Tampa Bay (frequent daily trains), is at the door of the hotel, and from this same depot you can get a through car to Jacksonville or to New York.

The rates at the Inn are four and five dollars a day. It is proposed to keep it open all the year.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

The name Monterey means King's Mountain and was bestowed on the place in 1602 by Don Sebastian Vizcaino in honor of Jaspas de Zuniga, Conte de Monterey, at that time Viceroy of Mexico. It was he who suggested and projected the expedition undertaken by Vizcaino.

When the members of this expedition returned to Spain the place returned to its primitive condition and nothing was heard of it till a band of Franciscan missionaries arrived on this coast in 1768, one hundred and sixty-eight years after the first discovery. This expedition came under the direction and guidance of the president of the band, Father Junipero Serra.

At the risk of being charged with sacrilege, I will interpolate right amid this ancient history a bit of fresh and interesting news imparted to me by a driver. He showed me from the road a high plateau overlooking the sea, where plainly to the naked eye were to be seen preparations for receiving a statue, which is to be in place and to be dedicated before long. It will be in honor of Father Junipero before mentioned; it will cost ten thousand dollars, and the wife of Senator Leland Stanford will foot the bill. The site for the statue is a magnificent one, and if the work of art be worthy of its position, the city of Monterey will have something it may be proud of.

There's a "History of Monterey County" by E. S. Harrison. I didn't know before I came here and looked into it that Monterey was the first place settled in the State of California; that the first custom house in the



HOTEL DEL MONTE.

State (now an old rookery) was established here; that Monterey was once not only a bustling city, but the capital of the State. It is not a wholly deserted village now, but its commercial glory, like that of Newport, R. I., which was once a greater port of entry than New York, has departed, never to return. But Monterey will always be dear to the hearts of Californians, from its historic associations and connections.

"The first European lady to come to California," says Harrison, "was the wife of Governor Fages, who arrived in Monterey in 1783. Their child, born about 1784, was probably the first child born in California of European parents."

Monterey is one hundred and twenty-six miles from San Francisco, and is easily reached in about four hours by the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific Company. On the way, in San Mateo county (*en passant*, what musical names all these counties and mountains have), within ten to forty miles from the starting point, Third and Townsend streets, you pass the rural homes of San Francisco's millionaires. Some are set in great forests of oak surrounded by acres of flowers in perennial bloom. Next, the beautiful city of San José comes in view, and a flourishing city it appears to be from the car windows. As the train rolls along you keep in sight for many miles the dome of the Lick Observatory, which glistens in the sunlight on the summit of Mount Hamilton.

And then you haven't eyes enough to take in and enjoy the beautiful views of ocean, river, valley and mountain as the train dashes along—the Coast Range mountains on your left, on the right the Santa Cruz mountains, with the sun setting behind them—a glorious moving panorama.

After passing what is called the most fertile valley in the State Monterey is reached, if that be your destination, but there is a more important station one mile this

side of Monterey. When the conductor calls out "Hotel del Monte" very few passengers in the cars remain seated, and the train speeds on to the sleepy old town of Monterey, almost empty.

The first action which the Pacific Improvement Company took when they concluded to make of this place a summer and winter resort was to purchase some land for the purpose, so they purchased *seven thousand acres*. Part of this domain was a forest, and of this they selected for their hotel "garden" a simple matter of *one hundred and twenty-six acres*. Forty acres of this they cultivated in flower-beds, lawns, vegetables and fruit; the rest they allowed to remain as nature left it, after hiring the services of a landscape gardener to lay out within their gates a few miles for drives and paths.

Then it occurred to them that it would be well to have a grand outside drive as an additional attraction, so they made one, cutting away mountain, forest and bluff; going through the woods, four or five miles; skirting the ocean for the same distance; altogether a nice little post-prandial drive of *seventeen miles*. But this is not much—for California. The drive being private property it is used only for the guests of the Hotel del Monte, the owners of which keep it in the best order, and in summer time have it watered. It is macadamized and in as good condition as the drives in Central Park, New York.

The road winds toward the bay through a forest of oaks and pines. For two or three miles it will be cool, dark, shaded and sweet smelling, and presently you get a view of the ocean. If the wind is high, as it was on the twenty-second of March, you will see foaming whitecaps in the distance, and the spray dashing wildly on the bare brown rocks in the foreground, making a picture which, on the day we saw it, was awfully grand. I don't mean this in the sense that girls do when they



GLIMPSES OF HOTEL DEL MONTE ETC.
MONTEREY, CAL.

say a thing is "awfully nice;" I mean that the boisterous waves were almost frightful with their impetuous rush and their terrible roar.

To quote dear old Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose statue in Central Park few recognize :

The winds of March were humming
Their parting song, their parting song.

It was a habit of my predecessor on the *Home Journal*, General George P. Morris, to publish annually this sweet song of Halleck's in the *Home Journal* during the first week of March. It was a singular fancy of Morris's and it pleased his brother poet.

But I am getting away from my story—and the surf. The seals didn't seem to mind the roaring surf or howling wind. Their unearthly bark formed part of the grand chorus. They tossed their heads and rolled their ungainly bodies about with all the grace at their command, which is not saying much for their sylph-like movements. No; water is their element.

If you expect to see the seals of the same color as the sealskin sacques worn by women, you may not see the seals at all, for they match in color with the brownish gray rocks on which they romp. They have not gone through the process of "London dyeing." In fact they are not fur seals, and, in reality not seals at all in the popular sense, but sea lions. I accepted the driver's statement that there were five hundred seals on the rocks.

The cultivated grounds of the Hotel del Monte astonish you with their size and beauty and with the neatness and order in which they are kept. Probably not elsewhere is there such variety in floriculture. Everything from everywhere seems to thrive here. Nor do I know of any section of country where there are such noble oaks and pines, but probably the company claim too much when they say that "the garden is the finest, the

most gorgeous, the richest and most varied in all the world." It seems to me that the Tuileries Gardens are richer and that the gardens in Hyde Park are more pleasing to the eye and the sense of smell. I speak of the floral display only; but I saw the foreign gardens at their best season and the Del Monte gardens in March. Flowering plants, habitats of regions below the equator, bloom freely at Del Monte throughout the winter in the open, retaining their original habit without the aid of glass.

The trees are wonderful. I carry with me not only a thermometer but a tiny tape measure, the latter in my pocket. I asked the driver to stop as we were driving through the grounds, while I measured a pine and I found that it was four and a half yards in circumference near the ground. The driver told me how tall it was, but I will not quote him as I'm not giving you "California stories." This pine was not pointed out nor did I select it for its size. There were others within a few feet of where this giant stood just as large, and for all I know there are hundreds on the ground much larger.

Of course the palm abounds, all trees of tropical growth are here; there are calla lilies for borders, violets, heliotrope, nasturtium, honeysuckle in wild profusion, and this in March, mind you. Is there ivy? "Well, rather," as an Englishman might answer such a question. A leaf now lies on my table which measures five inches across. The grounds are in charge of a skilled landscape gardner with a force of thirty-five men—English, American and Chinese.

Foreigners from other lands may rail against the Chinese as much as they please, and our legislators may be right in excluding them lest they overrun the country, but it must be said in their favor that they are a peaceful, industrious set, and there are no better servants for indoor or outdoor work. Under certain conditions, however, they are as obstinate as mules. When

you engage them you must be exceedingly careful in giving them instructions, for they will always continue to do what they are at first told to do; you cannot change their ways.

Mr. George Schönewald, manager of Hotel del Monte, while we were chatting in his office, illustrated it to me in this way: "Observe that Chinaman wiping carefully the casing of that white door. He was told when he first came here that he was to do that sort of work at this time of day, and if the heavens fall he'll do it. If I were to ask him this minute to leave that door and polish this plate glass window he might obey, but it would upset him for the day, if not for all time. If you change your mind and want the work done in a different way you had better change your Chinaman, you can't change their ways. This is the general experience with Chinese labor in California.

And this brings me to the fact that nearly all the walls and all the interior woodwork of these great buildings are painted white. The lack of color becomes a little tiresome to the eye, but one thing comforts you, it is kept white—not a mark, not a spot to mar its perfection. Chinamen are always washing either doors, windows, surbase, or whatever part of the floor is not carpeted; all is pure white except the floor of the beautiful dining-room, which is of dark English oak kept highly polished.

The series of buildings is in the modern Gothic style, the main building three hundred and fifty feet front, with a central tower eighty feet high and wings or annexes two hundred and eighty feet long, showing an entire floor area of sixteen acres. An acre or two, more or less, is nothing—in California. The bed-room in which this is written is an ordinary room here, eighteen by sixteen feet. Even the marble wash-basin is worth measuring—three feet three in circumference. Running water, gas, fireplaces; and closets built with par-

tition walls in every room. There are five hundred and ten rooms, and seven hundred people can be accommodated comfortably.

I am surprised here, as I have been elsewhere in California, at the low rates which obtain at hotels. A placard on the door of this well-furnished room, with beautiful walls and ceiling and a luxurious bed, reads: "Rate for this room, with board, for one person \$3.50; for two \$6.50. With bath-room \$4 and \$7 per day." And in the bath-room there appears to be an inexhaustible supply of boiling water. There is no charge made in the ladies' billiard room, which adjoins the parlor; no charge for use of boats on the twenty-acre lake.

If the plumbing is right, and so it appears to be, there is no trouble with the question of drainage, the ocean being at the door. The drinking water is brought from Carmel river, eighteen miles distant, in the mountains. A ton of ice per day is made on the premises. Some of the vegetables are raised near the hotel, and there is a dairy farm connected with the property measuring untold acres.

Native wines are sold at Hotel del Monte lower than I've seen them either here or abroad. It's easy to be a "swell" at Del Monte. A half bottle of Zinfandel is opened and served at table for fifteen cents, and a very good wine it is, too, so far as pleasing my palate goes. But I don't profess to be so well versed in wines as the late Sam Ward or the present Ward McAllister. There is a secret, however, in the low charge for California wine at Hotel del Monte—the company have their own vineyards. What haven't they got? They have nothing less than a Steinway concert grand in the parlor and another in the ball-room.

There's a feature that almost escaped being put down, and yet it is worthy of special mention. To the first floors in the two annexes you neither ascend nor descend any stairs; nor do you to the second floor. To

the first floor you descend an inclined hall or arcade ; to the second you ascend an inclined arcade. If you have a room even on the third floor you only walk up one flight of stairs, unless you prefer the elevator.

This is not a new idea, however. I remember being shown through an old, unused palace in Berlin which was constructed in the same way. A member of the royal house was weak in the knees from rheumatism and so was rolled on a sedan chair up and down in this way. The porter at this hotel, wheeling his truck "upstairs" loaded with trunks, reminded me of the rheumatic royalty.

In all hotels recently constructed there is an electric bell as well as an electric button in every room. If you leave word to be called in the morning, there's no rapping outside your door—rapping loud enough to awaken every sleeper near your apartment. There is an electric button in the office which connects with a bell in your room, and to this call you will respond. There is no escape from it ; you must get out of bed to stop the ringing.

The first Hotel del Monte, opened in 1880, was destroyed by fire : the new house was erected five years ago. The present manager, Mr. George Schönewald, opened the first house and superintended the construction of the second. As his name indicates, he is not to the manor born. He arrived in this country twenty-five years ago without a penny in his pocket, but with a determination to make a position for himself. There is no secret in his success. Anybody can gain success who will follow the Schönewald method. It was not "blind luck" with him, but industry, unceasing industry, directed with unusual intelligence.

Schönewald fitted himself thoroughly for his position. On his arrival in this country he decided to be a practical confectioner, and not long after he received the highest salary ever paid in the State to a confectioner. Then

he took to cooking and earned the highest salary ever paid to a cook in the State. Step by step has he moved from the very bottom round of the ladder to the management of one of the largest and finest hotels in the country.

Schönewald is a worker. He is supposed to take three meals a day, but sometimes his breakfast is not touched till late in the afternoon. From my window I have seen him driving about rapidly in a buggy before my toilet was completed; and your humble servant, as a general rule, is out of bed before seven A.M. The interests of the company first, his own comfort last, seems to be this manager's motto,

Yes, your Germans are workers. Mrs. Schönewald is her husband's helpmeet: she fills the position of housekeeper at Hotel del Monte, and that probably accounts for the bed-rooms being so comfortably furnished—a rocker here, an easy, arm-chair there, with a neat white "tidy" on the upholstered back. There's nothing like a woman's eye, a woman's thoughtfulness in providing all the tasteful etceteras which make a home comfortable and complete.

I will close with a clipping from the tourist book, "To the Golden Gate," issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad:—"The Eastern traveller coming to California's coast and failing to see 'Del Monte' has indeed missed not everything, but a goodly part."





SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

In area, Santa Cruz county is one of the smallest in California, but in resources, productiveness of soil and natural attractions it might be called the largest in the State. In its equable climate is grown almost everything indigenous to the north temperate zone.

The county is in central California, eighty miles south of San Francisco; it has a coast line of forty miles, and includes, according to the United States Government survey, 280,000 acres. So rich is it that there are not more than five thousand acres of waste land in the entire county. South of this is the Pajaro Valley, the most fertile spot of California, called "the wonder of the Pacific."

There is not much stock-raising in Santa Cruz county. The mountains, being heavily timbered, are not adapted to grazing. Nor are citrus fruits cultivated to any great extent; but the apples of Santa Cruz county are superior to any grown in the State, the quality of the wine is unsurpassed in the State, and the remarkable richness of the soil renders the cultivation of potatoes, beans, hops, sugar beets, etc., profitable to a degree unknown in less fertile sections. The vegetable products of the county form one of its most extensive industries. E. S. Harrison, a trustworthy authority in California history, calls Santa Cruz "a vegetable wonderland."

Let me illustrate the natural advantages of this region by a comparison. While riding on the Southern Pacific

railway over the Texas plains, a month ago, the traveling auditor of the company, who was on our train, surprised me by stating that the company is glad to lease its lands at four cents an acre annually. Land within a couple of miles of where this is written is leased to Chinamen for farming at fifty dollars an acre annually, and they realize from it a profit per acre of two or three hundred dollars.

The City of Santa Cruz, the principal city and county seat of the county, lies between the Pacific ocean and the northern side of Monterey bay, about eighty miles south of San Francisco. It nestles among the foot-hills of the Santa Cruz mountains, and its outskirts are bathed by the sea. The city proper has a population of six thousand five hundred, and if East Santa Cruz is included, the population is about nine thousand. The city is growing rapidly. New business houses are constantly going up, capital is coming from the East, and everywhere are evidences of a steady, healthy increase.

Santa Cruz has good railroad facilities. Two branches of the Southern Pacific run here direct. They are called the broad gauge and the narrow gauge roads. The broad gauge is an important line running through Santa Clara and Pajaro valleys, passing San José and the larger towns between San Francisco and Monterey. The narrow gauge runs from San Francisco no farther south than Santa Cruz. It is more of a local line and stops at the smaller places—places, however, of such great interest to tourists as Big Trees. The steamers of the Pacific Steamship Company plying between San Pedro (near Los Angeles), and San Francisco stop here, regularly, on their way north and south.

In writing from Hotel del Monte in Monterey, I mentioned some large oaks and pines; there are as big and still bigger trees here, or very near here, at a place appropriately named Big Trees. It is a ten minute ride

on the narrow guage road of the Southern Pacific, or an hour's drive by carriage from Santa Cruz. You need not go to Yosemite, Calaveras or Mariposa to see giants of the forest ; here they are, a grove of 320 acres, some of the trees 300 feet high and 60 feet in circumference. These figures are quoted, but I measured a few specimens myself. One about four feet from the ground was 52 feet in circumference. The interior of another, "General Fremont," had been burned out. Four persons beside myself stood inside of it, and thirty-five more, we calculated, could have found room in comfort. This measured six feet in diameter about five feet from the ground—inside measurement—the "shell" of the tree being probably a foot thick. There are dozens and scores and groups of trees in this wonderful grove, nearly as large.

The trees are of the famous California Redwood species, the wood hard as flint and very heavy. The largest specimens are named and bear tablets, "Daniel Webster," "General Grant," "General Sherman," "Ingersoll's Cathedral," etc. Under the shadow of the last named, the honorable gentleman held forth one day to an admiring audience. "Big Trees" is owned by a wealthy widow of San Francisco, Mrs. Walsh.

Powerful and proud as are these giants of the forest, some of them have been uprooted by nature's convulsions and lie humbly and horizontally on the ground. I noticed that a few of these were charred. The keeper of the grounds explained that year after year fire had been tried, but the hardy giants would not yield to flame. They are so thick and hard they won't burn as they lie. "Then why not cut them up," I suggested. "Oh!" was the answer, "lumber is worth nothing here ; it is so plentiful."

They have done a little "cutting," however. In exchange for a dime you will get a piece of red wood quite heavy enough for your satchel, or a piece of the

bark much too clumsy for your coat pocket. The bark is three or four inches thick.

This is a famous wine country. We visited the tunnels of the "Santa Cruz Mountain Wine Company," whose vineyards are visible nine miles away on the hills. The tunnels are dug out of the soft, sand-stone rock and are dark and rather cool. That is to say, the air seemed cool when compared with the atmosphere outside, but as a matter of truth, which is often stranger than fiction, the thermometer showed the temperature in the tunnels to be 52 degrees, and it remains at about that figure all the year round. There are three such tunnels, each 380 feet long, 24 feet wide, and 18 feet high. The vineyards of the company include two hundred acres.

In these deep, cool tunnels the company has stored in great vats no less than two hundred thousand gallons of wine. Bottle after bottle was opened for our party and so cheaply was it held that the glasses were freely washed with the wine—as the different kinds were tasted—port, sherries, clarets and white wines.

The claret has good body, and if you add a little water to it, as the French treat *vin ordinaire*, it makes a very good drink for a thirsty soul at the dinner table.

California Angelica has been a popular wine for twenty odd years: the Angelica produced in Santa Cruz is sweet, smooth, oily and delicious.

A brand of Sauterne so pleased my palate that I ordered twenty gallons to be shipped to New York. But I'll let you into the secret of this seemingly extravagant order; the price is only one dollar per gallon—and not Jones, but I, paid the freight. In ordering this wine I was guided first, by my own taste—it has delicious flavor; secondly, I felt assured that it was absolutely pure. The grapes are here, on the spot, ship loads of them, in the season, and there's no incentive for adulteration.

The well-kept roads and fine drives about Santa Cruz

are not its least attractive feature. One of them you can take from the shore, driving over a bridge of the San Lorenzo river, passing among other places the twin lakes, on the borders of which are the summer home and settlement of the Christian Church. You keep the mountains in view all the way, and a turn here or there shows you the city, the bay, or the ocean.

The three-mile cliff drive, passing Phelan Park, takes you immediately above the rock-bound shore of the Pacific, where you see giant crags upon which the everlasting waves have had their effect. Some of the rocks stand off from the shore twenty and fifty feet, and through these the powerful waves have worked great holes, through which the waters rush with a tumultuous roar, dashing their spray far above. These "natural bridges" would be considered a rare sight if they were the only feature of this scene, and would attract people from a distance, but where there is so much to admire and astonish, they are only one among the many marvels that here make an embarrassment of pictorial riches.

The city has three banks, good public schools and water-works; it is sewered to the ocean, it has electric cars, fine public buildings, and two flourishing newspapers, the *Sentinel* and the *Surf*. Good society is not lacking, and beautiful homes abound. Major McLaughlin's fine Gothic villa cost \$70,000; the residence of Mayor Bowman commands beautiful views of the bay and the town; the home of William Kerr, two miles out of the city, is a handsome structure in the Queen Anne style, having two wide entrances and bay windows, affording extensive views of the valley and bay. Mrs. P. B. Fagen's house on Mission street, one of the principal residential streets, attracts the attention of all passers-by. Other pretty homes are those of D. K. Abeel, R. Bernheim, Mr. Glover and Mrs. E. J. Green.

Mr. J. Philip Smith, a New York capitalist, who has travelled far and wide and who passes much of his time in Europe and New York, came here with his family four years ago, bought a two-acre site upon which a fine house stood and this he enlarged and reconstructed, laying out the grounds in a tasteful way, making it one of the handsomest residences in Santa Cruz. It has a high and enviable position near the Sea Beach Hotel.

It reminds you at once upon entering it of a Parisian interior and on closer examination you are not surprised to learn that many of the things of beauty which adorn the rooms had a French origin. The Smiths are great travellers and in their journeyings about the world have "picked up" any number of art works and curios which now find an appropriate resting place.

One of the finest views here, one of the most beautiful of its kind in the State probably, is to be had from Logan Heights, the estate of Judge J. H. Logan. Judge Logan is president of the Santa Cruz Co. Bank and one of the most esteemed citizens of this section. The house not imposing architecturally, stands on a mesa or plateau of about twenty acres, in which beautiful roses and other choice flowers bloom the year round. From this elevated position a series of bird's-eye views are spread out before you, the extent, beauty and variety of which are not easily described.

At this point you are two hundred feet above the Pacific ocean. Immediately below, in the foreground, is the whole city of Santa Cruz, with its high school, its gardens, reservoirs, depot, hotels, and its church spires. To your left, eastward, are the villages Soquel and Aptos, famous lumber centres. A few miles further off in the same direction, glistens Monterey bay, backed by the Santa Cruz mountains.

Southward, beyond the city at your feet, winds the bay of Monterey. Look twenty miles further south, and, in this clear atmosphere, you see the sleepy old

town of Monterey with the mountains as a background for the picture.

To your right, westward, is the ocean again—together, forming a number of diversified and beautiful pictures.

There are a number of good hotels at Santa Cruz. The leading house is the Sea Beach Hotel, of which Mr. John T. Sullivan is the lessee. He has furnished it in good style and it is well appointed.

Viewed either from the heights or from the shore, above which it stands nearly one hundred feet, it is a picturesque place, with beautifully terraced grounds, gracefully sloping to the beach and ornamented by flowers of every description. Every room in the Sea Beach has hot and cold running water, electric lights and call bells. The parlor is on the main floor, in the corner round tower of the building, and, with its many windows, is uncommonly pleasing. Through or from these windows you get the best features of the scenery hereabouts, from the tasteful flower gardens of the hotel grounds to Loma Prieta and the mountains in the distance, or to Monterey, beyond the bay in the foreground.

The leading commercial hotel is the Pacific Ocean House, located on the principal thoroughfare in the centre of the city. It has all modern improvements as well as large, pleasant sample rooms. Mr. John T. Sullivan is the proprietor of this hotel also, which is all that need be said in reference to the excellence of its management. Mr. Sullivan is not unknown to New York. He was a tried friend of Horace Greeley's and a trusted officer under Hon. Thomas L. James in the New York Post-office, in which place he rose after faithful service of fifteen years to be superintendent of the newspaper department. Mr. Sullivan has been in Santa Cruz only five or six years. I saw a modest little two-story building in which he started here, "keeping board-

ers," and he is now interested in the two leading hotels of the town, as part proprietor of one and full proprietor of the other, with the prospect of making his fortune. With success Mr. Sullivan has made many staunch friends, among them the mayor of the town, judges, bank presidents and other leading citizens.

The steamship landing is nearer the Sea Beach Hotel than it is to any other house; the broad guage station is quite convenient to the hotel, and the narrow guage station five minutes walk around the corner. Santa Cruz is attractive in winter, But in summer it must be delightful.



NATURAL BRIDGE, SANTA CRUZ.

PASADENA.

People who care more for comfort than for great "style," who prefer a quiet, home-like, family house to one of noise and bustle, those who are seeking health, pure air and out-door life with grand views rather than the music, dancing and entertainments of a fashionable hotel may jot down as a memorandum "The Painter Hotel, at Pasadena, Cal," thirty-five minutes by train from Los Angeles and fifteen minutes by "free 'bus" from passenger station.

It is a new house, was built in '88; it accommodates seventy-five boarders, and is owned and kept by J. H. Painter's Sons. The house is airy, the bedrooms are comfortably (not luxuriously) furnished, the parlor is pleasant, the class of guests select, the table is well provided, and at once, let me say, ere the important fact escapes me, the rates are remarkably low for the nice appointments and good fare supplied—only \$2.50 per day for transient guests, and from \$12.50 to \$17.50 per week to season boarders, for people come to stay for a month or so—some spend the whole winter here. The house is open the year round, it being pleasant in summer as well as in winter. It is a mountainous district, and the ocean, from which come soft winds in summer, is only thirty minutes' distant in a south and south-westerly direction.

Yes, and here are two more facts—Pasadena is one thousand feet above the sea, and the Painter Hotel, which is one and a half miles from the centre of the town, stands on the highest point hereabouts.

The grounds comprised in the property include ten acres, upon which the owners grow their own fruits for the table—peaches, apricots, raisins, prunes, etc.

Do you want to visit the town? Street cars pass the door of the Painter. And if you want a view it will "pay" you to climb up to the roof of the hotel, where there is an observatory. Three miles off is the Raymond Hotel, plain to your view in this clear atmosphere. On one side is the San Bernardino range of mountains, on the other the Sierra Madre range. You may see San Jacinto, ninety miles away, also Wilson's Peak, upon which the new observatory, with its powerful lens, is to be placed; and beautiful San Gabriel valley is spread out immediately beneath you, a feature of which, at this writing, are acres of large, orange-hued poppies, so bright that you could almost imagine them aflame, especially if the wind is blowing, thus giving vibration to the thin, delicate leaves.

The drives are a most delightful feature:—to the city proper, with its wide avenues of beautiful residences, to San Gabriel mission, and to "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch, a pleasant afternoon drive.

Those who are planning a winter or spring tour will thank me for suggesting a visit to the Painter House, but if people demand "style," if they would dance to orchestral music; if they demand great size in a dining-room and grandeur in the drawing-room, and they are willing to pay for it, all these are also obtainable here, or rather at East Pasadena, which is only three miles distant; eight miles from Los Angeles. And the price, \$4.50 per day, \$21 to \$28 per week, is reasonable considering what you get for the money.

Reference is made to the great Raymond Hotel, which was built in 1886, where they have a bar, as well as billiards and bowling; elevator, electric lights, a reception-room, music-room, grand parlor, and a dining-room which accommodates three hundred persons.

From your seat at table you see "Old Baldy" looming above the clouds eleven thousand feet and snow-covered ten months out of the twelve, looking like a great sugar-loaf and recalling the Jungfrau, near Interlaken, Switzerland.

Like the dining-room of its modest neighbor, the Painter Hotel, every table in the Raymond is decorated daily with fresh flowers plucked from the hotel grounds—this is "winter," mind you. The grounds of the Raymond cover a space of fifty-four acres, so there is no lack of fruit (oranges, lemons, etc.), to say nothing of the roses, blue bells, honeysuckle, dandelions, heliotropes and violets which may be picked *ad libitum*—if you don't regard the painted signs.

A view from one of the Raymond's verandas is not much unlike that from the front steps of the Grand Hotel in the Catskills, only the former is far more extensive.

The proprietor of the Raymond is W. Raymond, of Raymond's Vacation Excursions, Boston, and the manager is M. C. Wentworth of Wentworth Hall, in the White Mountains. The post-office address is East Pasadena, Cal.

Orange Grove avenue and Marengo avenue and the paths in the grounds leading to the houses are lined with luxurious fan palm trees, interspersed with great cacti and not a few century plants, which it is proven here bloom much oftener than once in a hundred years. The calla lily, that delicate plant which is so tenderly cared for in the East that the flower is wrapped in cotton wool, here grows in such profusion that it is used for hedges. You will see fields of "callas" at Pasadena, raised for shipment to large cities. The whole of Pasadena is like one immense garden, a garden city indeed.

PASADENA COTTAGES.—You would scarcely credit it, so I won't tell you, that some of the "cottages" in this

new place are as large and elaborate as those on the New Jersey coast, between Seabright and Elberon, and some of them would not look out of place alongside of the grand Newport "cottages."

Mr. Kernaghan, editor of the *Pasadena Star*, has a fine home here. One of the prettiest places belongs to and is occupied by Mrs. Kimball, the widowed daughter of Rufus Hatch of New York.

Charles Frederick Holder, formerly of New York, came out here six years ago for his health, and having obtained it has made this his home. He has a cozy cottage on Orange Grove avenue in which is his study, where you may find him at his ease, wearing a short black velvet coat or smoking jacket.

Mr. Holder is a journalist and littérateur, a frequent contributor to current magazines and leading newspapers. He has published two or three brochures on Pasadena. One of his contributions concerning this section was an illustrated article which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. It was entitled "The Rose Tournament," and described a beautiful ceremony which takes place here annually, on New Year's day. Mr. Holder's style is finished and scholarly and his language choice, with no waste of words. Being a man of cultivated taste, with a rare poetic fancy, he is at home here, when treating of this lovely country with its wealth of fruits and flowers.

Among others who have built houses and who occupy country seats at Pasadena is Governor Markham, of California. A Mr. Nemes has a lovely ten-acre place, and with it a generous heart. A sign placed conspicuously outside his gates reads as follows: "All are welcome to drive through these private grounds and groves. Eastern tourists are each invited to pluck one orange."

Some people talk of the winter months in California as "the rainy season." This may be an old story, told of what was the case years ago. It certainly is not true to-day. Examining the records, I find that from

January 5 to February 1 of this year there was no rain at all in Pasadena, and in all of that time there were but two cloudy days—January 23 and January 28.

I have been in Southern California now for about three weeks and have seen it rain only on two days and one night—two days in Los Angeles and one night, for one hour, at Coronado Beach.

I don't advise you to throw away your umbrella, as did a tourist from Colorado when coming here, but my experience would show that there is very little use for such an article in Southern California, even in what used to be called "the rainy season."



LOS ANGELES.

If you are going from Los Angeles to San Diego, or vice versa, don't go by boat unless you have a great affection for the sea. First, you must change at San Pedro, from cars to boat; second, the waterway occupies much more time; but what is most important, if you go by rail, over the Sante Fé route, you get magnificent and diversified views of the ocean, close views of foot hills and distant views of snow-capped mountains. You pass through a fertile country, see picturesque cottages, large sheep and cattle ranches, and great rifts in the mountains that make you smile when you think of "gaps" in the east, which are so widely advertised. The train skirts the edge of the sea for scores of miles and recalls similar scenic features of land and water which you admire in travelling from Aberdeen to Ballater over the "Great North of Scotland Railway," a pretty little road with a big sounding name. If you should have to stop on a switch, or for a "heated journal," for five or ten minutes, you can step off the car platform and in a few minutes you can gather a large bouquet of sweet, wild flowers, among them fragrant "mignonette" as they call it here. Southern California might well be named the land of flowers, and this branch of the Sante Fé is entitled to be called by that much abused term, picturesque.

FLORIDA ORANGES "BEATEN." — I wrote last season about some Florida oranges which were shown to me at the Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville. The largest of them, if I remember aright, measured thirteen inches in cir-

cumference and weighed twenty-three ounces. I asked, "who can beat these?" They are "beaten." This morning I weighed an orange in Los Angeles which turned the beam at thirty-three ounces and which measured nineteen and one-quarter inches. This particular orange was light for its size, because it was not quite ripe nor "full" when picked. It came from George Bunce's grove (pray do not print this "grave") at Rivera, a small town nine miles from Los Angeles. The grove was only set out in 1888. All the oranges on the tree from which this one was picked were as large and as heavy as the one described, but there were only three of them.

All the ticket brokers' offices, all the fruit stores, sugar shops and all the shops of small traders and of places patronized by men have their doors and windows thrown open during business hours. No "protection" from the weather is needed. It is never cold enough for closed doors or windows in the daytime. Nor are some of these places of business closed even at night except by strong iron-wire netting covering the fronts of the stores. This open feature strikes a visitor as very strange at first, but one soon becomes accustomed to it. All through the winter open street cars are used.

Four years ago, when the Los Angeles boom was at its height, the foundation was laid near Main street for what was intended to be the largest hotel in the United States. There it stood and there it stands to-day (the foundation), the bricks appearing just one foot above the ground level. These bricks enclose a space of two acres. Pullman, of sleeping-car fame, was one of those interested, and he says that the idea has not been entirely abandoned. The idea may yet exist but the open lots and the brick foundation look very lonesome. Meanwhile Mr. O. T. Johnson erected a very handsome hotel, The Westminster, on the corner of Main and Fourth streets, which will accommodate two hundred and fifty guests. The site of the Westminster is choice;

the house contains all the modern improvements; it is well furnished and well patronized.

As I write, in my bedroom of the Westminster Hotel, looking north I can see, without rising from my seat, great high mountains covered with snow. They present a most beautiful picture in this clear atmosphere, with the sun shining upon them.

That "cranky critic," as the New York *Hotel Gazette* calls Max O'Rell, would be suited at the Westminster Hotel. O'Rell complains because in American hotels guests have regular seats; that each person upon entering the dining-room is not allowed to sit just where he pleases. The contrary is the rule in the hotel mentioned. A notice is prominently posted near the elevator which reads: "Positively no seats reserved in the dining-room." The waiters are young, intelligent American girls of a good class, some from New York and some from Nebraska, all uniformed in white. They look neat and clean, are alert to take an order and quick in serving it.

Strawberry short-cake was part of the dessert at today's luncheon in the Hotel Westminster. Fresh-picked strawberries are served every morning for breakfast. Not a dozen or two small, hard berries, such as I have seen served for a "portion" at hotel tables in Florida during February, but a saucerful for each guest of large, ripe berries that have a delicious flavor. Strawberry ice-cream was on the dinner menu—the cream made, not from "strawberry flavoring," but of the honest fruit. Fresh peas and Lima beans figure on the bill, also oranges in profusion, picked from the groves hard by.

All the way between New Orleans, La., and Los Angeles, Cal., on the Southern Pacific railroad, you pay five to ten cents each for oranges; as soon as you reach Los Angeles, boys with baskets of the golden fruit swarm about the cars crying out, "Oranges, three for a

nickel, six for a dime." If you have a little patience you will hear, "Oranges, eight for a dime," and if you wait till the train is about to start you can get ten for a dime. Possibly after you are out of hearing they are sold at ten cents a dozen.



"THE CALIFORNIA," IN SAN FRANCISCO.

California being one of the largest of these United States, the Californians thought that their chief city should have large hotels, so they built in San Francisco the Baldwin House, the Lick House, the Occidental and larger than any of these, the Palace Hotel, "larger than any hotel in existence," it is claimed. Whether this claim is well founded or not, the Palace is large enough to suit the most extravagant American ideas. It occupies three acres of ground. It has seven hundred and fifty-five bedrooms; number of rooms all told, ten hundred and fifteen.

But with the growth of the State and the growth of culture and good taste, Californians and tourists from other States demanded something above and beyond mere size; and so two years ago was erected "The California." There are several "California Hotels" in San Francisco, in fact, an old house directly opposite the California now calls itself "The New California," probably because the name is new. So many houses with names near alike give trouble to the Post-office people, but the title of the house of which I write is simply "The California."

It is in a central and accessible part of the city—in Bush street, just off Kearney street, which runs nearly parallel with Market, being not far from the *Chronicle* building, which with its great clock tower running up hundreds of feet in the air, serves as a finger or sign-post from many parts of the city.

The front is of cedar-colored sandstone, and with its modern, low-arched entrances and high, round towers,

is uncommonly pleasing to the eye. There are one hundred and forty rooms in the house, and it is nine stories high, the higher floors being most desirable. The light is better as you ascend, and the views from the windows across the bay and the Golden Gate are a constant delight. From my bedroom window I can plainly see the graceful movements of the white squadron, which, with the green hills in the far distance make a magnificent picture. The California was erected by "an estate," and the estate considered not the expense. They started out with the idea to build a hotel as near perfection as possible, and they succeeded.

Every known precaution is taken against fire. It was the intention from the first to build a house as proof against fire as men, money and materials could make it. Scientists were consulted as to sanitation and plumbing, and to these points special thought and attention were given. Such luxurious fittings in marble and silver plate I have never seen surpassed, if equalled; not even in my recent ten-thousand-mile tour through the South and West, and I have visited hotels that cost all the way from one to three millions of dollars.

Instead of marble and brass, which are used so freely in large American hotels, rare and beautiful woods prevail in decorating the interior of the new house. The ground floor is finished in quartered oak, the second in bird's-eye maple, the third and fourth in sycamore, the fifth and sixth in red birch, and the seventh, eighth and ninth in oak. The wood was cut, carved and polished especially for the building, and is of the most exquisitely beautiful grain.

Max O'Rell would be pleased. Printed rules are not posted on all the bedroom doors; it would be an act of vandalism to thrust a nail into hard wood of such high polish and beautiful grain. The furniture and carpets harmonize in colors and are very rich: there seems to have been no thought of economy. The bedrooms are

furnished as you would furnish your own apartment, provided you had a large bank account. They only lack pictures, mantel ornaments and such dainty etce-teras, as you find, for instance, in the bedrooms of Long's Hotel in London, to give them a finished, home-like and elegant air.

Some idea as to the extent to which this wood decoration is carried, may be gained when it is told that the wood used to decorate the parlor and music-room cost six thousand dollars, and yet they are small apartments when compared, say, with those of the Windsor Hotel, New York.

The music-room adjoins the parlor, and is only separated from it by a pair of portières. It is circular, with a frescoed dome. It is only twenty-four feet in diameter; but a veritable bijou is this music-room. It has tables and a cabinet of onyx, pieces of statuary and bronze, two piano lamps and a pedestal upon which stands a vase decorated with scenes painted by a French artist. The vase itself is three feet high. There are two semi-circular upholstered recesses in this room curtained in front. Occasionally these recesses are put to a very good use. I have seen young couples, a modern Claude and Pauline, engaged in very close conversation behind the curtains, whispering "soft nothings" to each other. "Soft" without doubt were the words spoken, and, so far as I heard, they amounted to nothing.

In the central front wall of this room there is a window, and pendant in this window is a colored lamp in which electric light is continually burning. There are similar lamps hanging in each of the cozy recesses—the scene, with its Moorish surroundings, reminding you of an Oriental synagogue, in which there is a similar lamp, and in which, according to Jewish custom in public places of worship, the light is never allowed to go out. Of electric lamps, there are twenty-five hundred in the house.

There is a ladies' waiting-room which is strictly reserved for ladies ; there is a ladies' billiard-room, as well as one for gentlemen ; there is a banqueting-room for public dinners at the top of the house, and at the bottom of the house there are cellars which contain a stock of choice wines valued at twenty thousand dollars.

The European plan is gaining in popularity in this country. When you proceed to write your name on the register at the Palace Hotel the clerk asks, "European or American plan?" At the California no such question is propounded ; it is kept entirely on the European plan.

But they have a restaurant which is a feature, if not the feature of the house. It measures 120 x 30 feet, it has tiled floor, mirrored walls, beautifully decorated ceilings and countless electric lamps. During the dinner hour a band, stationed in a half-hidden gallery at the end of the restaurant, performs music that is properly called pleasing—light selections which suggest good cheer, and which no doubt aid digestion. The restaurant is entered from the street as well as from the interior, and such is its popularity that it is patronized by many people who are not otherwise guests of the house.

It is equal in style of service to any café I know of—to the Café Savarin or the Brunswick in New York ; in fact, the manager, A. F. Kinzler, is a son of Francis Kinzler of the Brunswick.

The question of moustached waiters was easily settled at the California. They are skilled and experienced French and Swiss waiters, and there was no demur to the order, shave the upper lip.

SALT LAKE CITY.

On the last Sunday of September 1890, I was one among the five thousand people who enjoyed the masterly eloquence of Spurgeon at his Tabernacle in London; to-day, Monday, I was in the Mormon Tabernacle, where a conference was being held, and in which were gathered as many people as the great building would hold,—seated and standing, twelve thousand.

Several Mormon elders held forth, but what they said did not particularly interest me. It was, for the most part, a defense of their form of "religion," and they claimed they had a right, in this free country, to teach and practice their peculiar doctrine.

The acoustic properties of this great edifice are excellent; I tested them in different parts of the house, and heard almost every word that was said by the several speakers. Each spoke but for a short time, ten or fifteen minutes.

The most interesting part of Monday's "session" to my mind was the musical part, a chorus of two hundred and fifty male and female voices singing to the rich and powerful tones of what is claimed to be the largest organ but one in the world.

A strange feature of the assemblage was the great number of young children and babes in arms; the crowd of baby carriages in the halls and entrances being very noticeable.

The exterior of the Tabernacle, from its oval shape, is often likened to half an egg bisected lengthwise;

to me it looks like a tortoise, with its low curved roof and its remarkably short pillars, only a few feet apart.

But it is a mammoth tortoise, 250 x 150 feet, with not a column nor a pillar to obstruct the view—the largest span of unsupported wooden roof in the world.

The Temple in Salt Lake City, the corner-stone of which was laid on the twelfth of April, 1853, is, like the municipal buildings in Philadelphia, the City Hall in San Francisco and the Cathedral in Cologne, still unfinished, although \$3,500,000 has been expended in its construction so far. The Temple's dimensions are 200 x 100 feet.

It is built entirely of granite. The towers are beautiful. When completed they will be 200 feet high. A marble slab 12 x 3 feet is inserted in the centre tower. Upon that slab appears this inscription in gold letters:

“Holiness to the Lord, the house of the Lord. Built by the Church of Jesus Christ, of latter-day saints. Commenced April 6, 1853. Completed”—space is left under the word “completed” in which to insert the date, but that space may not be filled during the next quarter of a century.

The first blocks of granite for the building were hauled from the quarries, a distance of twenty miles, by oxen, but for many years past the granite has been brought to the city by a railroad planned originally by Mormons.

Salt Lake, on account of its unpaved streets, must be miserable as a place of residence. In wet weather the mud in the streets is from six inches to two feet deep, and in dry weather the dust is intolerable. It is probably not quite so bad in these respects as Key West, Florida, but it is always disagreeable enough. Yet the city is well laid out; all the streets are over one hundred feet wide; there is a good system of electric street-cars, and

there are many fine granite and brick business blocks. Salt Lake has an evident air of prosperity. Its population has more than doubled in the past ten years. In 1880 it was 20,000 ; in 1890 45,000.

Brigham street, the Fifth avenue of Salt Lake, contains not a few private residences of which any city might be proud.

The leading hotel is "The Templeton," owned by a company of which D. C. Young is president. The manager of the hotel is Alonzo Young. The president and the manager are both sons of Brigham Young, but are half brothers only. Brigham sleeps with a couple of his wives in a cemetery a few hundred feet from the hotel.

The Templeton is new and substantial, but it was not erected for a hotel, and it lacks some conveniences which you expect to find. It is better adapted for an office building, which was its original purpose.

The dining-room is on the top floor, as is the dining-room of the Auditorium in Chicago, and the Vendome in New York, and as is the kitchen of the Windsor Hotel in London.

From this room in the Templeton, if you secure a choice seat, you get most magnificent views. You are surrounded by snow-covered mountains, and to the west you see the principal buildings of the city—the Mormon Tabernacle, the Temple and the Assembly Hall, all enclosed and fenced within a ten-acre lot.

We were unfortunate in the time of our visit to Salt Lake. The city was crowded on account of the Mormon conference and all the hotels were full. At the Templeton they had an insufficient number of waiters and they served saucers of ice cream on warm plates.

I had occasion to look at the city directory of Salt Lake and in turning over the leaves I noticed that there are living no less than nine widows of the lamented apostle of Mormonism, Brigham Young.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

SARATOGA is lavishly endowed by nature with all the attributes of a popular resort. Situated at a high altitude, among the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, its climate is delightful, the air pure, dry, and bracing, the evening deliciously cool, even in the dog-days. A beautiful, rolling country, charmingly diversified by hills, valleys, and streams, stretches for miles on every side, affording delightful walks and drives ; its mineral springs possess wonderful curative powers. A prominent physician once told me that he secured more real substantial benefit from one week in Saratoga than from a month's stay at any other resort, and there are hundreds of others ready to endorse this opinion.

It has been said that nature is responsible for only one-half the beauties of Saratoga, the rest being due to man's agency ; and this is undoubtedly true. Art has taken hold of nature's raw material and transformed it into a veritable paradise. Its boulevards and parks are the delight of all visitors ; its hotels rank among the largest and best in the world. Saratoga has become within a few years the great summer capital of America. It is the centre each season of the highest social, educational, and political gatherings. The broad piazzas of its vast hotels present a panorama of the best and most varied types of our leisurely classes, reinforced by thousands of the affluent citizens of other lands. The season reaches its height during the race meeting, which usually opens the latter part of July, and continues through August. During that time the capacity of the hotels is taxed to the utmost, and the streets and avenues are filled with gay throngs of pedestrians, and an apparently

endless procession of handsome equipages, presenting a brilliant spectacle.

But Saratoga is not given up altogether to people of fashion. It is also the resort of a very large number of people in moderate circumstances, and for them it offers a wide range of accommodations. Boarders are received in scores of private families at reasonable prices, and it is not at all necessary to go to a hotel, unless you prefer hotel life. Excellent accommodations are obtainable at from seven to twelve dollars a week. Saratoga also enjoys the advantage of an unsurpassed railroad service. During the season the New York Central runs nine fast trains at convenient hours, daily, each way, between Saratoga and New York, and every Saturday afternoon a special limited train takes visitors to Saratoga to spend Sunday, returning to New York at an early hour Monday morning. All these trains are run on a fast schedule, and they are equipped with Wagner drawing-room, buffet, and smoking cars of the latest and most luxurious pattern. Saratoga is also reached promptly and conveniently from the West by the same railroad line (New York Central) with its many daily fast express trains, via Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Rochester, by direct connections at Schenectady and Albany.

Notwithstanding the many new attractions in the many new places of resort, Saratoga Springs, without "booming" by the railway people, without large advertising or special effort by the hotel-keepers, holds its own not only as "the Queen of American Spas," but undoubtedly as the most popular summer resort in America, as it has been for a century, more or less.

As to the famous hotels of Saratoga, it may be of interest to say that the "Union," as it was then called, was opened in the year 1800, "Congress Hall" in 1812, the first "States" in 1824.

The old "States" was built and kept by Judge Marvin, who died in 1852. Let me hasten to say that I had not the honor of his personal acquaintance, but I have met his

brother, the Hon. James M. Marvin, who was his partner and who still owns an interest in the property. He has reached the ripe age of eighty-three, and is still hale and hearty.

Here is some more history, ancient, if not interesting. The old house was destroyed by fire in 1865, the present large and fine structure was built in 1873 and opened in the following year. The firm of Ainsworth, Tompkins & Perry built this house, and they kept it. Ainsworth is dead; Tompkins and Perry are very much alive, the firm of proprietors to-day being Tompkins, Gage & Perry—Hiram Tompkins, William B. Gage, and Dr. J. L. Perry. And here are a couple of personal items—Mr. Gage, of the present firm, married a daughter of the Hon. James M. Marvin, and Dr. Perry, aforesaid, wedded a daughter of Judge Marvin, so the “proprietorship,” as it is called, and the ownership also, if not somewhat mixed, are both in the family. The father of the present Dr. Perry was a physician before him, practising in what was then the village of Saratoga.

I have for years called “the States” “the model hotel of the world,” and this opinion is shared by many experienced hotel men, among them no less a celebrity in the business than James H. Breslin.

There are many works of art in the broad halls, in the magnificent writing-room where men congregate, and in the cosy sitting-rooms set apart more especially for the softer sex. The collection is large and valuable.

American hotels may be methodical, but their methods as a rule are superior to those of the European houses. In the elevator I was ascending late, one night, and I complained of the slow rate at which the car was rising. “Its pace,” I remarked to the man in the lift, “reminds me of the lift at Charing Cross Hotel,” and I got this explanation: “After half-past ten at night, sir, our orders are to go at half-speed; full speed might disturb the early sleepers.” This of itself gives some idea of the careful way in which “the States” is managed.



LAKE IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

THE Adirondack Mountains occupy an area of about one hundred square miles in the north-eastern part of New York State, lying in the counties of Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, St. Lawrence, Franklin, Clinton, Essex, and Warren. Over the greater part of this extensive tract stretch magnificent forests of pine, spruce, fir, and hemlock, many of whose recesses have never been trodden by mortal foot.

In the cool depths of these forests, and in the valleys between the mountains, are hundreds of beautiful lakes, varying considerably in size, many of them connected by tiny streams just wide enough to permit the passage of a small boat—links in the grand system of carries and portages by which this entire region is traversed with unerring step by the experienced woodsman.

Their waters of crystal purity teem with all manner of

gamy fish,—brook- and salmon-trout, pickerel, pike, and that chief delight of anglers, the black bass. Deer, moose, otter, beaver, and all kinds of small game are abundant, and by a wise provision of legislation, limiting the quantity of game to be taken out of the woods by sportsmen, the supply is in no danger of being exhausted.

Although within a comparatively short distance of New York and Brooklyn, until recently the charms of the Adirondacks were familiar only to a few ardent sportsmen, who went there year after year for trout and venison, and who, knowing they had "a good thing," kept very quiet about it. But gradually people began to find out what there was away up there in the mountains, and the masses learned to love the cool forests, the sparkling brooks, and grand lakes, so that to-day the region has truly become "The Nation's Pleasure Ground and Sanitarium." Hotels have sprung up in all directions, and the accommodations and rates for entertainment are sufficiently varied to suit all tastes and all pocket-books.

The railroads, of course, especially the New York Central, have been the prime factors in this development, and now, with the completion of Dr. Webb's road, the new Adirondack & St. Lawrence Line, extending for nearly two hundred miles through the very heart of the wilderness, every resort or camping-place of consequence is rendered easily accessible.

There are many gateways or entrances to the North Woods, and it would take a good sized volume to describe them all in detail, but the principle ones are, viz. :

Via Herkimer and the Adirondack & St. Lawrence Line to Fulton Chain, Raquette Lakes, Paul Smith's, Saranac and Tupper Lakes.

Via Saratoga and the Adirondack Railroad to Luzerne and North Creek.

Via Lake Champlain and Westport to Au Sable Chasm, Elizabethtown, and Keene Valley.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is, of

course, the initial line ; all routes to the Adirondacks lead over it. The average cost of an excursion ticket to the different prominent resorts is from \$10.00 to \$15.00. Warm clothing should be taken, but as little of it as possible, especially if you contemplate camping out. Wear good, stout, broad-soled shoes, not boots, and do not have hob-nails in them, as they ruin a boat. For fishing it will be necessary to have a strong fly rod, say eight ounces, about ten or ten and a half feet long, with plain click reel, filled with thirty-five or forty yards of water-proof silk line ; half a dozen stout leaders, and two or three dozen flies on No. 6 or 8 sproat. Take bait hooks, and a few gangs for lake trout trolling.

Thus equipped, enter the woods, leaving behind all thoughts of shop or office, all considerations of the humdrum affairs of ordinary, every-day life, and give yourself unreservedly to the delights of fishing and exploring. My word for it, you will emerge at the end of your vacation with improved lungs, improved health generally, and a fresh stock of energy.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE very name, Thousand Islands, conjures up visions of romantic novelty and loveliness, and this is one of the very few instances where "fancy does not beggar facts and throw over them the rags of disappointment."

The name is in some respects a misnomer, for there are nearly two thousand of these islands altogether, ranging in size from a surface a few yards in extent to an area of several acres.

They are scattered in profusion for a distance of forty miles, between Cape Vincent and Morristown. As a summer resort, the region of the St. Lawrence is rapidly assuming that distinction in popular estimation to which superior advantages justly entitle it. The climate is dry, cool, and refreshing, the surroundings picturesque, the facilities for boating unexcelled; while to the enthusiastic fisherman it is a veritable Paradise, where bass and pickerel and the mighty muskallonge roam in countless numbers.

The usual mode of travelling here is, of course, by boat; consequently a good deal of attention has been paid to model and build, and the St. Lawrence skiffs have become world-renowned. Boat-building on the river has become an established industry, forming the principal winter occupation of most of the guides. As the materials cost them little and the boats command good prices, they make a handsome profit on every sale.

The more luxurious of these boats are carpeted, have nickel and brass fittings, and are polished like a piano. They are beautiful to the eye and lack nothing in comfortable appointments.

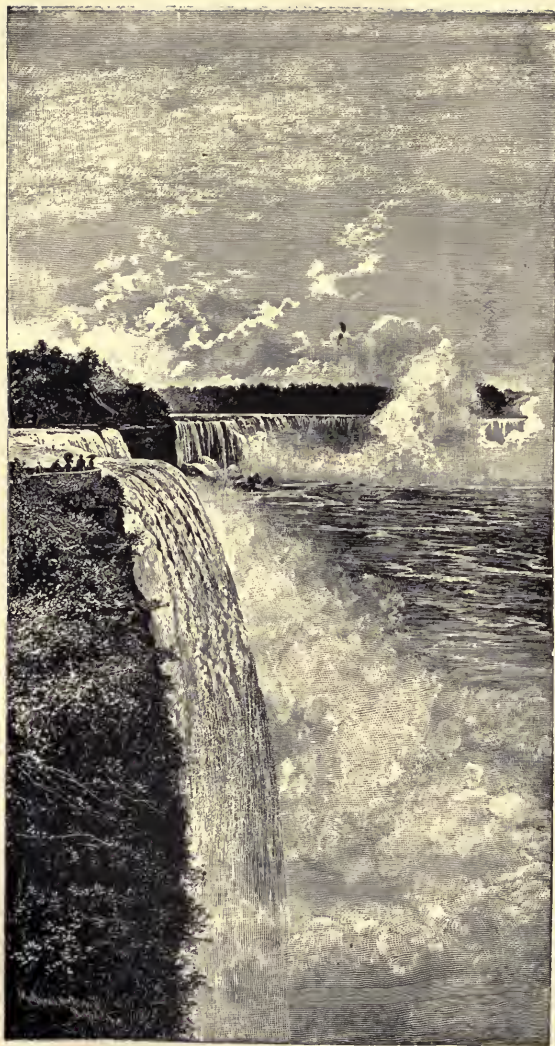
The St. Lawrence guides are not only expert sailors, but

good cooks as well, and it is astonishing what an excellent meal they will get up with the limited means at command. In fact, I think an island dinner is one of the most enjoyable features of a trip to the St. Lawrence.

The principal points of resort among the islands are Clayton, the railroad terminus ; Round Island, the site of the Frontenac Hotel ; Thousand Island Park, the extensive camp-meeting resort of the Methodists ; Central Park (Cottage Hotel) and Alexandria Bay, where are located the famous Crossmon House and the Thousand Island House. Alexandria Bay, from its central position in the very heart of the Thousand Island region, and from the vast improvements that have sprung up as if by magic within the past five years, both on the islands and in the mainland, has achieved a wide reputation.

The Thousand Islands probably enjoys the best train service of any resort of equal prominence in the world. During the season the New York Central runs several through fast trains daily between New York and Clayton, and last year a special car was attached to its lightning Empire State Express for the accommodation of travellers over this route.





NIAGARA FALLS FROM PROSPECT POINT.

NIAGARA FALLS.

A FAMOUS writer has said, "No place in the civilized world offers such attractions as Niagara, and yet they can never be fully known except to those who see them, from the utter impossibility of describing such scenes. When motion can be expressed by color, then, and only then, can Niagara be described."

My first visit to Niagara was made in my teens, when, I do not hesitate now to admit, I could not appreciate its wondrous beauty. I saw nothing but a great lot of water rushing madly over the precipice, and, like the Irishman, I said to myself, "What's to hinder it?" But I have been there many times since, and each visit has only increased my sense of the surpassing grandeur and majesty of the scene.

The great features of Niagara you will find ever the same, but their individual expression is constantly changing. With every season, with every sunbeam or passing cloud, they assume a different appearance, and evoke new admiration.

The great cataract, supposed by many to be the single absorbing feature of Niagara, is really only one of a multitude of attractions. "It's tossing rapids, its milk-white waves, its rainbow-tinted spray in the opal light of morning, the crimson and gold of the sunset and under the mysterious glamour of the moon," possess for me equal powers of fascination.

When Father Hennepin first saw Niagara Falls, he discovered the greatest natural wonder in the world, and those early pioneers who started a settlement here in the faith that this spot was susceptible of expansion into prominence

and popularity as a resort for tourists, displayed no astonishing foresight, but simply exercised the most ordinary faculty of common sense ; for how could so healthful and beautiful a place, encompassing within its borders the most sublime masterpiece of the Creator's handiwork, lack appreciation.

The village of Niagara is most charming in many ways and undoubtedly healthful. The air is invigorating ; the atmosphere, constantly acted upon by the rushing water and the spray, is kept pure and fresh ; good roads extend in every direction, and hotel accommodations are ample and excellent. In order to "do the Falls" thoroughly, you should stay here at least a week, although perseverance and a stout pair of legs can get over a good deal of the ground in less time. The chief points of interest, aside from the Falls themselves, are Luna and Goat Islands, the Three Sister Islands, the Rapids, the Whirlpool, and the Cave of the Winds. The last named is an opening directly behind the great American Fall. The cave is one hundred and fifty feet wide, one hundred feet high, and is approached by a little bridge, two feet wide, over which the visitor must pass. This is a little terrifying at first, but the guide is very positive in his assurances that this seemingly frail structure is perfectly safe, being supported by strong stays firmly imbedded in the rocks on which it is built. So fascinating is this trip, that a visit to Niagara is incomplete without it.

There is also the run down to Lewiston on one of the observation trains of the New York Central—a trip of seven miles along shelving rock, overlooking the wonderful gorge through which the Niagara pushes its way onward to Lake Ontario, the foaming Rapids and the angry Whirlpool. Probably no trip in the world of equal length compares with this for grandeur of scenery. Arrived at Lewiston, you may, if you please, continue your trip across the lake to Toronto, a splendid line of twin-screw Clyde-built steamers plying between the two points.

ATLANTIC CITY.

NO foreigner should visit these shores without spending at least a day or two at some of our typical summer or winter resorts, in season. He will find their characteristics totally different to any in his own land, and he may be able to gain by contact with the people whom he may meet at these resorts, an idea of our social peculiarities. Atlantic City is a typical American summer resort, and incidentally its peculiar advantages as to climate and soil have given it fame as a late winter and early spring retreat. It is not like Brighton, Margate, Bournemouth, Torquay, Trouville, Scheveningen, nor any other foreign seaside resort, but it has a combination of advantages peculiar to itself. Atlantic City is on the New Jersey coast, one hundred miles distant from New York, and is reached in ninety minutes from Philadelphia. It is a city in reality as well as in name, built on an island ten miles long, and surrounded by the ocean—thus isolated, as by quarantine, from the approach of diseases that are bred from germs and microbes. This, together with the dryness of the soil and the excellent hygienic regulations, preserves Atlantic City from malaria and makes it a haven of rest or recreation.

How do visitors spend their time? Much as they please, for the "City by the Sea" offers an embarrassment of summer pastimes and pleasures. Bathing, perhaps, is the chief recreation. The beach for bathing is unsurpassed, being not inferior to Pablo Beach, near Jacksonville, Florida. The sea offers other pleasures. Fleets of sail-boats, manned by "sea dogs," take you for a sail on the smooth waters of the inlet or outside upon the open sea. All boats are provided with fishing tackle; famous fishing-grounds

are near by, and the veriest tyro in the gentle art may quickly fill his basket. When the day is done, the great hotels are ablaze with lights and brilliant with the evening costumes of the fair guests. All the chief hotels provide good orchestral music, and, under the stimulation of the invigorating atmosphere of the place, the dance is entered upon with zest.

An attractive feature of Atlantic City is the "board walk," twenty-four feet wide, extending along the edge of the sea for four miles. This is the popular promenade by day or night. The drives are good, either along the smooth, hard sands, or through the broad streets of the city, or among the pines of the mainland. The climate and temperature, both in spring and summer, are delightful and equable. The water, introduced from fresh springs of the mainland as well as from Artesian wells, is abundant and pure. The social attractions of Atlantic City add to the charm of the place at all seasons. In the spring and early summer, representatives of the best society of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and other cities east and west, may be found in the large hotels, and many of the habitués have handsome cottages of their own. The individual attractions of the large number of excellent hotels at Atlantic City are fully enumerated in the summer resort guide, near the end of this volume. Nowhere, for first-class accommodations, are hotel rates so moderate as in Atlantic City, except possibly in Southern California. A few houses may be instanced: The Brighton, the Traymore, Haddon Hall, the Shelburne, and the Dennis. These hotels, by the way, are open the year round. The proprietors of the Hotel Brighton have recently completed the Brighton "Casino," on the Brighton lawns, facing the ocean. It is a handsome three-story building of picturesque architectural design. It contains luxuriously appointed sun parlors, reading and smoking rooms, a handsome concert and ball room, hot and cold sea-baths, a swimming pool of white marble, bowling alley, and other

attractive features. The cost is \$60,000, and it will be one of the most beautiful structures on the coast.

Fortunately for the convenience and comfort of its habitués and visitors, Atlantic City is located on one of the branch lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In fact, there are two distinct lines operated by the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. These roads are built and maintained in that excellent condition which characterizes all the lines of this great corporation. They are so operated, as regards express trains, as to secure the advantages of a double-tracked line, and, with the frequent fast trains which ply between the Quaker City and its seaside suburb, this arrangement makes transportation not only prompt and easy, but perfectly safe. With all the principal trains from west and south, regular connection is made at Philadelphia for Atlantic City. The through car arrangements of the Pennsylvania Railroad are so comprehensive, that one can travel from the most distant points to Atlantic City with but one change of cars. From New England and points north and west of New York City, the facilities are equally good. The fast express from New York, established several years ago, runs direct, without change, from Jersey City to Atlantic City in three and one-half hours. It leaves New York in the early afternoon, after the trains from the north, east, and west have all arrived, and it reaches Atlantic City in ample time for dinner or tea. This train is made up of Pullman buffet, parlor cars, and passenger coaches. A similar train leaves Atlantic City in the morning, and arrives in New York before luncheon.

CHICAGO AND ITS HOTELS.

CHICAGO is best reached from New York by the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Both are popular routes and both companies run frequent fast trains. The service of trains on each line includes a "limited," composed entirely of vestibuled cars, embodying the luxuries and appointments of a first-class hotel. These trains make the journey in twenty-four hours; the regular trains take about six hours longer. The fare by both roads is the same. Choice of route must depend largely upon fancy. The Pennsylvania road passes around Horse Shoe Bend, a picturesque wonder of Allegheny mountain scenery; the New York Central route takes the passenger within view of Niagara Falls. The Erie road also runs trains to Chicago, not so frequently nor perhaps at such great speed, but the fare is a trifle less.

Chicago is a few miles less than a thousand from New York by rail. It is on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan, and lies on its curving banks, along which it extends for about twenty miles. It is not a particularly attractive city, because of the appreciable gloom cast by the smoke from the factories in the suburbs. From this smoke small particles of carbon—"smuts"—fall continually in an invisible shower, sifting through the window crevices and soiling furniture, carpets, clothing, and person. The city has some magnificent buildings and some remarkably tall ones, and many fine thoroughfares. The characteristic of the people is activity. In Western parlance they are "hustlers."

The Chicago River, which is formed by the confluence of two branches, one flowing from the north-west, the other

from the south, runs, after the junction of these branches, through the city eastward for about half a mile to the lake. These streams are spanned by more than fifty swinging bridges, and are tunnelled for the passage of cable cars and traffic. The "west," the "north side," and the "south side" are terms used in locating streets or houses, and they refer to directions from this stream.

The World's Fair grounds are on the lake shore, about five miles southward from the heart of the city. They are easily accessible by the Illinois Central Railroad which has a convenient terminus and frequent way-stations; by the elevated railroad, which terminates at Congress Street, a step from the Auditorium Hotel; and by the Wabash and Cottage Grove cable cars—the latter route, which is the longest, not occupying over half an hour, say, from the Post Office. The Fair will open on May 1st, and remain open until the last of October. Its magnitude and beauty must be seen to be properly conceived.

By the Pennsylvania road you will arrive at the Union Depot, Adams Street; via the New York Central you will arrive at the Michigan Central Depot at Twelfth Street, or at the Lake Shore Depot, Van Buren Street. These depots are ten minutes or less from the busiest part of the city, and they are within easy walking distance of the chief hotels. Reliable transfer companies will convey you and your baggage to any hotel at a fixed charge. Hackmen and cabmen, as usual, will charge what they can get, although the legal rate for cabs is twenty-five cents per mile.

Michigan Avenue Boulevard is the finest thoroughfare. No car tracks nor heavy traffic are permitted. It begins on the lake front and runs along its border until the shore curves away. At the lower end are substantial business structures and some fine hotels, notably the Auditorium just above Van Buren Street, at which street is a station of the Illinois Central Railroad, whence the guest of the hotels of the "down-town" district would start for the Fair. "Down-town" in Chicago is the business portion of the city,

containing some of the chief hotels, the Post Office, banks, clubs, theatres, and large retail shops. Chicago streets are laid for the most part at right angles and offer no labyrinthine problems. Next parallel to Michigan Avenue is State Street, then Wabash Avenue, Dearborn and Clark, all broad and busy streets, traversed by cable cars which run rapidly.

The purpose of this chapter is to offer suggestions to the stranger which will guide if not direct him in the choice of an abiding place during his stay in the "Windy City." The hotels mentioned here, it may be safely said, represent each the best of its kind. It is to be noted of them, in general, that they all have the modern improvements unless otherwise stated—electric lights, hot and cold running water, excellent ventilation, and praiseworthy sanitation of plumbing, as well as good domestic service. Those hotels only have been selected which may be commended: hotels to be avoided in Chicago, as elsewhere, are too numerous to mention. Chicago hotel rates are not high, but the visitor must expect to pay more during the continuance of the Fair. Where possible, rates for the Fair period have been obtained. It is safe to say that the hotels enumerated here, being first-class houses, will not fleece the visitor. I am credibly informed that so far as possible regular rates will be adhered to. At all events, applications and agreements as to rates may be made in advance.

The "down-town" hotels, to be mentioned in detail further on, are the Auditorium, Palmer House, Richelieu, Victoria, Wellington, and Great Northern—all within ten minutes' walk of each other, and therefore all having about the same advantages of location. They receive a large share of patronage from commercial travellers. This district corresponds to Fourteenth Street, Twenty-third Street, and Forty-second Street, of New York. Another group of hotels is composed of the Virginia, the Lakota, the Metropole, and the Lexington, located in quiet and fashionable residential portions of the city. They compare in character with the Windsor, Brunswick, Plaza, and Logerot hotels of New York,

and not one of them is more than fifteen minutes from the Post Office and Board of Trade, theatres, etc.

The third group of hotels that call for consideration are at or near the Fair grounds. Among the best of them is the Chicago Beach, the Renfost, and the Hyde Park. They are not the World's Fair hotels which have become notorious for their flimsy construction. They are some distance from down-town, but right in the line of growth of the choice residence streets. By heeding the above suggestions, it is believed that the visitor will be able to decide whither to direct his steps to procure "bed and board," without a shade of regret that he did not go "somewhere else." Finally, it is suggested to procure a guide to Chicago containing a good map; Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Handy Guide" may be recommended.

THE LAKOTA.—If you are used to the luxuries and refinements of life, you will miss them at many of the hotels at which you are obliged to put up. With this expectation, you will be agreeably surprised if you should happen to select the Lakota, Chicago's newest select hotel. It is on Michigan Avenue Boulevard, the pride of Chicago streets, through which no trucks are allowed to pass, and no car-tracks are laid. It stands at the corner of Thirtieth Street; the elevated railroad station is at Thirty-first Street, and almost within hail are the cable cars, bringing the life of the city, its shops, banks, theatres, and clubs, within fifteen minutes' ride. In respect of location, the Lakota does not yield to any hotel in the city. The locality is ultra-fashionable, this portion of the boulevard containing the luxurious homes of Chicago's famous multi-millionnaires. The Lakota was only recently opened, but it was two years a-building. It is constructed of steel and stone, absolutely fire-proof, and architecturally a credit to the city. It embodies the latest achievements and luxuries that the age offers to travellers. The Lakota is ten stories high and has three hundred rooms, the largest hotel apartments in Chicago, suitably arranged

for rental en suite or singly. The building is so constructed that each room, and even every bath-room, opens on the street. In furnishing and decoration the Lakota is in perfect harmony with the aristocratic homes that surround it. The main floor is finished in pure marble, massive and beautifully carved, and the apartments are finished in five different kinds of cabinet woods, not varnished, but piano-polished. Among the notable features of this hotel are its cuisine and its service—a “club” service. The kitchen itself would commend the Lakota to the favor of fastidious people. All in all, this hotel will easily take rank with the Windsor Hotel, New York, which should be considered a high compliment. The carpets are Bigelow Wiltons, from Sloane’s; the wall papers are rich and harmonious, to which the furniture corresponds; Gorham silverware and Haviland china are used; the linen was woven to order in France. Notwithstanding this luxury, the rates are moderate: American plan, from \$5 per day; European plan, rooms from \$2 per day; meals in the restaurant, à la carte, or at \$17.50 by the week. The manager, Mr. James R. Keenan, formerly managed the Shoreham, in Washington, whose patronage was drawn from the aristocratic foreign residents of that city and from the best society in New York and other cities.

THE VIRGINIA.—Also removed from the noise and bustle of the business part of the city, and in a district of private residences, but still within ten minutes’ ride of the centres. It was erected and is owned by Leander J. McCormick, a wealthy Chicagoan, who destined it for a fashionable apartment house, which idea the location would have warranted, but it was opened in 1891 as a hotel instead. The Virginia is at Rush and Ohio Streets, across the river, but readily accessible to the Fair or to the Post Office. The building is ten stories high, absolutely fire-proof, and admirably constructed for disposition into suites or single rooms. The Virginia is conducted solely upon the American plan; rates

from \$4 per day. It has few transient patrons ; most of its guests are habitués, refined people of means. The Virginia is luxuriously appointed, and is embellished with many valuable works of art. The cuisine is a feature. It has other features not found at all hotels, in its manner of caring for the petty comforts of guests. Address, Virginia Hotel Co., J. P. Whedon, manager.

THE AUDITORIUM.—The largest hotel in Chicago, and one of the famous hotels of the country. The title embraces really two hotels under one management. The first is the original structure known under that name, an absolutely fire-proof building covering one and a half acres, standing on Michigan Avenue, Wabash Avenue, and Congress Street, facing the lake. The other building was recently completed, and is on the opposite corner of Michigan Avenue. It is of similar architecture, and they are nearly of a size. A tunnel connects them. The older house is conducted on the European plan, \$2 to \$5 per day ; the newer on the American plan. In both together there are nearly one thousand rooms. The dining-room of the main house, on the tenth floor, affords extended views of the lake and a stretch of Chicago's grand boulevard, Michigan Avenue, as far as the eye can reach. Everything about the Auditorium is on a sumptuous scale, yet the prices are not higher than at other hotels of a corresponding class. The Auditorium is one of the features of Chicago, and it affords Chicagoans a convenient "point of departure." The top of the Auditorium tower is two hundred and seventy feet above the lake. The two Auditorium buildings are controlled by separate companies, but the one is largely interested in the other, and Mr. R. H. Southgate manages both houses.

THE RICHELIEU.—The Richelieu is a refined and home-like hotel. It is a novelty in hotels for Chicago, but not for

New York, where we have the Sherman Square, the Hotel de Logerot, and other hotels of the class. The Richelieu enjoys the same advantages of location as the Auditorium and the Victoria—on Michigan Avenue, fronting the lake. It is conducted entirely upon the European plan, and its cuisine and wines are famous. There are one hundred and thirty-nine rooms, ranging in price from \$2 per day to \$15 for parlor, two bedrooms, and bath. The house is lighted by electricity throughout and has an elevator. The Richelieu is a select house in the full sense of the word, and is especially notable for the courtesy of its proprietor, as well as for the excellence of his table and his wines.

THE METROPOLE.—One of the best hotels in Chicago. It is located on the Michigan Boulevard at Twenty-third Street, among the fashionable private residences ; a step from the elevated railroad station, and one block from the Wabash Avenue cable cars, by which the Fair grounds or the business and shopping centres are easily and quickly reached. It is a large fire-proof building of brown stone, seven stories high, and contains about three hundred rooms. The house is so built, with recessed façades, that the light of day enters directly every room. The rooms are arranged singly or may be thrown into suites. The Metropole is conducted upon both the American and European plans ; from \$3 per day by the former—special rates for a protracted stay. In furnishing, decorations, and appointments, the Metropole is luxurious, tasteful, and artistic. Messrs. Miller & Meserve, managers.

THE PALMER HOUSE.—The Palmer House is one of the best known hotels in the United States, and its reputation is admirably sustained. It corresponds in Chicago to the famous Astor House in New York. It is owned by Potter Palmer, the millionaire, and it is an object of great pride with him to maintain its high character. The Palmer House

occupies the larger part of the block bounded by Wabash Avenue, Monroe Street, Adams Street, and State Street, right in the busy heart of Chicago, convenient and accessible to everywhere. Tourists of the best class, families, and commercial travellers, for whom special apartments are set aside, seek the Palmer House. One portion of the house is devoted entirely to families who have lived there for years. The hotel contains seven hundred and fifty rooms. It is conducted upon both the American and European plans; rates by the former, from \$3 per day. Single rooms may be had from \$1 per day. The rooms are all comfortably, although not luxuriously, furnished. An excellent restaurant, with moderate tariff, is attached to the house. Special announcement is made that rates during the Fair period will not be advanced, but two guests occupying the same room will be expected to pay each the regular price of the room. The stranger may rely upon courteous treatment and consideration. The Palmer House is not modern, but it is provided with all the latest appointments, with the exception of electric lights. There is an air of plainness and honesty about the Palmer House that at once commends it. The walls are hung with some notable paintings.

THE LEXINGTON HOTEL.—On Michigan Boulevard at Twenty-second Street, one block below the Metropole, and having the same accessibility. It was opened in the fall of 1892, and it is advertised as being "absolutely fire-proof." It has five hundred rooms, and is conducted upon both the American and European plans, the management having a preference for the former. Rates from \$4 per day. For the Fair period higher prices will be charged. The rooms are arranged en suite, forming an apartment with a small private hallway, but they may be rented singly. The Lexington is intended for people of means and good taste. The circular of the hotel speaks of it as "the nearest strictly first-class hotel to the Fair grounds;" but this is a

mistake—the Lakota is nearer to the Fair grounds. The lessee of the Lexington, E. A. Bacheldor, is reputed to be rich, and money has not been stinted to make the house desirable for visitors. Restaurant and café are attached to the house.

THE WELLINGTON is a “down-town” hotel of excellent report, at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Jackson Street, conducted on the European plan, with first-class restaurants attached. Rates from \$2 per day. It is an agreeable, quiet house, in the busy district. Proprietors, Gage Hotel Co.; Albert S. Gage, president and manager.—THE VICTORIA enjoys excellent patronage. It is near the Auditorium, on Michigan Avenue at Van Buren Street. American plan only; rates from \$3 per day. A family hotel, in a choice location. Proprietor, J. M. Lee; associate and manager, E. A. Whipple.—THE GREAT NORTHERN FIRE-PROOF HOTEL is opposite the Post Office, fronting on Dearborn Street. Strictly European plan; rooms from \$3 per day. Its three restaurants are a feature. A fourteen-story building, modern in all of its appointments and beautiful in many. Caters largely to a business patronage, but has many elaborately furnished suites. Proprietors, Alvin Hulbert and Wm. S. Eden.—THE GRAND PACIFIC, on the opposite side of the Post Office, is a house for commercial men and transient guests. American plan only; from \$4 per day. A plain, business-like hotel of large size and good repute.

NEAR THE FAIR GROUNDS.—The remaining hotels to be mentioned here are not “World’s Fair hotels,” as a class of more or less temporary structures is called, but hotels of the first class, having locations near the Exposition grounds. Members of the celebrated Leland family of hotel-keepers manage some of the best, and that name should be of itself sufficient recommendation. Warren F. Leland, who has had long experience as a hotel proprietor in Chicago, will con-

duct the CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL, a new, attractive and substantial brick building, situated directly on the lake shore, at Fifty-first Street Boulevard, a stone's throw from the Illinois Central Railroad. All outside rooms. American and European plans; by the former, \$5 per day and upward.—THE RENFOST is a beautiful, permanent structure of nearly five hundred rooms, located on Cottage Grove Avenue, facing Washington Park. It is conducted by Lewis Leland, formerly of the Sturtevant House, New York, for a select class of tourists and families.—Warren Leland, Jr., of Long Branch fame, and the present popular manager of the Oglethorpe, at Brunswick, Ga., has the INGRAM HOTEL, on Sixtieth Street, facing the entrance to the Fair grounds. It has distinct advantages of location, and many features and appointments desirable in a hotel for tourists and strangers. It is conducted upon the European plan, with the best cuisine and service attainable. Rates for single rooms, from \$2 per day; double rooms, from \$3.—Charles E. Leland, who for many years kept the Clarendon, at Saratoga, manages THE WORLD'S INN, at Sixtieth Street and Madison Avenue, near the Fair grounds.—THE HYDE PARK HOTEL, on Fifty-first Street Boulevard and Lake Avenue, is not far from the Chicago Beach Hotel. It was built before the Fair was proposed, and it is patronized by families and permanent guests. American plan only, except during the Fair period. Rates, \$3 and upward; higher rates during the Exposition. A quiet, well-conducted family hotel. Proprietors, Messrs. Charles F. Milligan & Co.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN AMERICA:

IT is impossible for the young people of this generation to fully appreciate the luxury of the age in which they are living. What wonderful strides in facilities for railway travelling, for example, have been made within the past five and twenty years, or say, even, within the last decade !

I begin to fear that I am no longer young. That I am growing reminiscent is of itself proof that I am growing old, but I cannot help recalling the discomforts of railway travelling which existed before the existence of a Pullman sleeper or a Wagner drawing-room car, any more than I can forget a through trip which I once made from Cleveland to New York when I was "in my teens."

Some of the compartments in a first-class English railway carriage are cosy and comfortable enough for a short journey, but one of the most luxurious cars I ever travelled in was a new Wagner palace car which was attached, one day last summer, to "the 3.30 Saratoga Express," on the New York Central Railway ; and I say this after having tried "the Oriental Express" between Paris and Vienna, the Pullman between Milan and Basle, and the celebrated "Flying Scotchman" between London and Edinburgh. This Wagner was as perfect in its way for day travel, as are the Pullman cars of the justly famed "Florida Special" (vestibuled train) of the Pennsylvania Railroad for night or through travel, and this is saying a very great deal.

The car under notice was also vestibuled. It was strongly and stoutly built, and was set on spiral springs which carried their great burden with the greatest ease, allowing the car to swing freely with a pleasant motion and little noise. The interior woodwork was of polished mahogany, the floor car-

peted with Wilton, and the upper sides and ceiling tastefully, not gaudily, decorated. There is no sitting close together, as in the cars abroad ; each passenger has a separate chair. It is a revolving arm-chair, plush covered, and over the back of the chair there is a linen "tidy,"—a clean tidy. The chairs—no, the seats—on "the other side" are also covered, but the covers are often anything but spotless. How often they are removed it is not easy to tell ; all the "tidies" in a Wagner car are whipped off every day.

There are brass hooks for hats and wraps, instead of racks, and a low shelf which may be used for umbrellas or canes. Each passenger has a foot-stool, and I am sorry to add that the company find it necessary to furnish to each passenger a cuspadore. It shines like new silver, to be sure, but still the suggestion is not a pleasant one, and it is a feature to which Americans cannot point with pride.

The windows are not ten by twelve inches : they measure two feet eight inches each way, and the panes are of heavy plate glass. To each opening there are double windows, for winter service. The shades, for utility, are of dark blue ; and above these, for ornament, are old-gold satin-damask lambrequins. For ornamentation also there is at either end of the car a large mirror with silvered pole, and curtains to match the window drapery.

No knee robes are needed in this country for railway travel : Wagner cars are heated by steam. Do you want air without dust ? the porter will raise the window and insert a wire screen as well as a cinder deflector. Are your hands soiled ? step into the lavatory. You won't find there a tiny metal basin, but a marble washstand and bowl, and over this a tap with ample supply of water, plenty of towels, clean comb and brush, etc., iced water at your hand.

But you need not stir from your seat for a glass of water ; touch an electric bell while seated in your chair, and, as if by magic, a sable attendant will be at your side with a glass of cold water, or something which you may deem more refreshing. Nor need you leave the car for a quiet smoke ;

at one end there is a comfortably furnished smoking-room, with all that the title implies.

The cost of such a car, so the Wagner conductor informed me, is about fifteen thousand dollars.

If you require anything more luxurious for day travel than one of these new Wagner palace cars, you will have to wait until somebody racks his brain to add an additional contrivance. But you may have to wait until the end of the century.



SUMMER RESORT GUIDE,

1893.

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I.

HUDSON HIGHLAND RANGE.

The range of mountains obliquely crossing the Hudson and known as the Hudson Highlands, forms part of the great chain distinguished as the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania and the Green Mountains in Vermont; the name may be applied to all that part of the chain which falls within the State of New York. The Hudson enters the Highlands at Cornwall (fifty-six miles from New York), and leaves them at Peekskill (forty-two miles). At about two-thirds the distance from Peekskill to Cornwall, on the west side, is West Point, famous for its view and as the site of the United States Military Academy. Opposite West Point is Garrison station, where all trains of the Hudson River road stop, and where there is a steam ferry. Cranston's and other places on the west bank are reached by the West Shore road (Franklin and West Forty-second streets). The Albany morning boats and the Mary Powell make landings at West Point, Cornwall and Newburg.—Lake Mahopac, the largest of the beautiful lakes of the Highland region, is accessible in an hour and a half from New York by Golden's Bridge branch of the Harlem railroad, or by the New York City and Northern railroad, connecting with the Sixth avenue elevated road.—Greenwood lake, on the western limit of this region, lies partly in New Jersey, at an elevation of seven hundred and fifty feet; reached by the New York and Greenwood Lake railroad (Chambers and Twenty-third street ferries).—The hills that border the Hudson below the Highlands may be regarded as spurs or foothills of the mountains; they are accessible on the east bank by the Hudson River railroad (Grand Central Depot), and by the New York City and Northern railroad, connecting with the Manhattan elevated road; on the west bank by the Northern New Jersey (Chambers and West Twenty-third streets), which comes out on the river at Piermont (twenty-seven miles), and by the West Shore railroad (Franklin and West Forty-second streets), which comes out on the river at Haverstraw (thirty-three miles). All the more important places on either bank below the Highlands are touched by steam-boats that leave every afternoon (except Sunday) from foot of Harrison and West Twenty-second streets.

GARRISON—THE HIGHLAND HOUSE.—On a plateau 300 feet above and half a mile from Garrison station on the Hudson River railroad; one and a quarter hours from New York; connection with

West Point by steam ferry ; outlooks and towers on South Redoubt Mountains, 800 to 1,000 feet above the river ; lawn of twenty acres well shaded ; latest sanitary improvements ; water from mountain springs ; lawn tennis ; bowling and billiard rooms ; livery and boarding stables ; stage meets all trains ; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Open in May.

WEST POINT—CRANSTON'S.—A station on the West Shore railroad, a short distance below West Point ; a famous hotel situated on a bold promontory, commanding a grand river and mountain view ; elevator, gas, halls heated by steam, open fire-places in all rooms ; baths on all the floors ; four cottages on the grounds luxuriously fitted up ; livery at moderate prices ; boarding stables with night watchman ; skilful *chef de cuisine* and well-disciplined waiters.

CORNWALL—ELMER HOUSE.—Five minutes' walk from landing and the West Shore railroad station ; on a bluff two hundred and fifty feet above the river ; family hotel ; electric lights ; good stabling ; receives one hundred guests. Prices :—By the day, \$2.50 to \$3 ; by the week, \$12 to \$20. Special rates for the season. Open from May to December. Proprietor (for the last 20 years) : William B. Elmer, Cornwall-on-Hudson, Orange county, N. Y.

GREENWOOD LAKE—BRANDON HOUSE.—On a spur of the mountain jutting into the lake, with lawns sloping to the shore on either side ; grounds of fifty acres ; shaded walks and picturesque rambles ; water from mountain spring ; complete new sanitary arrangements ; telegraph and telephone ; two hours and fifteen minutes from New York ; two express trains daily. Prices :—By the day, \$2.50 to \$3 ; by the week, special rates ; special rates for June. Proprietor : D. Edgar Close, Greenwood Lake, Orange county, N. Y.

QUAKER HILL—MIZZEN TOP.—Three miles from Pawling on the Harlem R. R. ; elevation one thousand three hundred feet, affording far-reaching and varied mountain views ; gas, electric bells, bath-rooms, steam-heating apparatus and spring water ; thorough sanitary system ; billiard room and bowling alley ; an "amusement hall" and ladies' billiard rooms ; music for the season ; wide verandas ; hotel stage runs morning and afternoon to Hamersly lake, where there are row and sail boats and good fishing ; stabling and

livery; receives two hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4; special rates for June.

PAWLING—DUTCHER HOUSE.—Sixty-three miles from New York by the Harlem road, a few minutes from the station; elevation seven hundred feet; substantial building with Queen Anne cottages; large rooms; hot and cold baths; electric bells; water from mountain springs; grounds of twelve acres; opera house, with stage appointments; daily concerts; receives two hundred guests. Address, Dutcher House, Pawling, Dutchess county, N. Y.

YONKERS—THE GLENWOOD.—At Glenwood, on the bank of the river, thirty-five minutes from New York, via N. Y. C. and H. R. R., or Northern Railroad; convenient summer residence for families; bar; modern improvements; boating, fishing, bowling; receives sixty guests. Prices:—By the week, for single person, \$10 to \$12, for two, \$16 to \$20; children, half rate.

SPUYTEN DUYVIL—BRENTFORD HALL.—The first railway station on the Hudson river road above Manhattan Island, at the junction of Spuyten Duyvil Creek with the Hudson; house situated two hundred feet above the river, of which it commands beautiful views; within twenty-two minutes of Grand Central depot; extensive, well shaded grounds; tennis and croquet; delightful drives. Prices:—By the week, \$10 to \$15.

LAKE MAHOPAC—THOMPSON'S HOTEL.—On the southern shore of the lake, commanding a beautiful view of its islands and wooded hills; large and comfortably fitted up rooms in suites for families; perfect drainage; billiard-room, bowling-alley; steam yacht, sail and row boats; telegraph office; receives four hundred guests. Open from June to October. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50; by the week, \$15 to \$25. Proprietor, Emerson Clark, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

LAKE MAHOPAC—DEAN HOUSE.—On a shaded lawn of eight acres on the west side of the lake, sloping to the wharves and boat-house; bathing-house, handsome boats; billiard-room, bowling-alley; stabling; milk and vegetables from the hotel farm; furnished cottage to let, with board at hotel. Open about June 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50; by the week, \$15 to \$30. Proprietor, A. H. Dean, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

II.

SHAWANGUNK REGION.

Under this name may be included that elevated plateau which, touching on the Hudson between Rondout and Poughkeepsie, extends from the Wallkill Valley on the east to the western descent of the Blue Hills beyond the upper waters of the Susquehanna, embracing Sullivan and parts of Ulster and Delaware counties. It is crossed by the Shawangunk Mountains, and west of them by a wilderness of hills and valleys which, in primitive savagery, may almost take rank with the Adirondacks. It is a favored haunt of sportsmen. Clubs of sportsmen have purchased lakes and tracts of land, and are doing much to preserve the fish and game. The southwestern portion of this region is crossed by the Erie railway, branches of which extend from Middletown to Pine Bush in Ulster county, and from Port Jervis to Monticello in Sullivan county. The central portion is penetrated by the New York, Ontario and Western Railway (Franklin and West Forty-second streets); from Campbell Hall a branch of this road runs through the Wallkill Valley to Rondout-Kingston on the Hudson; from Summitville a branch extends eight miles to Ellenville, Sullivan county; from Walten a branch extends seventeen miles to Delhi, Delaware county. The villages and hamlets thus brought within easy reach lie at an elevation of from 700 to 2,200 feet above tide water.

LAKE MINNEWASKA—CLIFF HOUSE AND THE WILDMERE.—A lake of very picturesque environment, at an elevation of one thousand eight hundred feet, on the most easterly range of the Shawangunk Mountain region, ten miles by stage from New Paltz on the Wallkill Valley road, accessible via Kingston on the West Shore road, or via Campbell Hall on the New York, Ontario and Western road. The Cliff House, standing one hundred and fifty feet above the lake on the east, commands a view extending from the Hudson Highlands on the south to the Catskills, and up the Hudson river valley to the Lake George region on the north, and from the line of the Berkshire Hills and Green Mountains on the east and northeast, to ranges of the Shawangunk Hills on the west; it receives two hundred and fifty guests. The Wildmere House, on the ridge west of the lake, is somewhat larger than the former and commands similar views; it is still more recent in construction; lighted with gas, halls heated by furnaces, the rooms having open fire-places for burning the resinous mountain pine; private balconies. The

region surrounding the lake is overgrown with pine and hemlock, and remains in its primitive condition, with the exceptions that roads have been opened to the various waterfalls, caverns, precipices, etc., with which it abounds. Both houses are temperance houses, and in the management certain restrictions are imposed which have secured for them a select patronage. Prices :—By the day, \$2 to \$3, according to the season ; by the week, in June, \$11 to \$14 ; July and August, \$15 to \$20 ; after September 1, \$14 to \$16 ; modified rates for double rooms. Proprietor, Alfred H. Smiley.

ELLENVILLE—MT. MEENAHGA HOUSE.—Two miles by stage from Ellenville—a village of four thousand inhabitants, terminus of branch of the New York, Ontario and Western road ; elevation one thousand five hundred feet ; two hundred acres of wild mountain land ; view bounded on the north by the Catskill ranges ; enlarged since last season ; wide hallways, veranda one hundred and thirty feet long ; a “library building,” well supplied with books, magazines, etc. ; bowling alley and children’s playground ; gas, steam heat and open fires ; electric bells in all rooms ; spring water ; bathrooms ; a strict temperance house ; six furnished cottages rented for the season at \$100 to \$200, with table board at \$8 ; receives one hundred and seventy-five guests. Prices :—By the day, \$2.50 and \$3 ; by the week, \$12 to \$25 ; double rooms, \$18 to \$35. Proprietor, U. E. Terwilliger, Ellenville, Ulster county, N. Y.

GREENFIELD—WINDSOR LAKE HOUSE.—Five miles by stage from Ellenville and about three and a half hours from New York ; one hundred and twenty acres of mountain land, with fifty acres under cultivation ; elevation one thousand five hundred feet, overlooking the lake ; rebuilt and enlarged since last season ; all modern improvements, large parlors, broad halls, wide stairs ; baths with hot and cold water on every floor ; sanitary plumbing ; open fire-places ; broad piazzas and balconies ; pure water from a mountain spring ; table supplied from the farms ; an extensive lawn, with lawn tennis, archery and croquet grounds ; billiards and bowling ; stages to and from depot ; good livery ; receives two hundred guests. Open June 15 to October 1. Prices :—By the day, for June, September and October, \$2 ; for July and August, \$2.50 ; by the week, single rooms, \$10 to \$15 ; double rooms, \$16 to \$25 ; special rates to families, or for the season. Address Greenfield, Ulster county, N. Y.

LIBERTY—HOTEL WAWONDA.—Situated on an elevation overlooking Liberty village ; two thousand feet above sea level ; one mile from station ; wide verandas and private balconies ; bath-rooms, gas, electric bells and all the conveniences and elegancies of first-class hotels ; receives two hundred guests.

III.

THE CATSKILL REGION.

The most easterly range of the Catskill Mountains lies ten miles west of the Hudson river, and runs parallel with it for a distance of twenty miles, its southern limit being about ninety miles from the mouth of the river. The width of the Catskill Mountain region is about seventy-five miles. It is drained on the west by the headwaters of the Delaware river, and by the Schoharie creek, which runs in a northwesterly direction to the Mohawk. It includes portions of Greene, Ulster and Delaware counties. The mountains are approached from Rondout on the Hudson, eighty-eight miles from New York, and from Catskill on the Hudson, one hundred and nine miles. From Rondout the Ulster and Delaware Railroad penetrates the mountain region in a northwesterly direction to Hobart, seventy-eight miles. At Phoenicia, on this road, a branch of fourteen miles, called the Stony Clove Railroad, extends to Hunter on Schoharie creek, and by means of a minor branch of four miles gives approach to the Kaaterskill House and other large hotels of the range that faces the Hudson. These hotels are also approached by the Catskill Mountain Railroad, which runs from Catskill Landing to Cairo, a branch running southward from Cairo Junction to Palenville, at the base of the mountain range, whence an Otis elevating railroad has been laid up the mountain, giving direct access to the old Catskill Mountain House. Rondout and Catskill, the two points of departure for the mountains, are accessible by the West Shore road (Franklin street and West Forty-second street) ; or by ferry from stations on the Hudson River road ; or by Albany day boats, leaving Vestry street at half-past eight, and Twenty-second street at nine A. M.

JEFFERSON HEIGHTS—GRANT HOUSE.—On a plateau three hundred feet high, one mile from Catskill village and the West Shore station, the view embracing the valleys of the Catskill and Kaater-

skill, Catskill Mountains and the Hudson valley ; electric bells, gas, hot and cold water baths on every floor ; billiards and bowling ; a pleasure ground of thirty acres sloping down to the creek ; orchestral concerts twice a day and for the dance in the evening ; receives three hundred guests. Open May 30 until late in September. Prices :—By the day, \$3 ; by the week, single rooms, \$12 to \$20 ; double rooms, \$20 to \$30 ; special rates for the season. Reduced rates for June.

SUMMIT MT.—THE NEW GRAND HOTEL.—On Summit Mountain, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet ; a few minutes' walk from the station, on the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, thirty-eight miles from Rondout ; through parlor cars by the West Shore Road ; four and a half hours from New York ; surroundings include Old Storm King (four thousand feet), the Slide, the Wittenberg and the Cornell, inclosing Big Indian Valley ; in Queen Anne style, with frontage of six hundred and fifty feet ; wide verandas, palatial salon ; bedrooms, 17 x 19 feet, with ample wardrobes ; suites with private baths ; dining-room with mountain view on two sides ; elevators, steam heat, electric bells ; orchestral concerts twice daily ; receives four hundred guests. Open June to October. Prices :—By the day, \$5.00 ; by the week, single rooms, \$21 to \$28 ; double rooms, \$42 to \$60 ; special rates for suites of rooms with private bath ; rates reduced for July. Manager, S. J. Cornell.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—HOTEL KAATERSKILL.—On the summit of Kaaterskill (South Mountain), at an elevation of three thousand feet, commanding the view of the Hudson river valley ; drive of a few minutes from Kaaterskill station on the Kaaterskill branch of the Stony Clove Railroad ; gas, elevators, electric bells, steam heat ; baths on every floor ; suites with private baths ; ball-room, with stage appointments ; orchestral music ; billiard room, bowling-alley ; separate cottage building for invalids and families desiring seclusion and quiet ; telegraph ; livery with good saddle horses. Prices in July, by the week \$21 and upwards. Address, Kaaterskill P. O., N. Y.

KAATERSKILL FALLS—LAUREL HOUSE.—At the head of the cascades, one of which is a fall of two hundred feet ; within three hundred yards of the Laurel House station on the Kaaterskill branch of the Stony Clove Road ; hotel stage meets all trains at

the station, also at the Palenville station on the Catskill Mountain Railroad from Catskill village; verandas six hundred feet in length; gas, electric bells; bath-rooms on every floor; pure spring water; receives three hundred guests. Open from June 15 to October 1.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE—Short stage drive from Mountain House station on the railway from Catskill village, or directly accessible by the new Elevating Railroad from the foot of the Mountain; on a ledge of rock at an elevation of two thousand two hundred and fifty feet, the view bounded by the Hudson Highlands on the south, the Berkshire Hills and Green Mountains on the east, and the Adirondacks on the north; park of three thousand acres intersected by drives and footpaths; water from mountain springs; bath-rooms, approved plumbing; receives four hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$14 to \$24, according to the season; special rates for a prolonged stay. Proprietors, Catskill Mountain House Co., Catskill, N. Y.

IV.

OTSEGO LAKE REGION.

This highland, which forms the watershed of the Susquehanna, lies west of the Catskill region and has an elevation of 1,200 to 1,700 feet, being the highest plateau in the State of New York, except that crossed by the Adirondack ranges. The surface is picturesquely broken up into hills of moderate elevation. At the northern limit lies Lake Canadarago, at the southern Lake Otsego. The latter, to which the surrounding hills give a varied and beautiful shore line, is nine miles long and from one to one and one-half wide. Cooperstown, which derives its name from the novelist whose "Leather Stocking" tales have given the place celebrity, lies at the south end of the lake and is ninety-one miles from Albany, from which it is reached by the Susquehanna division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s railway and Cooperstown branch without change.—Lake Canadarago, five miles long by two in width, lies fourteen miles northwest of Lake Otsego, at an elevation of one thousand seven hundred feet, amid an environment of wooded hills. Richfield Springs, one mile from the lake, is reached by the New York Central railroad to Utica, thence by the Delaware,

Lackawanna and Western railway to Richfield Junction, thence by branch road, without change. A four-horse tally-ho coach makes daily trips between Cooperstown and Richfield Springs.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS—HOTEL EARLINGTON.—Delightfully situated, with charming outlook over park; large rooms, single and en suite; large open fire-places in the ladies' parlor and grand hall; elevator, café and ladies' and gentlemen's billiard-room; bowling alley and shooting gallery; shaded tennis courts; electric bells, gas, new sanitary plumbing throughout; bath-rooms on each floor; Stubblebine's orchestra of twelve pieces; branch of Dickel riding school; superior stabling accommodations; elaborate cuisine and thoroughly disciplined service; the four-horse coach "Earlington" makes the circuit of the lake every afternoon; receives five hundred guests. Open June 30 to September 15. Prices:—By the day, for transient guests, \$4. Owner and manager, Eugene M. Earle, who may be seen at the Hotel Bristol, Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, New York.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS—DAVENPORT HOUSE.—On high ground opposite the Sulphur Spring and the bath house, its front rooms overlooking the park; broad veranda, one hundred and fifty feet in length, shaded by elms and maples; electric bells; thorough drainage; servants' quarters in a separate building; receives two hundred guests. Open June 1 to October 1. Special rates for June and September. Address Richfield Springs, Otsego County, N. Y.

SHARON SPRINGS—PAVILION HOTEL.—In an upland valley, elevation one thousand one hundred feet, surrounded by hills; on a branch of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad; famous for its sulphur springs, for the utilization of whose water extensive bathing houses have been erected with every appliance for inhalation, douches, etc., under medical direction. The Pavilion Hotel is the largest in the place and consists of a main building and several groups of cottages, in ornamented grounds of fifty acres, commanding a view extending beyond the Mohawk valley to the hills around Lake George, eighty miles distant; plans and appointments especially adapted to families with young children; detached play-house for children; separate bowling and billiard hall exclusively for guests; afternoon and evening concerts; cottages and cottage

flats at fixed rental; baths, bells, etc., throughout; receives five hundred guests. Prices:—By the week, \$15 to \$21. Proprietors, John H. Gardner & Son, Sharon Springs, N. Y.

SHARON SPRINGS—SHARON HOUSE.—On Main street, facing the Sulphur Baths, and commanding a view of the adjacent forests; during the winter the house has been thoroughly renovated, and new furniture and new mattresses have been added; good livery in connection with the hotel; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50; by the week, \$12 to \$16. Proprietor, Thomas K. Sharp.

V.

CENTRAL LAKES, N. Y.—NIAGARA.

The Lakes of Central New York, having a general direction north and south, lie in the valleys of the hills that form the extension of the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. Their waters flow northward, and are tributary to the Seneca River, which empties into Lake Ontario at Oswego. Skaneateles, the most easterly of these lakes, lies at an elevation of eight hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea level; Canandaigua, the most westerly, at an elevation of six hundred and sixty-eight feet. Between these lie Owasco (seven hundred and fifty-eight feet), Cayuga and Seneca (four hundred and forty-one feet), and Keuka (seven hundred and eighteen feet). The region abounds in precipitous water courses and glens, famous among which is Watkins Glen, an ascending series of gorges between two mountains, thirteen miles in length, situated at the head or southern limit of Seneca Lake.

LAKE SKANEATELES—THE PACKWOOD.—Delightfully situated on shore of Skaneateles lake; two steamers on lake; sailing, rowing and fishing; good livery and beautiful drives; house in perfect sanitary condition. Prices:—By the day, \$2; special rates to families.

NIAGARA FALLS—CLIFTON HOUSE.—On the Canada bank, fronting the park reservations, all the rooms and balconies affording full view of the falls; appointments and management of the first

order ; perfect drainage ; air cooled by the spray of the falls ; hotel stages and porters meet all trains at Niagara Falls station on the American side ; receives three hundred and fifty guests. Prices :— By the day, \$3 to \$4 ; by the week, special rates. Proprietor, G. M. Colburn, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

VI.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

The most frequented inland resort in America. Its season lasts from June to October. The village has a population of about twelve thousand, but in the height of the season it adds to this number not less than thirty thousand visitors. It is one hundred and eighty-two miles north of New York, and is reached by the West Shore or the Hudson River railroads to Albany, thence by Saratoga and Champlain division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad, without change ; or by boat to Albany, thence as above.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.—Built in the form of an irregular pentagon, enclosing an inner court and including in all an area of seven acres ; six stories high, with nine hundred and seventeen guest chambers ; divided into five sections by fire-proof walls ; fire hydrants in each section and on every floor ; ten staircases ; two elevators ; dining-room, 212 feet by 52 feet ; ball-room, 102 feet by 53 feet, 26 feet in height ; verandas in all 2,300 feet in length, encircling the inner court, where are shade trees, fountains, statuary, winding walks, and where grand morning concerts are given by Stub's orchestra ; a " cottage wing " arranged in suites for families ; with private bath-rooms ; private table when desired. Open from June 22 ; always remains open to October 1. Prices :—By the day, \$5, favorable arrangements with families by the week up to August 1. Proprietors, Tompkins Gage & Perry.

GRAND UNION HOTEL.—One of the most magnificent of summer hotels, with a frontage of two thousand four hundred feet ; built about a central court which is beautifully laid out ; the rotunda, into which the main entrance leads, is eighty feet in diameter and

rises to the top of the building with balconies at each of the five stories; to the left are reception-rooms and the grand salon, noted for the beauty of its decorations and furnishings; in the great dining-room one thousand guests may be seated; a beautiful ball-room; three elevators and broad stairways; every convenience and luxury of appointment that modern ingenuity has devised. Prices:—By the day, \$5 and upwards; special rates for September and by the season.

WINDSOR HOTEL.—Central, but retired, on the brow of the hill, overlooking Congress Park, fronting on Broadway and William street, adjacent to the famous Pompeian Villa; a select family house, having in the quiet elegance of all its appointments more the character of a private home than of a public hotel; rooms single and in suites with private bath; scientific plumbing; steam heat; electric lights and bells; wide balconies to every floor; choice *cuisine* and refined service; servants exclusively white; late dinners. Prices:—By the day, \$5 and upwards.

CONGRESS HALL.—On Broadway, adjoining Congress Park occupying the block between the Congress and Hathorn springs; façade four hundred and seventy feet in length; veranda twenty feet wide, two hundred and fifty feet long; five stories in height; commanding a view of the most brilliant portion of Saratoga; two wings, three hundred feet long, enclosing a beautiful garden; substantially built of brick and stone in seven fire-proof compartments, with heavy iron doors on each floor; elevators, gas, hot and cold water; bath-rooms on every floor; water from springs on the grounds; separate concert and ball-room, connected with the house by a suspension bridge; daily morning and evening full orchestral concerts; semi-weekly hops; receives several hundred guests. Open June to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4; special rates by the week.

DR. S. E. STRONG'S SANITARIUM.—On Circular street, within a few steps of the principal springs, hotels and the park; extensive improvements made recently, including a decorated reception hall, electric bells, a passenger elevator, leading to a sun parlor, which opens out upon a roof promenade; steam heat and open fireplace, making it specially attractive to the delicate and valetudina-

rian ; massage, Turkish, Russian, Roman, electro-thermal and other baths, as well as the usual appointments of first-class hotels; spacious parlors, in which musical and other entertainments are given; Delsarté system of physical culture; gymnasium and spacious verandas; frequented by a cultivated circle. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$2 to \$2.50; by the week, \$10 to \$15; ten per cent. discount to clergymen and physicians. Proprietor, Dr. S. E. Strong.

MT. MCGREGOR—HOTEL BALMORAL.—On the southernmost spur of the Adirondack Mountains, ten and one-half miles from Saratoga, from which it is reached by trains every hour; elevation one thousand three hundred feet; all modern improvements; open fire-places; verandas twenty to forty feet wide; billiards, bowling alley, art gallery; waters brought daily from the Saratoga springs; three lakes stocked with fish and supplied with boats; telegraph office and daily stock quotations; free passes to and from Saratoga to hotel guests; receives one hundred and fifty guests.

VII.

LAKE GEORGE REGION.

Lake George, or the Horicon, famous for the beauty of its environment, lies on the southeastern border of the Adirondack region, in the midst of wooded hills, with mountains in the distance. Is thirty-six miles long, three-quarters of a mile to four miles wide, and in places four hundred feet deep. Its waters, flowing northward into Lake Champlain, are tributary to the St. Lawrence. Caldwell, a small town at its head or southern extremity, is reached from Albany by the Saratoga line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's railroad. Baldwin, at the north end, is reached from Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain by a branch of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's railroad. Steamboats ply between Caldwell and Baldwin, making two trips a day.

For routes see preceding chapter.

LAKE GEORGE—FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.—A house of large proportions and fine appointments, with porticoes affording

views of the lake and the mountains; recent improvements include new docks and swimming baths, tennis grounds; new bowling-alley and billiard-tables, elevator, new dining room, new cottages; electric lights, etc.; water from mountain springs; perfect drainage; full orchestra; choice cuisine. Special rates for families. Proprietor and manager, Wm. Noble. New York office, Hotel Grenoble, Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue.

LAKE GEORGE—THE SAGAMORE.—On Green Island, a wooded island of about seventy-five acres, off the west shore, ten miles north of Caldwell, connected by a bridge with the mainland; built a few years ago and having the picturesque look of a cottage-like grouping of buildings, or a rambling old English manor house; large music hall and ball-room connected with the main building; Edison electric lights, electric bells, elevator; water from mountain springs; tennis grounds; billiard-room; bowling; sail and row boats, steam yacht, horses and carriages; telegraph office; steamer from Caldwell on arrival of evening train; receives four hundred guests. Open June to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$17.50 to \$25; reduced rates from June 1 to June 20; special rates for the season. Proprietor, Myron O. Brown, Bolton Landing, Lake George, N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE—MARION HOUSE.—On the west shore, six miles from Caldwell, three hundred feet from the lake, the grounds extending to the shore; surrounded by a grove; wide verandas; billiard-room, tennis ground, steam yacht and boats; gas, electric bells, elevator; orchestral music morning and evening; telegraph office; livery; receives four hundred guests. Prices:—By the week, \$14 to \$25.

LAKE GEORGE—PEARL POINT HOUSE.—A steamboat landing on the east shore, twelve miles from Caldwell, in one of the most beautiful parts of the lake; all steamers land at the wharf; large fleet of sail and row boats; vegetables and dairy products from hotel farm; telegraph office; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Open in June. Prices: By the day, \$3.50; by the week, \$12 to \$20.

VIII.

ADIRONDACK REGION—THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The *massif* of the Adirondack region has a general elevation of one thousand five hundred to two thousand feet, and an extent of about fifteen thousand square miles. It is crossed by five mountain ranges. The number of peaks is said to be five hundred, the highest of which, Mount Marcy, rises five thousand three hundred and thirty-seven feet above the sea level. In the valleys there are more than one thousand lakes, variously connected by streams, whose waters feed Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence or the Hudson. Being thus drained and intersected by watercourses on every side, it is a region of a peculiarly wild and broken character. It may be entered from the east by stage routes from Westport, Port Kent and Plattsburg—stations on the Champlain division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's railways, a branch of which extends from Plattsburg to Ausable in the mountains. From the south and west it is entered by the Adirondack division of the same road, which runs northward from Saratoga to North Creek (fifty-seven miles), and when completed will extend to Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence. At North Creek stages connect with Blue Mountain Lake and with the Long Lake and Raquette Lake region. An intermediate route is that by the way of Schroon Lake.—Schroon Lake is ten miles long and two miles wide, and is bordered on the North by lofty summits; it is reached by a stage drive of six miles from Riverside station on the Saratoga and Adirondack railroad. From Pottersville, the terminus of the stage route, steamers ply to Schroon village and other points on the lake.—The Lake of Luzerne, on the southern limits of the Adirondack highland, lies at the junction of the upper Hudson and the Sacondaga Rivers, at an elevation of seven hundred feet; it is twenty-two miles north of Saratoga, from which it is reached by the Saratoga and Adirondack railroad (Hadley station).—The "Thousand Islands" in the St. Lawrence River extend from Cape Vincent at the foot of Lake Ontario to Ogdensburg, a distance of forty miles. Alexandria Bay, midway between these points, is accessible by steamer from Cape Vincent, to which the New York, Ontario and Western railway (Franklin and West Forty-second streets) run Pullman sleepers without change; or by steamers plying between Clayton and Ogdensburg, the termini of the Utica and Black River railroad, which connects at Utica with the New York Central. From Rome on the latter road branches the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad.

SCHROON LAKE—LELAND HOUSE AND COTTAGES.—At Schroon Lake village, near the head of the lake, with view of the lake and the neighboring mountains; verandas three hundred and forty-six feet in length, and an observatory one hundred and seven feet high; two cottages of twelve rooms each; grounds, extending to the lake, shaded with evergreens; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Open from June 15 to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$3.50; by the week, \$12.50 to \$21; special rates by the season.

ALEXANDRIA BAY—HOTEL WESTMINSTER.—In Westminster Park, comprising two hundred and twelve acres of land, at eastern end of Wells Island; park nearly two miles in length, lying among the One Thousand Islands, in front of and only one-half mile distant from Alexandria Bay; reached by ferry every hour; commanding views of the St. Lawrence River; pure and bracing air; sloping green lawns planted with forest trees; sandy beaches for bathing; spacious verandas; house fully equipped with all modern appliances; electric bells; baths; telegraph; fine orchestra; dancing. Open June 1 to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$2 to \$3; by the week, \$12 to \$17. Special rates to families and parties. Address, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

LOWER SARANAC LAKE—THE AMPERSAND.—One mile from the village, which is accessible by the Chateaugay Railroad from Plattsburg on Lake Champlain—time from New York fourteen miles; the hotel, built primarily for winter guests, is on a slope, amid pines, hemlocks and balsams, and its verandas, which in winter are enclosed in glass, command a magnificent view of the lake and surrounding mountains; large annex building and cottages recently erected; tents and other provision made for day camps; heated with steam and lighted with gas; two large fire-places in the main office; large and elegant public and private dining-rooms; ladies' billiard parlor; elevator; table supplied from farm with fresh milk, eggs and vegetables; receives one hundred and thirty-five guests. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$5. Managers, Eaton & Young, Ampersand, Franklin county, N. Y.

ALEXANDRIA BAY—THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.—A "summer palace," with lofty porticos on three sides, thirteen feet in width, commanding beautiful views of river and Islands; central tower

one hundred and sixty feet high; dining-room 100 by 40 feet and 27 feet high; grand saloon and reception rooms; gas, electric bells, elevators; bowling alleys and billiard rooms; fleet of boats; excursions among the islands twice daily by a small steamer; orchestral music; daily telegraphic stock reports; receives four hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$17.50 to \$28; reduced rates.

THOUSAND ISLANDS—THE FRONTENAC.—On Round Island, in the American channel, one mile below the Clayton Railroad terminus, steamboats connecting with all trains; one mile long and about one-fourth in width, rising gradually to the centre, where a public lawn is laid out; irregular shore line, skirted with woods; hotel on the highest point; veranda of seven hundred feet; observatory one hundred and fifty feet high, offering an extensive view of river and islands; elevator; gas, electric bells, steam heat; orchestral music; boats and oarsmen; daily excursions among the islands; post and telegraph offices; receives three hundred and fifty guests. Address, Frontenac, Jefferson county, N. Y.

LAKE MASSAWEPIE—CHILDWOLD PARK HOUSE AND COTTAGES.—Childwold Park consists of about five thousand acres, including Lake Massawepie and five charming lakelets; five miles by stage from Childwold station on new Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad, which branches at Herkimer from the New York Central; through vestibuled trains from Grand Central depot without change; hotel erected recently now enlarged; in a grove of forest trees between two lakes, and commanding an uninterrupted view of Lake Massawepie; three Queen Ann cottages on the lake to rent by the month or season; canoes and experienced guides; deer, trout and bass; picturesque rambles and drives within the park; well-equipped livery; medical attendance; telegraph and daily mails; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Open in June. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$4; by the week, \$15 to \$21; special rates for season.

BLUFF POINT—HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.—A commanding promontory on the west shore of Lake Champlain, separating the valley of the Salmon River from the lake; three miles south of Plattsburg; upon a broad plateau, which has been cleared in the primitive

forest, reached by a winding pike road from Bluff Point station at the foot of the hill; the outlook embraces nearly a thousand square miles of valley, lake and mountain; westward and southward the ranges of the Adirondacks, eastward the lake with its bays and islands with the mountains beyond; varied means of diversion are offered—steamboat and sailboat excursions on the lake, excursions by local railway trains, delightful rambles, horseback trips, the hunting and fishing grounds of the Adirondacks within a day's outing; billiard tables and bowling alleys in a separate building. Manager, O. D. Seavey. Address, Hotel Champlain, P. O., Clinton county, N. Y.

SARANAC LAKE—SARANAC LAKE HOUSE.—On the Lower Saranac, one mile by stage from Miller's station on the Chateaugay Railroad; elevation two thousand feet; lake is stocked with fish; on the borders of a forest stretching for miles in all directions; large rooms in suites of two to six; open fire-places in parlors, office and dining-room; electric bells; wide verandas nearly one thousand feet in length; bowling and billiards; camping equipments at moderate prices; telegraph and daily mail; fresh vegetables, milk, butter, etc., from farm; livery stables; receives three hundred guests. Open May 1 to November 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$4; special rates for a prolonged stay.

LAKE LUZERNE—WAYSIDE INN AND COTTAGES.—On a plateau bordering the lake; elevation above tide water seven hundred and fifty feet; picturesque house in Swiss cottage style; ornamented grounds of twenty acres with tennis court; fifty boats on the lake; livery and boarding stables. Open June to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50 and \$4; by the week, \$21 to \$28; ten furnished cottages, rented at \$200 to \$1,000 for the season; supplied in whole or in part from the hotel table; table board for cottagers, \$14 per week; special rates for September; connection by telephone.

TRENTON FALLS—MOORE'S HOTEL.—Eighteen miles north of Utica; direct connections from New York by the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh Railroad; the new Adirondack railroad crosses the ravine, only a mile from the hotel; five cascades, making a total fall of two hundred feet, in a ravine remarkable for picturesque grandeur. "The river," said the poet Willis, "in the

heart of that fearful chasm is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water I have ever seen." Hotel appointments include a large library and valuable pictures. Open May to October. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$3.50; by the week, \$14 to \$20. Special rates by the month.

THE BELCŒIL MTS., CANADA—IROQUOIS HOUSE.—Two and a half miles from St. Hilaire station on the Grand Trunk Railway, twenty-two miles from Montreal; hotel carriages meet all trains; hotel stands on a table rock at an elevation of one thousand six hundred feet, commanding an extensive and varied view; adjacent to a mountain lake three miles in circumference, affording fishing, bathing and boating; large bath-houses supplied by a stream of water from the lake; grounds of practically unlimited extent, picturesquely varied; billiards, bowling-alley; livery at moderate rates; receives four hundred guests. Open from May to September. Prices:—By the day, \$2 to \$3; by the week, \$10 to \$17. Address, St. Hilaire, P. Q., Canada.

IX.

GREEN MOUNTAIN REGION.

The Green Mountains are the most northerly extension of the ranges of which the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, the Litchfield Hills of Connecticut and the Highlands of the Hudson form part. They run about midway between the Connecticut River on the east and the valley of Lake Champlain and the Hudson on the west, and with their foothills and spurs, give picturesque character to the entire State which derives from them its name. The highest summits are Mount Mansfield (four thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet), Camel's Hump (four thousand one hundred and eighty-eight feet), Killington Peak (three thousand nine hundred and twenty-four feet), and Ascutney (three thousand three hundred and twenty feet).

MANCHESTER—EQUINOX HOUSE.—A beautiful village on the Bennington and Rutland Railway, thirty miles south of Rutland, in a valley three miles wide, with the Green Mountains on the east

and Mount Equinox on the west, from the summit of which may be seen Lakes George and Champlain, the Catskills, Greylock and the Franconia chain of White Mountains. Hotel of the first-class, with extensive grounds; stocked trout pond one mile from hotel, for special use of guests; table water from Equinox spring, one thousand five hundred feet above the village, possessing valuable curative qualities, "as near perfect as any water known," says Professor Chandler; thorough drainage appointments with new system of water supply; music afternoon and evening; billiards, bowling-alley, tennis and croquet grounds; beautiful drives and excursions; well equipped livery; dogs not taken. Prices:—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$21, \$25 and \$28; in the cottage, with light rooms, service, etc., \$17.50. Proprietor, F. H. Orvis, Manchester, Bennington county, Vt.

MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS—MONTVERT HOTEL.—Seven miles by stage from Poultney, which is seventy-two miles from Albany by the Rutland and Washington Railroad; elevation about three thousand feet; gas; water on every floor from mountain springs; hose and fire extinguishers; wide verandas, affording views of Kellington, Pico, Spruce, Knob and other summits; billiards and bowling; grounds of thirty-five acres, on which are the "healing springs;" livery and boarding stables; receives three hundred and fifty guests. Address, The Montvert, Middletown Springs, Vt.

NEWPORT, VT.—OWL'S HEAD HOTEL AND COTTAGES.—On Lake Memphremagog, at base of Owl's Head Mountain; by rail to Newport and steamer, twelve miles to hotel; five hundred acres in grounds, nearly a mile of lake front; pure mountain air, with aroma from forests of balsam-fir, cedar and birch; house reconstructed in 1890; large hall for indoor amusements; water on every floor; bowling; billiards; no bar, but wine served at table; receives one hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$2 to \$3; by the week, \$8 to \$15.

LAKE DUNMORE—MOUNTAIN SPRING HOTEL.—Nine miles from Brandon on the Central Vermont Railroad; a beautiful lake five miles in length, bordered by mountains; a new house provided with every modern appointment for the comfort of guests; elevator; electric bells in every room; incandescent electric lights; hot

and cold baths; rooms single or in suits; perfect sanitary conditions; pure spring water; beautiful walks and drives; good livery; two hundred spacious and well furnished rooms; six cottages connected with hotel by covered walk, rented whole or in part. Open in June. Prices:—By the week, \$12.50 to \$22.50. Address, Salisbury, Vt.

X.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—MAINE LAKES.

The mountain land of New Hampshire includes about twenty peaks, ranging in height from four thousand feet to that of Mount Washington, six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet. General elevation of the plateau, one thousand six hundred feet; its extent from south to north, forty-five miles; from east to west, thirty miles. The mountains are divided into two groups, the western being known as the Franconia; they form, however, but one *massif*. The two points of departure for the mountains are Wells River on the west, and North Conway on the east. These two points are connected by a continuous line of railway formed by the junction of the Lowell division of the Boston and Maine with the Portland and Ogdensburg Railways, which intersect the mountain region.—Wells River may be most directly reached from New York by way of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad to Springfield, and thence up the Connecticut Valley; from Boston by the Boston and Lowell Railroad, which touches at Lake Winnepesaukee.—North Conway is reached, via Boston, by the Boston and Maine Railroad.

FRANCONIA NOTCH—PROFILE HOUSE.—A pass between the Franconia and Pemigewasset ranges; six miles by railway from Bethlehem Junction; hotel on an open plateau, at an elevation of one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four feet; between two lakes; parlor 100 by 50 feet; gas, elevator, steam heat and open fires; post and telegraph offices; carriage excursions twice daily through the Notch to the Old Man of the Mountain and other places of special interest; steam yacht on Echo Lake; new ball-room orchestra; receives five hundred guests. Drawing-room cars through from New York daily. Open June to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$4.50; by the week, \$21 to \$28. Special rates for families in July. Proprietors, Taft and Greenleaf.

LITTLETON—OAK HILL HOUSE.—In the valley of the Ammonoosuc, on the Boston and Lowell railroad; elevation one thousand two hundred feet; two hundred feet above the village; commanding complete views of the White and Franconia ranges; steam heat and open wood fires; gas and electric lights and bells; spring water from the hills and perfect drainage; receives two hundred guests. Open June to November. Prices:—By the day, \$3; by the week, for one, \$10 to \$18; special rates for June. Proprietors, Farr & Jarvis, Littleton, N. H.

JACKSON—WENTWORTH HALL AND COTTAGES.—At the confluence of two mountain streams, three miles from Glen Station on the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad; old manorial style of architecture, with artistically designed cottages; open fire-places and steam heat, electric bells; thorough drainage by a constant flow of water from Jackson Falls, a picturesque cascade in full view from the verandas; ball-room, large parlor and dining-room; kitchen in a separate building; reading-room; smoking-room, spacious verandas; fountains, tennis courts; expensively constructed stables; noted Delmonico chef; telegraph and telephone; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Open June 1. Prices:—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$21 to \$30 for single rooms, \$35 to \$60 for double rooms. Address Jackson, Carroll County, N. H.

BETHLEHEM—THE MAPLEWOOD.—One of the most palatial of mountain hotels; ball-room with stage scenery, foot-lights, dressing-rooms, etc.; full orchestra; tennis courts, billiard-room, bowling-alley; steam heat and open fires; water in abundance from springs on the hills; approved drainage system; grounds of one thousand two hundred acres, including stock and dairy farm of 600 acres; supplying the tables with fresh milk, butter and vegetables; large livery stables; receives four hundred guests; the Maplewood Cottage is similarly appointed and receives one hundred guests; also thirteen furnished cottages on the grounds, rented for the season, with hotel board. Prices:—By the day, \$4 and upward.

BARRON'S WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSES.—This important chain of hotels, in the heart of the mountain region, under one pro-

prietorship, includes:—The Fabyan House, at Fabyan's station; receives three hundred and fifty guests. The Mount Pleasant, half a mile from Fabyan Junction and nearest to Mount Washington; receives two hundred and fifty guests. The Crawford, four or five miles southeast of Fabyan Junction at the gate of the Notch; receives three hundred and fifty guests. The Summit House, on the summit of Mount Washington; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Prices:—At the Crawford and Fabyan houses, \$4.50 a day; \$21 to \$30 a week; at the Mount Pleasant, \$3 a day; \$14 to \$21 a week; at the Summit House, \$5 a day. Proprietors: Barron & Merrill.

JACKSON—IRON MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—Half a mile from the village of Jackson, and two and one-half miles from Glen station; house nearly new; view from the verandas includes Mt. Washington, Double Head, Tin and Thorn Mountains in the east, the famous Moat to the south and the Iron range in the west; large, well-lighted rooms with closets; spring water led in own pipes from Iron Mountain; heated by hot water system and open fires; bathrooms and thorough drainage system; separate dining-room for nurses and children; livery at moderate prices; coaches to all trains; receives one hundred guests. Open June 1 till October 15. Prices:—By the week, \$9 to \$21 for single rooms, \$16 to \$26 for double rooms; special rates for June and after September 15.

GLEN HOUSE.—At the eastern base of Mount Washington, on a terrace looking out upon the five highest mountains of New England, which are but three or four miles distant; stage route to the summit of Mount Washington (eight miles); elevation one thousand six hundred and thirty-two feet; tally-ho six-horse coaches connect with trains at Glen station (fifteen miles); a new house built a few years ago on the site of the older house; supplied throughout with spring water from the famous Glen Spring; elevator, gas, and all the latest appointments; open fire-places in every suite of rooms as well as in the rotunda and all public apartments; orchestral music; stables with one hundred horses and every kind of vehicle for mountain service; herd of fifty Jersey cows; receives three hundred and fifty guests. Open June to October 1. Prices:—By the day, \$4.50; by the week, \$21 to \$28; children, half rates. Proprietor: C. R. Milliken, Portland, Me.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE—MT. KINEO HOUSE.—Source of the Kennebec River, on the border of the great Maine woods, one thousand and twenty-three feet above the sea; thirty-five miles long, from one to twelve in width; a picturesque and substantial hotel, at the base of Mt. Kineo; a promontory, half way up the lake, commanding a magnificent view; gas, electric bells, steam heat, open fire-place, steam elevator, etc.; dining-room 100 x 51 feet; verandas fifteen feet wide; birch canoes and guides supplied; orchestral music. Open in June. Prices:—By the day, June, July and October, \$2.50 to \$3; intermediate months, \$3 to \$4; special rates by the week or month.

XI.

BERKSHIRE AND LITCHFIELD HILLS.

The hills and mountains of Berkshire County, in Western Massachusetts, are the connecting links between the Green Mountains of Vermont and the Highlands of the Hudson. They are now gentle and sloping in their lines, now wild and broken, sheltering well-watered and cultivated valleys, whose elm-shaded towns and villages are famous for their beauty—a region of lakes, mountain torrents, glens, lovers' lanes, rocks and echoes. The Berkshire Hills are intersected by the valley of the Housatonic, whose waters flow southward, and the valley of the Hoosac, whose waters flow northward, the Hoosac Mountains lying on the east and the Taghkonics on the west of these connecting valleys. The highest points are Greylock (three thousand five hundred feet) in the north, and Mount Everett in the south. The valley towns are from five hundred to one thousand two hundred feet above the sea, the hill towns from one thousand two hundred to one thousand eight hundred. The region is penetrated by the Housatonic Valley railroad, which starts from Bridgeport, Conn., on the New York and New Haven road, and terminates at Pittsfield, the county town of Berkshire. From Pittsfield the Pittsfield and North Adams branch railroad leads through Northern Berkshire to Williamstown, where the Troy and Boston railroad crosses, by which latter road the tourist from the west or east may enter this charming country. Western Connecticut, especially Litchfield County, in the northwestern part of the State, presents scenery of the same general character as that which prevails in Berkshire. Accessible by the Housatonic railroad from Bridgeport on the New York and New Haven railroad; by the Naugatuck railroad from Bridgeport, and by the New Haven and Northampton railroad.

PITTSFIELD—MAPLEWOOD.—Elevation of the town nearly one thousand one hundred feet; substantial brick building, recently improved at an expenditure of \$14,000; park-like grounds with century-old maples and elms; gas; water from a mountain lake; new sanitary improvements; new parlors, bathrooms and new sleeping rooms; "recreation room" with excellent dancing floor, stage for theatricals, bowling alleys and a dark room for amateur photography; livery and stabling; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Open June to November 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3; by the week, \$12 to \$25. Proprietor; Arthur W. Plumb, Pittsfield, Mass.

PITTSFIELD—THE SPRINGSIDE.—A new house; important additions and improvements made since last year; elevation about one thousand six hundred feet; approached by an elm-shaded drive from the main road; extensive grounds with shaded walks, including a small lake; large rooms; electric lights; baths; boarding and livery stables; telephonic connections; receives seventy guests. Prices:—By the week, \$12 to \$25.

LENOX—BELLEVUE HOTEL.—A select and pleasantly situated family hotel, the special feature of which is the table; receives one hundred guests. Open June 1. Prices:—By the day, \$3; by the week, \$15 and upward.

STOCKBRIDGE—STOCKBRIDGE HOUSE.—One of the pleasantest and most frequented villages in the Housatonic valley, between Lenox on the north and Great Barrington on the south; house recently enlarged and improved; receives one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five guests. Prices:—By the day, \$3; by the week, \$15 to \$21. Proprietor, Charles H. Plumb, Stockbridge, Mass.

GREAT BARRINGTON—COLLINS HOUSE.—Pleasantly situated on a farm of sixty-five acres in the outskirts of the village, surrounded by shade trees and supplied with spring water; half a mile from the station, post-office and free library; large rooms, comfortably furnished; livery; receives sixty guests. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50; by the week, \$10 to \$15. Proprietor, George A. Tuller.

GREAT BARRINGTON—THE BERKSHIRE INN.—A year-round resort. Three and one-half hours from New York; situated on the main street, which is shaded by grand old-time elms and bordered by cottages and villas amid beautifully ornamented grounds; pure mountain air; a well-built stone house, provided with spring water, electric lights, gas, baths, etc.; location amid high hills and peculiar atmospheric conditions render out-door exercise enjoyable; generous provision for winter comfort indoors with sun parlors, steam and open fires; perfect sanitary arrangements; a well-equipped livery stable, affording every facility for the enjoyment of the many delightful drives which centre at this beautiful village. Proprietor, C. Ticknor, Great Barrington, Mass.

XII.

NEW JERSEY HIGHLANDS.

The mountain ranges of New Jersey, extending over all that part of the State lying northward of the City of New York, are the prolongation of the Highlands of the Hudson. They nowhere attain a height greater than one thousand two hundred feet, but are broken up into picturesque groupings, intersected with wild water-courses and interspersed with lakes. The most important elevation is Schooley's Mountain, a ridge of considerable extent, accessible by the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad to Hackettstown (sixty-two miles), thence by a stage drive of about three miles; also by the New Jersey Central to German Valley, thence by a stage route of two and one-half miles. Near the summit is a chalybeate spring, which has an old established reputation for efficacy in dyspeptic and calculous affections. The views include neighboring and far distant summits, and the rambles and drives are full of interest. On the southern border of the New Jersey Highlands is a pleasant hill country, traversed by the New Jersey Central railroad (Liberty street), which offers many delightful places of summer residence.

LAKE HOPATCONG—HOTEL BRESLIN.—In the Brookland Mountains, fifty miles from New York, two and one-half miles from Drakesville, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, or accessible by boat from Hopatcong station; time from New York, one hour and fifty minutes; lake twelve miles long and one

to three miles wide, of irregular outline, dotted with islands and bordered in places by bold mountain declivities; elevation one thousand two hundred feet; a new and large hotel in the centre of Mount Arlington Park, one hundred and fifty-five feet above the lake, offering from its verandas, eight hundred feet in length, varied and beautiful views; elevator, electric bells, steam heat, open fireplaces, bath-rooms on every floor; children's play-room and dining-room; boats and steam launches; tennis lawns; livery and boarding stables. Prices:—By the day, \$5; by the week, \$25 to \$28. Manager, R. H. Stearns; New York address, 265 Broadway.

SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN—HEATH HOUSE.—A number of distinct buildings, one of which is reserved for families, another for adults, accommodating in all three hundred and fifty guests; sanitary arrangements vouched for by scientific authorities; music for the season, the music-room being 180 feet long by 40 wide; thirty acres in wooded lawns, encircled by a drive; pure water; perfect drainage; livery and private stables; twenty trained saddle horses, ponies for children, and a professional riding master; telegraph and telephone. Open early in June. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50; by the week, \$12, \$14 and \$16 for single rooms, \$24, \$28 and \$32 for double rooms; nurses and children, \$7; furnished cottages to let. Proprietor, J. Warren Coleman. Manager, William E. Coleman, Schooley's Mountain, Morris county, N. J.; New York office, room 87, Evening Post Building.

BERNARDSVILLE—HOTEL SOMERSET.—In the Highlands of Somerset county, where the Passaic and Raritan Rivers have their source; thirty-five miles from New York by the Passaic and Delaware branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; elevation one thousand feet; scenery full of varied beauty; large rooms, good beds; electric bells, billiard tables and bowling alleys; farm of one thousand acres; fruits and vegetables from the hotel gardens; choicest dairy supplies, a registered herd of fifty Jersey cows belonging to the hotel; superior stabling; stage meets trains; receives two hundred guests. Open in June. Prices:—By the week, \$20 to \$25. Address, Bernardsville, Somerset county, N. J.

MORRISTOWN—WALTON COTTAGE.—At "Iron Spring Farm," a mile and a half from the village; pleasantly situated, with comfort-

able home-like appointments; gas, pure spring water, thorough drainage; stabling for forty horses; supplies of fresh vegetables, fruit and milk from the farm; beautiful drives and fishing in lake; receives seventy guests. Open all the year. Prices:—By the week, for one, \$12 to \$15; for two, \$25 to \$30; children, half price. Address, L. W. Walton, box 442, Morristown, N. J.

MORRISTOWN—PARK HOUSE.—Pleasantly situated, facing the park, five minutes walk from the station; a family hotel with accommodations for fifty or sixty guests; three acres of ground; pure spring water. Prices:—By the week, \$10 to \$18. Address, Park House, Morristown, N. J.

XIII.

DELAWARE HIGHLANDS.

The so-called Delaware Highlands are an extension of the Shawangunk Mountains, and take their name from the Delaware River, which intersects them obliquely. The river enters at Port Jervis and escapes at the Water Gap, a narrow gorge walled by rocky precipices one thousand six hundred feet in height. The distance from Port Jervis to the Water Gap is forty miles. The highlands include parts of Pike and Monroe counties, Pennsylvania, and of Sussex and Warren counties, New Jersey. It is a region where lovers of mountain rambling may find glens, caves, lakes, waterfalls, in abundance, and which is much frequented by anglers and sportsmen. Accessible by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western (Barclay and Christopher streets) to the Water Gap and Stroudsburg, in three and a half hours; and by the New York and Erie (Chambers street) to Port Jervis and Lackawaxen, whence stage routes to various resorts.

WATER GAP—WATER GAP HOUSE.—Stands on a wooded height four hundred feet above the river, commanding one of the finest views of the Gap, and overlooking the country for miles in all directions; three hours from New York by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; large rooms with gas and water from mountain springs; electric bells; wide verandas, six hundred

and seventy feet in length; billiards, boating, bathing, fishing, mountain rambles and drives. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50 to \$4; by the week, June and October, \$16; July, August and September, \$18. Proprietor, L. W. Brodhead, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

WATER GAP—KITTATINNY HOUSE.—On a plateau, one hundred and seventy-five feet above the river, on the Pennsylvania side, commanding a view of the river and the surrounding hills; ten minutes from the station; enlarged and refurnished; elevator and all modern improvements; rooms in suites with private baths and parlors; heated by steam and wood fires; verandas eight hundred feet in length; grounds of one hundred and fifty acres, with shaded walks; receives four hundred guests. Open June 1 to December. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$4; by the week, for single rooms, \$16 and upward; for double rooms, \$30 and upward. Proprietors, W. A. Brodhead & Sons, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

MILFORD—BLUFF HOUSE.—Seven miles from Port Jervis, on a bluff overlooking Delaware River; within half a mile of the falls of the Sawkill, twenty to one hundred feet in height; a famous glen within three minutes' walk of the house; steps and winding walks down the bluff to the Delaware, where there are boats; fishing and hunting; hot and cold water baths; wide verandas; billiards; no bar; receives one hundred and twenty-five guests. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50; special arrangements by the week or month. Proprietor, H. B. Wells, Milford, Pike county, Pa.

DINGMAN'S FERRY—HIGH FALLS HOTEL.—Two and a half hours' drive by stage from Port Jervis on the Erie Railroad; four and a half hours by mail coach from Stroudsburg on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; two hours by hotel carriage, notice given, from Brancheville on Morris and Essex, elevation one thousand two hundred feet; cascades, caves, glens, etc., within easy walking distance of the house; water from mountain springs; livery at country prices; rowing and bathing; veranda two hundred and fifty feet long; receives two hundred guests. Open April 1 to December 1. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50; by the week, \$10; special rates for the season. Proprietor, Philip Fulmer, M. D., Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa.

XIV.

APPALACHIAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA,
MARYLAND, WEST VIRGINIA AND
NORTH CAROLINA.

The Appalachian Mountain system has a breadth in Pennsylvania of about one hundred miles, and is bordered on the east by the Blue Ridge, and on the west by the Alleghany range. The Pennsylvania Railroad penetrates the Blue Ridge at Harrisburg, and following for one hundred and seventeen miles the windings of the Juniata, climbs the Alleghanies at Altoona.—The characteristic feature of this mountain system in its prolongation through West Virginia is its richness in mineral springs, many of which have long been important places of resort for their health-giving waters and picturesque surroundings; the elevation, one thousand five hundred to two thousand five hundred feet, ensures coolness and purity of air even in midsummer.—In North Carolina the Appalachian system has a breadth of about fifty miles, and is crossed by transverse chains which throw up the loftiest summits of the Atlantic slope. Among these is Mount Mitchell, formerly known as the Black Dome (six thousand seven hundred and ten feet). Asheville, a town of several thousand inhabitants (elevation two thousand two hundred and fifty feet), is the point of departure for excursions in this sublime mountain land; it is reached in twenty-four hours from New York by the Piedmont Air Line (Pennsylvania station, Jersey City), connecting at Salisbury with the Western North Carolina Railroad. Average temperature in July, 71.9.

MINNEQUA SPRINGS, PA.—MINNEQUA HOUSE.—In a mountain glen, one thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea, surrounded by rugged heights; springs of abundant flow and remarkable curative properties; accessible via Pennsylvania Railroad to Harrisburg, thence by Northern Central; in a park of one hundred acres; newly erected house, with elevator and all modern appointments; orchestral music; receives five hundred guests. Open June to November.

GLEN SUMMIT, PA.—GLEN SUMMIT HOTEL.—On the Nescopeck, a mountain ridge dividing the Wyoming and Lehigh valleys; five hours from New York by Lehigh Valley road, Liberty street; ele-

vation two thousand feet, commanding a view one hundred miles in extent over a wild mountainous region; recently enlarged and hydraulic elevator added; gas, steam heat, electric bells; water on every floor from the Indian Sand spring; baths; grounds of six hundred acres laid out in walks and drives; receives two hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$15 to \$20. Address Glen Summit, Luzerne County, Pa.

HIGHLAND LAKE, PA.—ESSICK MT. HOME.—Five miles by stage from Picture Rocks, a station on the Williamsport and North Branch Railroad, sixteen miles from Williamsport, Pa., on a spur of the Alleghanies, at an elevation of two thousand feet; grounds of two hundred and fifty acres surrounded by virgin forests; a deer park with fawns and other native animals; adjacent lake for bathing and boating; new house; wide verandas, large bedchambers furnished in hard wood and supplied with hair spring mattresses; water from flowing springs; thorough sanitary arrangements; daily parlor and lawn concerts by a select orchestra; mails twice daily, telephone connections. Open June 1 to October 1. Proprietor, H. M. Essick, Picture Rocks, Lycoming County, Pa.

WERNERSVILLE, PA.—GRAND VIEW HOUSE.—Nine miles from Reading; on South Mountain, a spur of the Blue range, a region known for salubrity of climate, pure water and picturesque scenery; two and one-fourth hours from Philadelphia; four and one-fourth hours from New York by the Central Railroad of New Jersey; hotel in a tract of about four hundred acres of evergreen and forest trees, laid out in parks and rambles; a massive structure, built of mountain stone, lined on the inside to protect from dampness; one hundred and thirty-five feet long and four stories high; also a large three story cottage, about ninety feet from the main building, used exclusively as a dormitory, heated by steam and open grates. All important appliances for the successful treatment of disease, massage, electricity; Turkish, vapor and other baths; oxygen inhalations, etc. Open all the year. Prices:—By the week, \$10 to \$25. Proprietors: Drs. Wenrich & Deppen.

POCONO MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—On one of the highest points of the Pocono Mountains, one-third of a mile from Fork's Station on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; elevation, two

thousand two hundred ; commanding a view of the Delaware Valley above and below the Water Gap ; surrounded by a beautiful grove, with numerous springs of cold water ; hotel recently enlarged ; electric bells ; hot and cold baths ; large piazzas at every story ; perfect drainage ; table supplied from dairy and truck farm and from New York and Philadelphia markets ; two cottages in connection with the house ; boarding and livery stables ; trout fishing and gunning ; stage meets all trains ; receives three hundred guests. Open May to November. Prices :—By the day, \$3 ; by the week, \$17.50 and upwards for single ; \$30 for double rooms. Special rates for June and September. Proprietors, E. E. Hooker & Son, Mount Pocono, Monroe County, Pa.

THE GLADES, MD.—DEER PARK AND OAKLAND.—A series of openings along the upper waters of the Youghiogheny river on the plateau summit of the Alleghanies of Maryland ; elevation about three thousand feet ; two hundred and forty miles west of Baltimore on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, all trains of which stop at both the hotels above named, which are six miles apart, the Deer Park Hotel consisting of three large and picturesque buildings connected by covered passageways ; elaborately appointed and elegantly furnished ; abundance of pure spring water ; perfect drainage system ; at Deer Park a large bath-house with swimming pool and smaller baths, the water maintained at an equal temperature by steam heat ; billiards and bowling ; electric lights in the hotels and on the grounds ; orchestral music morning and evening at both houses ; completely appointed livery ; beautiful drives over well-made roads ; a number of cottages rented separately, with hotel service ; resident physicians ; railway station on the grounds of each house ; buffet, parlor and sleeping cars of elegant appointments, with attentive service en route. Prices :—By the day, \$2.50 ; by the week, \$15 to \$21 ; by the month, \$60, \$75 and \$90. Manager, George D. DeShields, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md. ; address Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md.

CAPON SPRINGS AND BATHS, VA.—On the western slope of the great North Mountains four miles from the base and two miles from the summit, a delightful drive of fifteen miles from Capon station on the Harper's Ferry and Valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ; elevation, one thousand nine hundred ; aver-

age summer temperature, sixty-five degrees; fishing and boating in Capon river and lake; horseback ascent to Eagle's rock and other summits, affording a magnificent coup-d'œil; bathing establishment two hundred and eighty feet in length, including swimming pool ninety feet by forty-eight, and various kinds of baths; orchestral music; ball-room eighty by forty feet; music-room with stage for theatricals; receives nine hundred guests. Open June to October. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50 to \$2.75; by the week, \$11.25 to \$17.50; children at half rates. Proprietor: W. H. Sale, Capon Springs, W. Va.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS—**CENTRAL HOTEL**.—On the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, on the western slope of the Alleghanies, at an elevation of two thousand feet and surrounded by mountain heights; accessible from New York via the Pennsylvania Railroad (Pullman cars without change); hotel and one hundred cottages, receiving in all two thousand guests; fifty acres in lawns; shooting gallery, billiard and bowling halls; orchestral music; waters of the springs celebrated for their therapeutic value; elaborate bathing facilities; no malaria, no mosquitoes. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50; by the week, \$21; by the month, \$75. Superintendent: B. F. Eakle, White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, West Virginia.

XV.

NEW JERSEY SHORE.

The ocean shore of New Jersey, extending from Sandy Hook to Cape May, is one hundred and twenty-seven miles in length and is dotted all along with frequented resorts, each having its peculiar attractions. With these Staten Island may be conveniently and naturally grouped. The distances from Sandy Hook are as follows:—Highlands of Navesink (four miles); Bellevue (five miles); Seabright and Normandie (six miles); Oceanic (seven miles); Monmouth Beach (eight miles); Long Branch (ten miles); Elberon (twelve miles); Deal (fourteen miles); Asbury Park and Ocean Grove (sixteen miles); Key East (seventeen miles); Ocean Beach (eighteen miles); Spring Lake (twenty miles); Sea Girt (twenty-two miles); Brielle (twenty-three miles); Manasquan, Point Pleasant, St. Elmo and Bay Head (twenty-five miles); Tom's River and Berkeley (thirty-seven miles); Tuckerton, Beach Haven, Atlantic

City (one hundred miles), and Cape May (one hundred and thirty miles.) The New Jersey shore is accessible as far as Seaside Park by the New Jersey Central (Liberty street), or by the Sandy Hook division of the New Jersey Central, steamers leaving from Liberty street and connecting, after a sail of twenty miles down New York bay, with trains at Atlantic Highlands; or by the Pennsylvania Railroad (Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets) to Long Branch and resorts south of Long Branch. Places between Seaside Park and Atlantic City are accessible by the Tom's River and Tuckerton branches of the New Jersey Central and by branches of the Pennsylvania. Atlantic City and Cape May are reached by the Pennsylvania road.

STATEN ISLAND—PAVILION HOTEL.—At New Brighton, on New York Bay, thirty minutes from the Battery terminus of the elevated roads; boats every twenty minutes (fare ten cents); on a bluff three minutes' walk from landing; faced by lofty porticos, commanding a complete view of the bay, the view from the cupola extending to the open sea on the south, and the palisades of the Hudson on the north; elevator, electric bells, bath-rooms on every floor; bowling-alley, billiard room, tennis court, children's play-room; spacious dining and ball-room with musicians' gallery, music at dinner; livery and private stables; receives three hundred and fifty guests. Open April to November. Address New Brighton, Staten Island.

STATEN ISLAND—HOTEL CASTLETON.—On Brighton Heights, overlooking the Narrows and New York bay; delightful summer residence; only thirty minutes from Battery; elegantly decorated and furnished throughout; elevator, electric light, and all modern improvements; spacious verandas. Open all the year. Proprietor, James H. Rodgers, New Brighton, Staten Island.

MONMOUTH PARK—MONMOUTH PARK HOTEL.—A new hotel, fronting on the Shrewsbury river; the grounds extending one mile along the shore; a substantially built and beautiful house with large rooms, and all the latest appointments; dining halls in an annex; electric bells; artesian water.

LONG BRANCH—UNITED STATES HOTEL.—A step from the Central Railroad station and near the pier; faces the sea with magnificent lawns intervening; verandas and balconies to each

floor ; rooms, single and en suite, for four hundred guests ; running water on each floor ; scientific plumbing and drainage. Prices :—By the day, \$3 to \$3.50 ; moderate rates to families for the season. Proprietor, J. C. Van Cleaf, who may be seen at the Mansion House, Brooklyn Heights, of which he is one of the proprietors.

LONG BRANCH—THE SCARBORO.—At the corner of Ocean and Bath avenues, one hundred and fifty feet from the bluff, every room commanding a full view of the ocean ; all the modern appointments for convenience, comfort and sanitation ; large tennis lawn adjoining the house ; best surf-bathing in front ; stables connected by telephone with the hotel ; music morning and evening ; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Prices :—By the day, \$4 to \$5 ; by the week, \$21 and upward.

LONG BRANCH—WEST END AND COTTAGES.—On the bluff within two hundred feet of the beach, commanding an uninterrupted view of the ocean ; elevators and all the latest appointments ; extensive grounds, with luxurious seaside cottages connected by telephone ; separate amusement hall, 120 x 80 feet, with ball-room, stage, ladies' billiard and reading-rooms, bowling-alleys, etc. ; sea view pavilion connected with hotel by an elevated bridge ; Neyer's orchestra ; Sunday night concerts ; bathing-houses, warm sea baths at all hours ; well equipped livery and boarding stables ; receives one thousand guests ; cottages and restaurant will open June 11. Prices :—By the day, \$4 ; by the week, \$25 and upwards. Proprietors, D. M. and W. E. Hildreth ; New York office, Metropolitan Hotel.

LONG BRANCH—HOWLAND HOTEL.—Adjoining the grounds of the West End ; frequented by Philadelphia and New York families of social prominence ; newly furnished and renovated throughout ; complete and beautiful in its appointments ; thorough sanitary arrangements ; spacious lawns ; select orchestra ; choice cuisine ; receives four hundred and fifty guests. Prices :—By the day, \$4.50 ; by the week, \$25 ; special rates for the season.

ELBERON—THE ELBERON.—A few minutes' walk from Elberon station, about two miles south of the West End, Long Branch ; picturesque in architecture, ivy-covered, facing the ocean ; complete

in appointments; a number of Queen Anne cottages dispersed, amid the grounds, connected by telegraph with the main building the occupants being served at home or at the hotel table; spacious lawns for tennis, archery, etc.

POINT PLEASANT BEACH.—RESORT HOUSE.—On Manasquan Bay, affording one of the finest and safest beaches on the coast; combination of country and seashore; extensive woods and fields in vicinity; large, well-ventilated rooms, with ocean and shore view of forty miles; modern improvements; no malaria; grounds for tennis, croquet and archery; rowing, sailing, fishing; surf and still water bathing; orchestra; choice cuisine; receives three hundred guests. Address Point Pleasant Beach, N. J.

SPRING LAKE—WILBURTON-BY-THE-SEA.—Within fifty yards of the surf, with unobstructed view of the ocean; no marsh lands; the beach drive, extending for miles along the coast, passes in front of the house; coaches meet every train; sanitary arrangements and ventilation according to the most approved methods; pure water supply; dining-room and ordinary greatly enlarged; gas; fire-extinguishing apparatus for each floor; electric bells; bathing, driving, fishing and boating on the lakes, in Squan river and Barnegat bay. Open from June to October. Prices:—by the day, single rooms, \$4; double rooms, \$7; by the week, for one person, \$15 to \$28; for two persons, \$25 to \$40. Address Spring Lake Beach, N. J.

SPRING LAKE BEACH—MONMOUTH HOUSE.—On a plateau between the ocean and a beautiful fresh water lake several acres in extent; luxurious in its appointments; thoroughly renovated since last season; an artesian well has been sunk seven hundred and fifty feet, giving an abundant supply of pure water, and all the modern sanitary appliances have been introduced; gas, electric bells, elevator, hot and cold salt and fresh water baths; safe bathing beach; music hall, with daily orchestral performances; billiards and bowling; livery and private stabling; receives five hundred guests. Proprietor, L. U. Maltby, Spring Lake Beach, N. J., or Hotel Lafayette, Philadelphia.

SPRING LAKE—THE CARLETON.—Two hundred feet from the beach, with full ocean and lake view; thorough sanitary arrange-

ments, electric bells, gas and elevator; pure water from a new artesian well; gas introduced into the annex, which is now as desirable as the main house; receives two hundred and fifty guests.

ASBURY PARK—COLEMAN HOUSE.—Enlarged by the erection of a brick building containing seventy guest chambers and a dining hall sixty by eighty feet, with full ocean view; grounds of two and one-fourth acres, facing the ocean on the east and Wesley Lake on the south; separate building, with bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms and ball-room, connected with the hotel by a covered bridge; gas and electric lights; artesian well four hundred and sixty-two feet in depth; new bath-rooms and sanitary appliances throughout; full orchestra; good livery service and well-appointed stables for private teams; receives three hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4 and upward; special rates by the week. Address Coleman House, Asbury Park, N. J.

ASBURY PARK—WEST END HOTEL.—Adjacent to the beach, at Asbury avenue and Kingsley street, commanding the ocean view; five story building with all the modern improvements; rooms large and well furnished; wide verandas and passages; electric lights and bells, orchestra; billiard parlor; receives four hundred guests.

ASBURY PARK—HOTEL BRUNSWICK.—Facing the ocean, with spacious lawn in front; additions made last year have doubled the capacity of the house and greatly improved its appearance and its conveniences; new dining-room looking out upon the ocean; large rooms, single and in suites, with ocean view; gas, electric bells; thorough sanitary arrangements; saddle horses, carriages and boats; receives four hundred guests. Open from April 1 to September 1. Address Morgan & Parsons, Asbury Park, N. J.

AVON-BY-THE-SEA—HOTEL OXFORD.—Fronts on the ocean and Shark river, with varied view of sea, bay and river and inland; cheerful rooms; perfect sanitary arrangements; artesian water; fishing, crabbing, sailing; surf and still water bathing; groves near at hand; lawn tennis courts and croquet grounds; carriages at a moment's notice; pleasant drives; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50.

DEAL BEACH—HATHAWAY HOUSE.—Three miles south of Long Branch, within five minutes' walk of the ocean and five minutes' drive from the station ; stage meets all the trains ; commodious, homelike ; good stabling ; latest sanitary improvements ; shaded grounds ; pleasant country surroundings ; fruits and vegetables from the hotel farm ; safe beach, with surf bathing ; receives two hundred guests. Open from June to October. Prices :—By the day, \$2 to \$3 ; by the week, \$12 to \$15.

SEA GIRT—THE BEACH HOUSE.—The old Stockton mansion, with extensive additions, adapting it to hotel uses ; retains many of the old-time features, such as the spacious hearths and elaborate chimney pieces. A unique characteristic of the new house is the great veranda which overhangs the water and is built to simulate a ship's deck. Hot and cold salt water baths on every floor ; steam heat, gas, electric bells, etc. Proprietor, Uriah Welch, for many years proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York ; indeed Mr. Welch gave the St. Nicholas its national reputation.

ATLANTIC CITY, which is an attractive summer as well as fashionable winter resort, will be found under the latter head, further on.

CAPE MAY—CONGRESS HALL.—One of the largest hotels on the coast, luxurious in its appointments ; every modern convenience ; new plumbing has been introduced, under government inspection, conforming to the latest requirements of sanitary science ; music by Hessler's orchestra ; receives seven hundred and fifty guests.

XVI.

LONG ISLAND.

The characteristic feature of the south coast of Long Island is the long line of insular or peninsular strips of sand, without vegetation, which are thrown out as bulwarks against the sea, enclosing bays from two to eight miles wide. These beaches, named in order from the west end, are : Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, Rockaway Beach (enclosing Jamaica bay), Long Beach (facing Hempstead

bay), Jones Beach (facing South Oyster bay), Oak Island and Great South Beach (enclosing the Great South bay, East bay and Shinnecock bay).—The northern part of Long Island for a considerable distance from New York presents a surface of wooded hills, and its shore line is cut up by deeply-receding bays separated by bold headlands and irregular peninsulas. These bays in order from the west are: Flushing bay, Little Neck bay, Cow bay, Hempstead harbor, Oyster bay, Huntington bay, Smithtown bay, beyond which the coast presents a comparatively unbroken line to Orient Point, its eastern extremity.—The eastern part of the island divides into two irregular shaped arms enclosing Peconic bay and Gardiner's bay, in which lies Shelter Island. The Long Island resorts are all accessible by the various lines and branches of the Long Island Railroad (James' Slip and East Thirty-fourth street), the eastern terminus of which is at Greenport, ninety-four miles from New York. Greenport is also reached by steamers from New York, New London, Hartford and Saybrook. For points on the Sound near the city the steamer Idlewild leaves Peck Slip at 4 P. M. and Thirty-first street at 4.15. The Montauk and New York steamboats (Beekman street, East river) run to Orient Point, Greenport, Shelter Island and Sag Harbor.

FAR ROCKAWAY—UNITED STATES HOTEL.—Forty-five minutes from the City Hall, New York, by Wall street and Thirty-fourth street ferries; stands on a high bluff overlooking the ocean; eleven acres of ground; sea front of one thousand two hundred feet; newly painted, decorated and furnished; latest sanitary improvements introduced under the superintendence of an expert sanitary engineer; drinking water from the Brooklyn water works, its purity certified to by the Board of Health; still water and surf bathing; cuisine under an experienced chef; electric light and bells; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Prices:—By the day, \$3; by the week, \$15 to \$20. Proprietor, John J. Rogers, a well-known restaurateur at 6 Park Place, New York.

SHELTER ISLAND—MANHANSET HOUSE.—A house of picturesque architecture, encircled with wide verandas; large rooms, single and in suites; richly furnished; thorough drainage system; steam heat; elaborate fire-extinguishing apparatus; electric lights and gas; ample bath-houses; bowling and billiards; sail and row boats; orchestra music; excellent livery and stabling, with well-

trained saddle-horses; receives three hundred and fifty guests. Cozy and comfortable cottages. June 15 to September 15. Prices: By the day, \$4; by the week, \$21 and upward; special rates for two or more weeks. Proprietors, Manhasset Improvement Co., H. D. W. Lawson, Manager. The house has been enlarged and improved for the season of 1893.

SHELTER ISLAND—PROSPECT HOUSE.—Stands on a hillside about forty feet above the water, its grounds sloping to the beach; verandas three hundred feet in length; electric lights in all bedrooms; separate building with theatrical stage, ball-room, etc.; music for the season; livery and stabling; approved sewerage system; spring of pure water on grounds; archery, lawn tennis. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50 and \$4. Special terms for the season. Address Shelter Island Heights, Suffolk County, N. Y.

SHELTER ISLAND—BAY VIEW HOUSE.—Rebuilt, enlarged and newly furnished; electric bells throughout; large dining-room with windows on four sides; sanitary plumbing and perfect drainage; hot and cold salt and fresh water baths; tennis court and ball grounds; one hundred bathing houses line the shore, which may be rented by the week or season; bowling alleys for ladies and gentlemen; lawn tennis; billiard hall; an annex cottage of fourteen rooms, facing the bay, well adapted for families; saddle-horses and experienced drivers; receives one hundred guests. Open June 1 to September 15. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50 to \$3; by the week, \$15 to \$21; two persons in one room, \$25 to \$33.

PINE PARK—THE BRENTWOOD AND THE AUSTRAL.—A handsome new hotel in the central part of Long Island, forty-one miles from New York by the main line of the Long Island Railroad; ten minutes' walk from station; surrounded by a park laid out by the landscape gardeners, Olmstead and Vaux; from this park extend ten miles westward and thirty-five miles eastward a belt eight miles in width of forests of pine, spruce and balsam; soil dry and sandy; the Austral was completed in 1890; plumbing of the latest approved method; Otis elevator, steam heat, and open fires; music room, bowling alleys, billiard and smoking rooms; private dining-rooms; roof promenade; receives one hundred and fifty guests. The Brentwood, originally a private residence, modeled after a French chateau, contains the furniture, paintings and statuary of its origi-

nal owner; receives fifty guests; thoroughly equipped livery and private stabling. Both houses open all the year. Proprietors, The Austral Company.

PATCHOGUE—OCEAN AVENUE HOTEL.—On the Great South bay, fifty-four miles from Long Island City; large parlors, smoking and reading-rooms; lighted by gas; grounds illuminated by electricity; wide verandas and plenty of shade, a grove extending almost to the water's edge; plank walk to the bath houses; daily trips across the bay to the beaches; livery and boarding stables; hotel stages meet trains; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Cottages to let with or without board. Open May 1 until October. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50 to \$3; by the week, \$10 to \$15. Address Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.

PATCHOGUE—LAUREL HOUSE.—Quarter of a mile from the Great South Bay, with full open view of the bay; one and one-half hours from New York; renovated and improved for the season; electric lights and bells and all latest appointments introduced; running water and toilet rooms on every floor; perfect drainage; bowling alley and billiard rooms in separate building; adjacent pine grove with grounds for tennis, archery, etc.; commodious carriage house and stables; orchestral music for the season. Opens early in June.

WEST HAMPTON—THE ONECK HOUSE.—One of the oldest and best known houses on Long Island, located near the Great South Bay; quiet, home-like atmosphere in the house; lawn for tennis and croquet with abundant shade; verandas on south and west sides; large dancing hall; good livery and stabling; stages to and from stations; bathing, sailing, rowing; excellent table; receives one hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50; by the week, \$12 to \$15. Proprietor, Edwin C. Halsey, West Hampton, L. I.

XVII.

NEW YORK AND CONNECTICUT SHORE.

The north shore of the Sound is hardly less irregular and deeply indented than the opposite coast line of Long Island, and, like the latter, presents a picturesque alternation of headlands and bays,

rocky ledges and curving beaches. The bordering country is hilly and well wooded, sheltering many beautiful towns which are much favored as summer resorts. Among these are New Rochelle, seventeen miles from New York; Mamaroneck (twenty miles); Rye Beach (twenty-four miles); Greenwich, Conn. (twenty-eight miles); Stamford (thirty-three miles); Bridgeport (fifty-six miles), where the Housatonic Valley debouches; New Haven (seventy-three miles); Branford (eighty-one miles); Saybrook (one hundred and five miles), at the mouth of the Connecticut river; New London (one hundred and twenty-four miles), at the mouth of the Thames, with many delightful intervening towns. All these are reached from the Grand Central Depot, New York, by the New York and New Haven railroad; or by boat.

GREENWICH—INDIAN HARBOR HOTEL.—On a bluff, with water frontage of five hundred feet; porticoes one thousand feet in length; dining-room detached from the main building, lined with hard wood, with ceiling thirty feet high; separate kitchen; café, billiard-room and bowling-alleys in detached buildings; brick fire-proof stables; gas, steam heat, electric bells; pure filtered water, sanitary arrangements approved by experts; sectioned bathing beach; thirty acres in shade trees; orchestral music morning and evening; yachting and fishing; twenty trains daily and daily steamboat; receives three hundred guests. Open from June to October. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50; by the week, single room \$18 and upward; for two, \$35 and upward. B. H. Yard.

NEW LONDON—FORT GRISWOLD HOUSE.—On a bluff of the Sound, opposite Pequot House, New London, at the mouth of the harbor, overlooking the Thames boating course; frontage of two hundred and six feet, with brick wing five stories in height; from every room may be seen an animated water view; verandas five hundred feet in length; children's dining-room and children's play-room; steam heat, open fireplaces, gas, electric bells; elevator; thorough plumbing; elaborate fire-extinguishing apparatus; orchestral music; bathing, boating and fishing; billiards, tennis and croquet lawns; beautiful drives; steamers leave from the railroad wharf directly opposite the station; a pleasant sail of ten minutes to the hotel wharf; cottages furnished with hotel service. Open from June to September. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$4.50; by the week \$17.50 to \$28. Special inducements to families.

NEW LONDON—PEQUOT HOUSE AND COTTAGES.—At the mouth of the Thames ; on the grounds are forty-four cottages, which, together with the main house, are supplied with gas, baths, electric bells, etc.; interconnection by telephone; large parlors; music every afternoon; livery and private stables; approved drainage system; receives five hundred guests. Open early in June. Furnished cottages for the season at moderate rentals.

BLACK ROCK BEACH—GEORGE HOTEL.—Fifteen minutes from Bridgeport, on a promontory forming the western boundary of Black Rock harbor; a favorite rendezvous of yachtsmen; wharf in front, five hundred feet, for use of guests only; beautiful grounds of fifty acres, with large lawns; bowling alleys; good boating, fishing and bathing; unexcelled drives; gas, electric bells; artesian wells, thorough drainage; orchestral music three times daily; good livery and stabling; Wall street stock quotations received hourly; several beautiful cottages, with gas, running water, etc., for housekeeping, or hotel board supplied; receives three hundred guests: commutation rates to New York \$15 a month. Prices:—By the day, \$3 and upwards; by the week, single rooms, \$15 to \$25; double rooms, \$28 to \$45.

GREEN'S FARMS—THE BEACHSIDE.—At one of the most beautiful points on Long Island sound; house enlarged and improved; gas, electric bells; billiards, bowling; new dock; bathing houses; boats; excellent table. James H. Phipps.

XVIII.

NARRAGANSETT BAY.—SOUTH MASSACHUSETTS SHORES AND ISLANDS.

The shore of Narragansett bay, which deeply indents the State of Rhode Island, is picturesquely broken up by headlands and rocks, between which lie beaches; the inland scenery is varied and beautiful. Near the mouth of the bay, five miles from the ocean, lies Newport, the great fashionable seaside resort of America. Opposite Newport is Narragansett Pier, a much frequented resort, having a gently sloping beach with light surf. Half-way between Newport and Providence lies Rocky Point, famous for its clambakes and its observatory, affording an extensive view over the bay. For New-

port—Fall River line of boats, Pier 28, North River, or Shore line of New York and New Haven Railroad to Wickford, thence by ferry. For Narragansett Pier—New York and New Haven Railroad (shore line) to Kensington, thence by branch railroad; or by Stonington steamers to Stonington, thence by railway to Kingston, thence by branch road; or by Fall River boats to Newport, thence by ferry.

NEWPORT—OCEAN HOUSE.—On Bellevue avenue, the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city; convenient to the Casino; wide and well-shaded verandas; rooms single and in suites, luxuriously furnished; spacious and lofty corridors, five wide stairways; elevator; grand salon and reception rooms opening on the verandas; dining-room, large and cool; pure, filtered water; baths; sanitary engineer in constant attendance; cuisine of the highest standard; three orchestral concerts daily; fully equipped livery.

NARRAGANSETT PIER—THE MATHEWSON.—One of the finest locations at the Pier, but a few rods from the Casino and beach; hot and cold, fresh and sea water baths; separate elevators for passengers and baggage; electric lights and electric bells in every room; perfect sanitation; pure spring water; French cuisine; rooms single or in suites; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$5; by the week, \$21 to \$40. Proprietor, S. W. Mathewson, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

WATCH HILL, R. I.—OCEAN HOUSE.—Hotel stands on the highest ground, overlooking the ocean and part of Narragansett Bay—noted for the tonic effect of its invigorating sea air; all modern conveniences; best sanitary appliances; pure filtered water; abundance of milk, cream and fresh vegetables from large farm; music; outdoor amusements; bathing, fishing and sailing; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Prices:—By the week, \$17.50 to \$30 for single rooms; \$35 to \$50 for double rooms; special rates for the season and reduced rates for June and September.

WESTPORT POINT—HOTEL WESTPORT.—A point of land between the east and west branches of Westport River, an ocean inlet half way between Narragansett Bay and Buzzard's Bay, faced by Horseneck Beach; fourteen to sixteen miles by stage from Fall River or New Bedford, a new house on high ground, commanding

ocean views from Block Island to Martha's Vineyard; wide halls and stairways; electric-bells; bath rooms; perfect drainage; guests conveyed to and from the beach free of charge; well-equipped boats and competent skippers; sea bass, tautog, perch and other fish abound; sword fish off the Point. Prices:—By the day, for less than one week, \$3; by the week, \$12 to \$16; special rates for the season, or when two persons occupy one room.

BLOCK ISLAND—OCEAN VIEW HOTEL.—Ten miles off the coast of Rhode Island; accessible by steamer from New London; telegraphic connection with the mainland; gas, electric bells; music hall, with stage; verandas, one-third of a mile in length; surf and still-water bathing; hot sea baths; cable to mainland; string and brass orchestra; receives five hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, before July 15 and after September 1, \$2.50 to \$4; after July 12 to end of August, \$3 to \$4.50; special rates for the season.

BLOCK ISLAND—HOTEL MANISSES. — Near the steamboat landing, with fine ocean view; thorough drainage and most improved system of plumbing; fire hose on every floor; electric bells and other modern appointments; music hall and orchestra; livery and boarding stables; receives two hundred and fifty guests.

NANTUCKET ISLAND—THE SPRINGFIELD.—Thirty miles off the coast; near the northern limit of the Gulf stream; oldest summer resort hotel on the island; on the shores of Nantucket harbor within five minutes' walk of steamboat landing, the island railway station, post office, etc.; the main building recently enlarged; lighted with gas and electricity; running water and closets on every floor; heated by steam; electric bells, etc.; two annexes supplied with the same modern conveniences; dining-room separate from the houses, and lighted by electricity; telephone connections; submarine cable to the mainland; hard, smooth beach with bath-houses. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50 to \$3.50; special rates by the season and in June and September.

NANTUCKET—THE NANTUCKET.—Situated directly on the beach, the parlor on the second floor commanding a water view on four sides; stage for theatrical and other entertainments; excursions by the hotel steam yacht.

XIX.

EASTERN SHORE.

The Eastern Shore, by which name the Atlantic coast of the United States north of Boston is designated, derives its broken and picturesque character from the fact that the mountain system, which farther to the south recedes from the coast, here abuts upon or dips down to the ocean's edge, producing deep indentations, rocky headlands and numerous outlying islands. Notable among these islands is Mount Desert, in Frenchman's Bay on the coast of Maine, an assemblage of mountain peaks, the highest of which reaches two thousand feet. The Eastern Shore is interspersed with beaches affording good surf bathing. Accessible from Boston by Boston and Maine Railway and its branches. Steamers, running from Boston to Portland, touch at various landings.

NAHANT—HOOD HOTEL.—Largest house in Nahant; picturesquely situated on elevated ground on the south side of the promontory, a short distance from the steamboat landing and in the neighborhood of many elegant summer residences; large airy rooms; extensive piazzas; excellent cuisine and service; tennis; bathing and fishing; rooms, single or in suite; good livery and stable; excellent cuisine and table service; under the present management for the last four seasons; receives one hundred guests. Open June 15 to September 15. Prices :—By the day, \$3; by the week, \$15 to \$25; children under 14, half rates.

MARBLEHEAD—THE NANEPASHEMET. — Fifteen miles from Boston by Eastern Railroad; on Great Neck, a rocky peninsula connected by a narrow beach with the mainland; highest point between the ocean and Marblehead Harbor; rendezvous of the Eastern Yacht Club; every room has ocean view; wide verandas on three sides; gas, electric bells, running water and perfect drainage; yachting, boating, tennis, bathing, shore and deep sea fishing; fine walks and drives; telegraph; livery and private stabling; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Open in June. Prices :—By the day, \$3.50 to \$4; special rates by the season, or for one month

or more preceding August 1. Proprietor, Dr. Ammi Brown, Marblehead Neck, Mass. Address, until June 1, 486 Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass.

BEACHMONT—HOTEL BEACHMONT.—A select family hotel, twenty minutes distant from Boston by half-hourly trains of Boston, Revere and Lynn Railroad; within easy reach of the sea-side resorts on north and south shores of Boston Bay; refurnished and refitted with electric lights, hot and cold water baths, etc.; broad piazzas on three sides; ample, well shaded grounds; lawn tennis; beautiful country drives. Prices :—By the day, \$2.50; by the week, for the season, \$7 to \$14. Address Beachmont, Mass.

MAGNOLIA—THE BLYNMAN.—Situated on high ground, with fine views of the ocean and surrounding country, combining sea-shore and woodland scenery; twenty-seven miles from Boston by the Boston & Maine Railroad; carriages to all trains; spacious piazzas; airy, comfortable rooms; water on every floor; gas; open fires; new plumbing and perfect drainage; pure water and medicinal spring on grounds; table supplied from farm connected with the house; fine sandy beach for surf bathing; boating; fishing; pleasant drives. Prices :—By the week, for rooms, \$6 to \$14; additional for board, \$9 for each person. Address Magnolia, Essex County, Mass.

NANTASKET BEACH—ROCKLAND HOUSE.—On high ground commanding extensive ocean view; all modern appointments; gas, elevator, steam heat; pure water and perfect drainage; bath rooms, steam laundry; billiard hall, music and ball room; orchestral music; telegraph office; fully equipped stable; surf and still water bathing, boating and fishing; beautiful drives and walks; tennis courts and ball ground; hourly trains and boats from Boston; receives three hundred guests. Prices :—By the day, \$4; by the week, \$17.50 to \$25 for single rooms; \$30 to \$45 for double rooms; special rates to families.

LAND'S END—TURK'S HEAD INN.—At the extremity of Cape Ann; all modern conveniences; recent improvements include a casino for music and dancing, new stables for tally-ho coaches which will run from the hotel, and new tennis court orchestra engaged for the season.

NEWCASTLE—THE WENTWORTH.—Three miles from Portsmouth, N. H., on an island rising seventy-five feet above the sea; extensive and varied views seaward and inland from the two hundred sleeping rooms and the veranda; the latter fifteen feet wide and one thousand feet long, the former large and well-furnished; steam elevator; boating, bathing, fishing, for which there is ample equipment; steam yacht, provided for ocean and river excursions; a broad lagoon, with an area of fifty acres, affording safe boating, and upon which a small steamboat plies; music hall for dancing, concerts, etc.; band of twenty musicians engaged for the season; livery and private stabling; telegraph stock reports from New York and Boston by independent wires. Prices:—By the day, \$4.50; by the week, single rooms, \$25 to \$42; for two, \$40 to \$56. Portsmouth, N. H.

ISLES OF SHOALS—THE OCEANIC.—Group of nine beautiful islands, ten miles off the coast from Portsmouth, N. H., whence steamers for the islands make four trips daily, connecting with trains. The Oceanic is on the highest point of Star Island, whose shores are especially bold and grand; all rooms have an ocean view; gas, electric bells; open fire-places in parlor and office; ball-room; billiard-room, bowling-alley, circulating library; hot and cold salt and fresh water baths on every floor; milk and cream from a special mainland farm; orchestra for the season; fishing and other boats manned by experienced skippers; no flies or mosquitoes; freedom from fog and dampness; temperature remarkable for its equability, ranging about seventy degrees; the hotel grounds include the entire island, the native proprietors having been bought out. Open June to October. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50; by the week, \$21; by the month, \$17.50 a week. Proprietors, Loughton Brothers, Isles of Shoals, N. H.

ISLES OF SHOALS—APPLEDORE HOUSE.—Appledore, the largest of these islands, has an extent of three hundred and fifty acres, and rises in parallel ridges seventy-five feet above the sea. In the valley thus formed are the Appledore House and its group of attractive cottages; a shallow lake in front of the house offers safe bathing and boating for children; gas, electric bells, etc.; fleet of boats; bowling and billiards; tennis grounds; music and dancing hall, with stage, and well-selected orchestra; hot salt water baths; physician in attendance; steam ferry makes half-hourly trips to

Star Island ; connection by steamer with Boston one trip daily ; with Portsmouth four trips daily ; receives five hundred guests. Open June 20 to September 20. Prices :—By the day, \$3.75 ; by the week, \$3.25 per day ; two weeks, \$3 per day ; four weeks or more, \$2.50 a day. Proprietors, Loughton Brothers, Isles of Shoals, N. H.

KITTERY POINT—HOTEL POCAHONTAS.—On Gertish Island—an island of two thousand acres at the mouth of the Piscataqua river ; hotel stands on Pocahontas Point—a promontory having on one side a bold rocky coast, on the other a hard, smooth beach ; ocean or river and inland view from every window ; sanitary effects of the sea air and pine woods combined ; parlors, dining and smoking-rooms, with open fire-places ; perfect drainage ; grounds of one hundred and eighty acres ; a steamboat and carriages will connect with the morning and evening trains at Portsmouth, half an hour distant. Prices :—By the day, \$3 ; by the week, \$12 to \$21 ; special rates for June and September. Address Kittery Point, Maine.

BAR HARBOR—THE LOUISBURG.—The leading resort of Mount Desert Island, combining the cottage features of Newport with the hotel life of the great watering places ; the village, situated on the shore at the base of a group of mountains ; water supply drawn from a mountain lake fed by living springs ; perfect drainage in connection with Bar Harbor's new and approved system of sewerage ; elevator ; lighted throughout by electricity ; wide verandas and roof promenade ; receives two hundred guests ; highest standard of cuisine ; music by a Boston orchestra. Open July 1 to September 15. Prices :—By the day, before July 15 and after September 1, \$4 and \$4.50 ; from July 15 to September 1, \$5 ; by the week, \$25 and upwards ; special rates by the season. Address Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Me.

CASTINE—THE ACADIAN.—A pretty village with wide streets and fine residences on a peninsula projecting into Penobscot bay ; accessible by the Bar Harbor steamer from Portland ; the locality is famous for its traditions of old Indian and colonial wars ; its summer attractions are its seclusion, picturesque surroundings and boating and fishing facilities. The Acadian is pleasantly situated by the sea ; large rooms with best beds ; electric bells ; pure spring water. Prices :—By the day, \$2.50 ; by the week, \$10 to \$15. Proprietor, Acadian Hotel Company,

SORRENTO—HOTEL SORRENTO.—In Frenchman's bay, seven miles from Bar Harbor ; a newly established resort, picturesquely situated on the shore and laid out in attractive cottage sites by the " Frenchman's Bay and Mount Desert Land and Water Company," which has availed itself of the services of skilful architects and landscape gardeners. Hotel newly built, with all modern appointments ; lighted throughout with electricity ; complete livery ; choice cuisine.

XX.

THE WEST.

DENVER, COLORADO—HOTEL METROPOLE.—At the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in a dry climate long known for its remarkable remedial qualities in pulmonary complaints. The hotel, a new structure, is located on the principal avenue in Denver, convenient to both the business and residence portion of the city ; accessible to two cable lines ; an imposing building in the Ionian style, nine stories high, built of the finest red pressed brick, terracotta and electro-plated metal steel beams used throughout ; partitions, floors and ceilings of hollow tile ; stairways and elevators of iron and bronze, making it absolutely fire-proof ; intended for an elegant home and resting place for the large number of travellers, tourists and health seekers that now visit Denver ; appointments, cuisine and service of the best kind. Restaurant and café à la carte. Rates according to the accommodations desired, ranging from \$1.50 per day upward. Managers, Bush & Kappler.

DENVER, COL.—BROWN PALACE HOTEL.—A nine-story structure, in the Italian Renaissance style, decorated and furnished throughout with lavish expenditure, frontage of eight hundred and twenty feet ; the entire interior composed of iron columns and steel beams, supporting hollow tile partitions, and flooring of encaustic tile, making it practically fire-proof ; the rotunda an open court fifty-six feet square, rising one hundred and twenty feet to roof of the eighth floor, and surrounded by balconies ; a panorama embracing three hundred miles of mountain scenery seen from the windows of the hotel ; four hundred rooms, a large number en suite, with baths, every room facing the street ; artesian

water, electric lights ; most approved sanitary methods, and all the latest devices for comfort and convenience. Conducted on the American plan. Prices : By the day, \$3 to \$5, according to location. Managers, William H. Bush and N. Maxcy Tabor, Denver, Col.

ST. CLAIR, MICH.—SOMERVILLE SPRINGS.—On the banks of the St. Clair river, about fifty miles north of Detroit, with view of the river and surrounding country for miles ; all modern conveniences ; steam elevator ; electric lights in every room ; excellent fishing, hunting and boating ; delightful drives ; mineral springs possessing valuable medicinal properties on the grounds : receives two hundred guests. Open all the year. Prices :—By the day, \$2 to \$2.50 ; special rates for season. Address Somerville Springs Company, St. Clair, Mich.

MINNETONKA BEACH, MINN.—HOTEL LAFAYETTE.—Located on elevated plateau, on northern shore of lake ; a house of the first class and one of the largest hotels of summer resort in the Northwest ; one-fifth of a mile in length ; five acres of floor surface ; reached by hourly trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis ; high standard of service in every department ; electric lights ; gas ; elevator ; steam heat ; perfect drainage ; boating, sailing, rowing and fishing ; tennis grounds ; wide veranda and balconies ; lawn with shrubbery and forest trees ; pure and dry air ; orchestra, daily concerts, evening hops ; receives eight hundred guests. Open in June. Prices :—by the day, \$4 to \$5. Special rates for week, or season. Address E. V. Holcombe, Manager, St. Paul, Minn., until June 1, then at Minnetonka Beach.

WINTER RESORT GUIDE

1893-4.

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I.

FLORIDA PENINSULA.

ST. AUGUSTINE.—Oldest of American cities, still retaining many of its early Spanish features; visited by all Florida tourists and frequented by health-seekers; on the coast, forty miles south of the mouth of St. John's river and thirty-three miles from Jacksonville from which it is accessible by railway.

ST. AUGUSTINE—THE PONCE DE LEON.—This celebrated hotel—a masterpiece of architecture—attracts to itself as well as St. Augustine, throngs of Florida visitors. Built massively of gray shell concrete, elaborately trimmed with brick and terra cotta ornamentations in the Spanish Renaissance style of architecture; with overhanging balconies, grand interior courts, arcade vistas and a rotunda four stories in height, supported by Caryatides and a forest of oaken columns, with a dome rich in allegorical painting; with towers one hundred and thirty-five feet high. These are a few of the features of a house it is impossible to describe in a brief paragraph, the attractiveness of which has increased rather than diminished during its five successful seasons. The building covers nearly six acres; the grand drawing room is one hundred and five by sixty feet; the dining room extends one hundred feet on either side of a domed centre, and accommodates seven hundred guests.

THE ALCAZAR, an adjunct of the Ponce de Leon, but in itself a complete hotel, is planned on the same scale of magnificence and built after the same architectural style. Its special features are its concert rooms, café, casino, tennis courts, Russian and Turkish baths, and a bathing pool one hundred and fifty by seventy feet, over which are galleries for dancing; receives four hundred guests; twenty-five acres of ornamented grounds, luxuriant in semi-tropical foliage, surround these hotels. Prices, at the Ponce de Leon :—By the day, \$5 and upwards; at the Alcazar, \$4 and upwards; special rates by the week. Manager, O. D. Seavey, also manager of Hotel Champlain. Clinton Co., N. Y.

ST. AUGUSTINE—HOTEL CORDOVA.—Faces the Ponce de Leon and the Alcazar, modeled on the rich Spanish architecture of the

fifteenth century ; built massively of shell concrete, ornamented on its front façade with tiles imported from Valencia, which also decorate the numerous stone balconies ; the lower range of windows set off with the Angelo kneeling balconies, after those of Seville, relieved by flowing draperies in warm colors ; the imposing entrance, suggested by the celebrated "Puerto del Sol" at Toledo, leads into an open court, perfumed by orange trees and adorned by new and beautiful tropical plants ; adjoining the drawing-room is a "sala del sol" one hundred and eight feet long, with pavement of tiles and roof of glass, supported by many columns ; a hall of diversion decorated in Saracenic style ; two hundred guest chambers in suites, with private parlors and baths ; gas, electric lights, sun parlor, elevator and all the appliances of modern hotels ; the government grounds facing the Cordova have been laid out artistically to form Cordova Park ; receives four hundred guests. Prices :—By the day, \$4.00 ; special rates by the week. Manager, O. D. Seavey, also manager of Hotel Champlain, Clinton Co., N. Y.

ST. AUGUSTINE—HOTEL ST. MARCO.—One of the largest and best appointed of St. Augustine's hotels ; in the midst of thirty acres of handsome grounds ; situated opposite the old Spanish fort, on highest ground in the city ; many improvements and a thorough renovation last year. Every room open to sunlight and good air ; spacious verandas commanding a magnificent view of the bay ; gas and modern appointments ; unexcelled facilities for boating, bathing, hunting, riding and fishing ; a four-horse stage meets all trains ; receives five hundred guests. Prices :—By the day, \$4.50 to \$5. Special weekly rates. Managers : Ainslie & Webster, St. Augustine, Fla. Managers also of the Maplewood, White Mountains, N. H.

ON THE HALIFAX—THE ORMOND.—Eighty miles south of St. Augustine, on the Halifax peninsula, a strip of land half a mile wide between the ocean and "the Halifax," an ocean inlet ; the peninsula is rich in semi-tropical vegetation ; accessible by railway in two and a half hours from St. Augustine ; the starting point by morning boat from hotel wharf for the east coast trip of two hundred miles in smooth land-locked waters to Rockledge and Lake Worth ; house enlarged and many improvements added, making it one of the best appointed hotels in the South ; stands amid orange groves ; large bedrooms furnished in modern style ; gas, electric bells, steam heat and open fire-places ; two artesian wells and two

immense cisterns for filtered rain water; thorough sanitary arrangements; a large casino contains ball-room, theatre, billiard, pool rooms, bowling-alley, etc.; good fishing, surf bathing and driving; skillful service by attendants brought from White Mountain hotels; no bar. Open December to May. Prices:—By the day, \$4.50 to \$5.00. The Coquina, a smaller house under same management, on Ormond Beach. Prices—By the week, \$15 to \$18. Proprietors, Anderson & Price, Ormond, Volusia County, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE.—The largest city of Florida; twenty-five miles from the mouth of the St. John's; much frequented by winter tourists, and the point of departure for most of the leading Florida resorts; accessible by Atlantic Coast Line Fast Mail Route, whose vestibuled train of drawing-room, sleeping, dining and library cars, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, leaves Pennsylvania station, Jersey City, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9.30 A.M., and arrives at Jacksonville on the following day at 3.00 P.M.; St. Augustine at 4.15 P.M.

JACKSONVILLE—THE ST. JAMES.—One of the largest hotels in the State, with piazza front of three hundred and fifteen feet, delightfully situated, facing the city park; steam heated halls and corridors; open fire-places in rooms; gas, electric bells, elevator; bath-rooms on every floor; rooms in suites with private bath, large and elegant parlors and dining-room; grounds lighted by electricity; filtered rain water for drinking; thorough plumbing; orchestral music for the season; well-equipped livery; receives five hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4. Proprietor, J. R. Campbell; Manager, C. O. Chamberlain.

JACKSONVILLE—WINDSOR HOTEL. — Fronts two hundred feet on the city park; elegant suites with private baths; elevator, steam heat, gas; thorough plumbing, with special sewer to the river; closets copiously flushed every two or three minutes by water from an artesian well; billiards; best beds and latest styles of furniture; parlor one hundred by forty feet; orchestral music afternoon and evening; receives four hundred guests. Open from December to May. Prices:—By the day, \$4 and upwards; by the week, \$21 and upwards; same advantages at same prices as at Northern summer resorts equally attractive. Proprietor, A. H. Palmer.

WINTER PARK—THE SEMINOLE.—A park of four thousand acres of high, rolling land, covered with pines, which stand far enough apart to permit teams to be driven anywhere at will; one hundred and twenty miles south of Jacksonville on the South Florida Railroad; forty miles from the Atlantic and eighty miles from the gulf coast. The hotel stands between two lakes, half a mile apart, the grounds sloping to the shores of both; a steamboat makes a tour of the lakes twice daily; from the roof promenade eleven lakes may be seen sparkling amid the pines and orange trees; verandas five hundred and sixty-seven feet long, from sixteen to twenty-four feet wide; steam heat, gas, elevator, electric bells, fire alarms; hot and cold water and steam baths; large bedrooms, single and in suites, many of them with open fire-places and private baths; fishing, rowing, sailing, billiards, bowling; fine orchestra day and evening; excellent cuisine; same mail facilities at Winter Park as at St. Augustine and Jacksonville. House accommodates four hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4; special terms for two weeks or longer. Resident manager, D. P. Hathaway. New York office, 12 West Twenty-third street.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS.—The village of Green Cove is situated on high ground, bordering the St. John's, thirty miles south of Jacksonville, at a point where the river has a width of five miles. The spring from which the village takes its name is of warm sulphur water and gushes up in a grove of live oaks, palmettos and magnolias at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute, at a temperature of seventy-eight degrees. The water is conducted into four separate swimming pools, twenty-five by seventy-five feet, bordered by dressing-rooms. Accessible by daily steamer or by railway from Jacksonville.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS—HOTEL ST. ELMO.—Beautifully situated on west bank of the St. John's river, forming a delightful and homelike retreat for the invalid or those who are seeking rest; house provided with an artesian well and all modern conveniences; a private bath-house for use of the guests secured at the medical Green Cove spring. Prices:—By the day, \$3; by the week, \$12 to \$22. Proprietor, P. A. Borden; manager, Judson L. Scott.

PALATKA.—On the St. John's, sixty miles from Jacksonville and thirty miles from St. Augustine; easily accessible by boat

and train; it has gas works, water works, good brick and plank walks and streets shaded with palm, oak and sour orange trees; called often "the gem city of the St. John's."

PALATKA—PUTNAM HOUSE.—An attractive and comfortable winter home, recently refitted and improved; occupying an entire square, with spacious interior court filled with flowers and plants; broad verandas; abundant supply of pure soft water; elevator, steam heat, parlor suites, rooms with bath attached; boating, fishing, duck and alligator shooting; tennis and croquet grounds; frequent excursions by steamers to points of interest; telegraph office in hotel. Prices:—\$4 per day and upward; one hundred pleasant rooms at \$21 per week for each person. Manager, William Catto, Palatka, Fla.

TAMPA—THE INN AND RESTAURANT.—Terminus, on the Gulf, of South Florida railway; point of departure of the Plant line of steamers for Key West and Havana. The Inn, a beautiful Queen Anne cottage erected on piles over the waters of the bay, of which it commands lovely views; dining-room with glass on three sides; comfortable in its appointments either for a temporary sojourn en route for Cuba or for a prolonged stay; every facility for aquatic sport. Open all the year. Manager, J. H. King. New York office, 12 West Twenty-third street.

TAMPA—TAMPA BAY HOTEL.—A magnificent new structure, of Moorish design, with broad galleries along the front of the house, and grand hallway seven hundred feet long; parlors and drawing-room decorated in palatial style; a rotunda seventy-eight feet square with massive doors of Spanish mahogany; music room; cuisine and table service equal to any hotel in the world; every modern convenience for the enjoyment of winter life in a balmy, summer atmosphere; guest rooms and suites of apartments, with parlors and libraries. Manager, J. H. King. New York office, 12 West Twenty-third street.

ALTAMONTE SPRINGS—THE ALTAMONTE.—Situated in the highlands of Florida, nine miles from Orlando, six miles from Winter Park, and one hundred and fifteen miles south of Jacksonville; ninety feet above St. John's river, in extensive pine and orange groves; near two clear water lakes, affording abundant opportunity for gunning and fishing; on one of these, Lake

Oriente, a steam launch has been placed; a modern built hotel, with many improvements since last season, and a recent addition of twenty-five rooms; heated by steam and with open fire-places in many of the rooms; billiards, bowling, telegraph, etc.; connection by horse-cars, with station on South Florida Railroad a half-mile distant; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Open until April 15. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50; by the week, \$17.50. Proprietor, H. W. Priest, also of the Forest Hills Hotel, Franconia, N. H.

DE LAND AND LAKE HELEN—HARLAN HOUSE.—De Land is five miles east of the St. John's, from which it is accessible, also accessible directly by railway from Jacksonville; a beautiful town, which takes its name from its founder, H. A. De Land; ample space, with park-like stretches of pine forest and orange grove, in which visitors from the North have built themselves pretty cottages; offers unusual educational facilities. The neighboring Lake Helen is accessible by railway from Blue Springs landing on the St. John's; also by railway from New Smyrna on the Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Indian River Railroad; the lake is remarkable for the semi-tropical beauty of its environment. De Land has several hotels and Lake Helen has two. The Harlan House at the latter place is situated in a pine grove and overlooks the lake; a modern built house, with the latest appointments, and elegantly furnished; billiards, bowling, tennis; upholstered boats on the lake free to guests; receives 100 guests. Prices:—By the day, \$2 to \$2.50.

II.

GEORGIA UPLANDS.

THOMASVILLE.—A small, beautiful "garden city," having a population of about five thousand; in the highest parts of the Georgia upland, twelve miles from Florida line, fifty-five miles from the Gulf of Mexico; accessible by New York and Savannah steamers to Savannah, thence in a few hours by the Savannah, Florida and Western railway; or by the elegant vestibule trains of the Atlantic Coast Line Fast Mail Route (Pennsylvania station, Jersey City), in thirty-eight hours; sandy soil, drying within an hour after the heaviest rain; few days in winter when one cannot saunter with comfort in the open air; beautiful drives through the pine woods.

THOMASVILLE—PINEY WOODS HOTEL.—Within three minutes' walk of the business centre of the town, fronting for four hundred feet on "Paradise Park," a fine forest of eighty acres laid out in rambles and drives; wide and lofty verandas and projecting towers; Otis elevator; gas, electric bells, steam heat and open fire-places; artesian well one thousand nine hundred feet deep; approved plumbing and perfect drainage; suites with private baths; billiards, bowling, tennis courts, etc.; livery with Kentucky saddle horses; orchestral music; receives three hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4 and upward; special rates by the week. Proprietor, M. A. Bower. Manager, William E. Davies.

THOMASVILLE—THE MITCHELL HOUSE.—A large, massive house of brick; faces a pretty park; main dining-room fifty-two by seventy-five feet; verandas eighteen to twenty-eight feet wide; rotunda fifty-three feet in height; large bedrooms, with ample clothes-presses, open fire-places for wood fires, and hot and cold water; rooms in suites with private baths; wide staircases; hard-wood finish throughout; gas, electric bells; artesian well one thousand nine hundred feet deep; bowling, billiards, kennels for dogs; decorations and furniture by New York art decorators. Prices:—By the day, \$4 and upwards; special rates by the week or for suites with private bath. Manager, George M. Tilton.

III.

GEORGIA SEASIDE.

BRUNSWICK—THE OGLETHORPE.—A beautiful city by the sea, sixty miles south of Savannah and seventy miles north of Jacksonville, a city of parks with trees of live oak, magnolia and bay, and pine forests, the neighboring country famous for its game—deer, wild turkey, foxes, etc. Parlor car service between Brunswick and Way Cross, connecting with all through trains between the East and Jacksonville. The Oglethorpe is a new house, opened four years ago; substantially built of brick, on the highest land in the city, surrounded with spacious grounds; main building two hundred and sixty-seven feet in front, faced by a Corinthian porch; large rotunda tiled with marble, opening in the rear on a circular balcony which affords a beautiful view of the bay; dining-room

fifty by seventy-five feet ; grand parlor seventy by thirty-two feet ; parlor and reception rooms beautifully furnished and decorated, having artistically carved mantels ; rooms in suites, with private baths ; complete fire alarm arrangements and disciplined fire service ; an artesian well supplies three hundred and seventy-five gallons per minute ; receives three hundred guests. Fifth season. Prices :—By the day, \$4 ; by the week, \$21 and \$25. Manager Warren Leland, Jr.

SAVANNAH—THE DE SOTO. A building of great architectural beauty, occupying, with its inner court, an entire block, fronting on Liberty street, with its semi-tropical plaza, on Monterey square, and near the famous Forsyth Park, embracing acres of forest trees and flowers ; wide piazzas and promenades ; three hundred rooms with front views ; furnished and finished throughout in solid oak and cherry, the drawing-rooms, parlors and many suites hung with expensive tapestry, silk and lace ; a dining-room which seats four hundred, and breakfast-room for fifty guests ; large gymnasium ; handsomely furnished sanitarium ; electric lights, with gas always in reserve ; electric bells and return calls in every room ; separate elevators for porters and servants ; cuisine supplied from the best tropical, semi-tropical and Northern markets ; accommodates five hundred guests ; special rates for families or parties remaining a week or longer. Managers, Watson & Powers.

IV.

SOUTH CAROLINA PINE LANDS.

AIKEN.—Thirty-one hours from New York, without change, by the Pennsylvania and connected railroads ; one hundred and twenty miles from Charleston, on an elevated plateau, between six and seven hundred feet above the sea, encircled by forests of pine ; a beautiful town of broad streets, with houses surrounded by gardens of fruit trees, vines and shrubbery ; pure and dry air impregnated with the odor of the pines ; average winter temperature, forty-six degrees.

AIKEN—HIGHLAND PARK HOTEL.—Situated on elevated ground on the borders of a park of three hundred and fifty acres, laid out in walks and drives leading through groves of pines and other

trees ; bedrooms and parlors in suites, with sunny exposure ; open fire-places supplied with oak and resinous pine wood ; gas, electric bells ; pure spring water ; bathrooms on every floor ; passenger elevator ; billiard-room, ladies' billiard-room ; bowling-alley, tennis court ; well-equipped stables, with well-trained saddle-horses ; dairy farm ; excellent cuisine ; receives three hundred guests. Proprietor, B. P. Chatfield.

V.

NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

ASHEVILLE.—A city of eight thousand inhabitants, at the confluence of the Swannanoa and French Broad rivers, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet ; the central point of the great mountain region of North Carolina, which is bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge, on the west by the Alleghanies, and is crossed by transverse ranges ; within a day's excursion of Mount Mitchell, the highest summit east of the Mississippi ; winter climate mild—the snow seldom remaining long even on the highest summits ; accessible from New York in twenty-four hours, without change, by the Piedmont Air line (Pennsylvania railroad station, Jersey City).

ASHEVILLE—BATTERY PARK HOTEL.—An exceedingly picturesque edifice, built a few years ago ; stands on the site of an old confederate breastworks, having a frontage of more than three hundred feet ; elevation two thousand eight hundred feet ; one hundred feet above the city, commanding a mountain view miles in extent, and pronounced one of the grandest in America ; average winter temperature fifty degrees ; hotel heated by steam and open fire-places ; lighted wholly by electricity ; hydraulic elevator, electric bells ; baths on every floor ; music hall, ladies' billiard parlor and bowling-alley ; well-equipped livery, saddle horses. Open all the year. Manager, E. K. McKissick.

ASHEVILLE—KENILWORTH INN.—On an elevated plateau, two thousand six hundred feet above sea level, surrounded by a natural park of one hundred and sixty acres ; Pullman car service via Pennsylvania Railroad ; dry, invigorating climate, entirely free from dampness ; large rooms, all open to outside light and air ; seventy rooms connected with private baths ; fan system of heating,

forcing a current of pure air throughout the house ; all modern conveniences, pure water, electric light, billiards, bowling, tennis ; best sanitary arrangements ; superior cuisine ; excellent livery ; picturesque walks and drives. Prices :—By the day, \$4 to \$5 ; by the week, \$17.50 and upwards ; special rates to families by the month. Managers, Rhodes & Browning, Asheville, N. C.

HOT SPRINGS—MOUNTAIN PARK HOTEL.—A village of three hundred inhabitants, in the valley of the French Broad river, thirty-seven miles northwest of Asheville, on the Western North Carolina road ; twenty-six hours from New York by the Pennsylvania road and connections ; on a plateau forming a natural park, surrounded by pine-covered mountains ; air dry, bracing and free from malaria ; the springs have a temperature of ninety-six to one hundred and four degrees, and their waters are conducted into a bathing house which contains a large swimming pool, 100 x 30 feet, and sixteen marble basins 9 x 6 feet, surrounded by dressing-rooms provided with cots for resting and electric call-bell to summon attendants ; the water is also conducted into bath-rooms in the hotel, a building completed four years ago ; one hundred and seventy-five bedrooms, furnished in cherry and ash, every window looking out upon beautiful river and mountain scenery ; large ball-room, with stage for theatricals, etc., elevator, gas, electric bells ; drinking water from mountain springs ; resident physician ; well-equipped livery. A picturesque iron bridge, affording a delightful promenade, has been recently thrown across the French Broad river, and in general all driveways have been improved. Open all the year. Proprietor, W. F. Ross, Hot Springs, N. C. New York office, 229 Broadway.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN.—LOOKOUT INN.—Newly equipped as a winter, spring and summer resort ; on summit of the famous Lookout Mountain, two thousand two hundred feet above sea level ; magnificent scenery, pure air and remarkably even temperature, beneficial in lung, throat and nervous diseases ; an imposing structure four hundred feet long, with central tower and extensive side wings ; wide verandas around three sides of the house ; large dining hall seating six hundred guests ; bedrooms, all outside rooms, spacious and well-lighted ; all the most approved modern conveniences ; gas, electric lights and bells, steam heat and open fire-places ; billiards, bowling alleys, etc. ; accommodates five hundred guests. Manager, David B. Plumer, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

VI.

VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

SALEM—HOTEL SALEM.—An entirely new winter and summer resort, located in the Roanoke Valley and encircled by the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains; elevation one thousand one hundred feet; town and neighborhood noted for the social refinement, intelligence and hospitality of its people; climate mild, equable and invigorating; free from malaria; excellent natural drainage; average temperature for year, fifty-eight degrees. Hotel of brick and stone, five stories; one hundred rooms, many en suite with baths; main lobby, office, dining-rooms, sun parlor and several guest rooms on the first floor; thoroughly furnished and kept as a first-class hotel. Salem is on the Norfolk and Western railroad; time from Lynchburg, two hours; from Washington, nine hours; Philadelphia, twelve hours; New York, fifteen hours. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$2 to \$3.00. Special rates to permanent guests. Proprietor, George W. Kittelle.

VII.

VIRGINIA SEASIDE.

RICHMOND, VA.—EXCHANGE AND BALLARD HOTEL.—A hotel of ancient reputation, well known to the world of travellers whose wanderings have brought them to the capital of the Old Dominion. Famous for hospitality as dispensed by the Southerner; now in the increased enjoyment of its fame. The two houses, Exchange and Ballard, are connected by a covered suspension bridge, making them virtually one; remodelled and elegantly refitted throughout; electric lights and elevators; accommodates six hundred guests; rooms en suite. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50 to \$500; special rates to families or for the season. Proprietors, Carrington & Archer.

OLD POINT COMFORT.—The point of land between the James river and Chesapeake bay; one of the earliest settled localities on the North Atlantic coast and associated with some of the most stirring events of American history from colonial times down to the epoch of the late war; the site of Fortress Monroe and the

United States Artillery school. The winter temperature seldom falls below forty-two degrees; and the air is bracing and tonic. Accessible from New York by the Old Dominion line of steamers, via Norfolk; or by Pennsylvania Railroad to Baltimore, thence by Bay line of steamers; or by the all rail routes of the Pennsylvania road via Washington and Richmond; or by New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad, via Dover and Cape Charles—Time, twelve hours.

OLD POINT COMFORT—HYGEIA HOTEL.—The Hygeia Hotel, situated on the Fort Monroe government reservation, on a beautiful sandy beach, washed by the waters of Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, is a large and luxuriously appointed house, with cathedral glass windows and other costly decorations in the palatial dining-room and parlors; gas, electric bells, oral annunciators, elevators; hot sea baths on every floor; perfect drainage system; spacious sunny verandas enclosed in glass, affording a fine water view; beautiful dancing pavilion, with music afternoon and evening by the artillery school band; Turkish, Russian, thermo-electric, sulphur and other medicated baths; varied out-door diversions, including promenades on the beach, drives to various points of interest, dances, concerts, etc. The proximity of the Gulf Stream, less than thirty miles distant, ensures a mild, bracing climate. Open all the year. Winter prices: By the day, \$4 and upward; by the week, \$21 and upward. Manager, F. N. Pike.

NEWPORT NEWS—HOTEL WARWICK.—On Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the James River, eight miles above Old Point Comfort, and twelve miles from Norfolk; accessible by the same routes by which Old Point Comfort is reached and having like advantages of climate and sea air. A substantially built hotel of first-class appointments, occupying a site which combines with park-like surroundings a marine view of great beauty and extent. The hotel casino offers a floor forty by seventy feet for dancing and other amusements; a bowling alley in Queen Anne style, provided with alleys spaciously designed for the use of ladies; a promenade wharf three hundred feet in length, terminating in a spacious pavilion. Trips from the Warwick to the Hygeia, at Old Point Comfort, may be made by boat, by rail or by carriage. Open throughout the year. Manager, J. R. Swinerton. For terms, illustrated pamphlets, etc., address C. B. Orcutt, Washington building, No. 1 Broadway, New York.

VIRGINIA BEACH—Eighteen miles by railway east of Norfolk, thirty miles from Old Point Comfort, six miles south of Cape Henry, the beach being part of a broad belt of hard sand stretching ninety miles along the coast; thirty miles from the Gulf Stream, eddies of which bathe the shore; protected from northwest winds by vast forests of pines; winter climate as mild as in latitude much further south.

VIRGINIA BEACH—PRINCESS ANNE.—In Queen Anne style, with grounds of one thousand six hundred acres fronting five miles on the ocean; spacious public and private parlors, hot and cold sea water baths; billiard-room; electric lights in every room; bells, elevator, latest sanitary appointments, etc.; verandas enclosed in glass; steam heat and open fires; a pavilion two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred feet wide, fitted up with tennis court; two adjacent lakes and a land-locked bay; boating and fishing and oyster-dredging; the famous duck-shooting grounds of Currituck sound easy of access; orchestral music; telegraph connections; boarding and livery stables; receives three hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$4 to \$5; by the week, \$25 and upward. Proprietor, S. E. Crittenden, proprietor of the once famous Cooper House, of Cooperstown, N. Y. New York office, 96 Broadway, room 55.

VIII.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—THE ALTAMONT.—In Eutaw place, at the corner of Lanvale street, on the highest ground in the city, and from its many bay windows looking out, in summer, upon a long vista of greensward, shrubberies and flower beds, encompassing beautiful private residences; a new house divided into suites of family rooms; sun parlor on top of house overlooking the city of Baltimore and Chesapeake bay; an admirable system of heating and ventilation, insuring constantly renewed supply of fresh air warmed to a genial temperature; also open grate fires; water filtered and purified by a patented process; well-lighted and ventilated bath-rooms; a sweet, quiet, home-like hotel, delightful as a place of permanent winter residence or as a home of temporary sojourn en route to and from the South, Baltimore offering many attractions, notably the celebrated art gallery of Mr. William T. Walters. Proprietor, C. Warner Stork.

IX.

NEW JERSEY SEASIDE.

ATLANTIC CITY.—A city of ten thousand permanent residents, having all the sanitary arrangements and conveniences of larger cities; popular as a winter and spring as well as summer watering place, the climate being remarkable for its dryness and equability, for which reasons, as well as for the purity of the air, it is recommended by physicians to patients affected by pulmonary and nervous disorders; the beach affords a ten-mile drive, and is bordered by a wide board walk, with numerous open-air pavilions; boating and fishing in the bays; accessible in three and three-fourths hours from New York, and one and one-half hours from Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad (Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets), or by the Central New Jersey Railroad (Liberty street).

ATLANTIC CITY—THE BRIGHTON.—Recently remodelled and enlarged; grounds extend to the shore; promenade veranda seven hundred and thirty feet long and sixteen wide; scientific plumbing; halls and public rooms heated by steam; gas, electric bells, elevator; six staircases, two fire escapes; electric arrangements for sounding fire-alarms throughout the house; parlor with bay window overlooking the sea; ladies' reading-room; large bedrooms, with open fire-places; suites with private baths; hot and cold sea-water baths; no bar, but service of wines at table; receives two hundred and fifty guests. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$3.50 to \$5.00. Proprietors, F. W. Hemsley & Son.

ATLANTIC CITY—THE TRAYMORE.—On high ground, with observatory rising to the height of ninety feet, where a parlor is prettily fitted up, to which ascent is made by the elevator; bed-chambers seventeen feet square, elegantly furnished; open fire-places; hot and cold sea-water baths; thorough sanitary arrangements; gas, electric bells, steam heat; sun parlor overlooking the sea; children's play-room; men's smoking room, with ocean view; receives two hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$5; by the week, \$18 to \$25. Proprietors, W. W. Green & Co.

ATLANTIC CITY—THE MANSION—One of the largest hotels in the place, occupying a block two hundred feet square, on Pennsylvania and Atlantic avenues, within five minutes' walk of the beach; handsomely furnished and artistically decorated parlors; parlors for children and nurses; open-air pavilion for dancing, theatricals, etc.; richly carpeted passageways and bed-rooms; parlor suites with bath-rooms; finely appointed café and billiard-room; gas, electric bells; water from the mainland; thorough drainage. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$3 and upward; special rates by the week. Proprietor, Charles McGlade, Atlantic City.

ATLANTIC CITY—THE SHELburne.—At the extreme ocean end of Michigan avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., with a sea view unsurpassed in the place; a modern and capacious building containing some eighty sleeping rooms, either single, double or en suite and replete with all the appointments of a refined and luxurious home; pure water, electric bells, gas, telephone, passenger elevator; hot and cold sea-water baths, perfect sanitation and all conveniences for the comfort and pleasure of winter and summer guests; parlors, dining-room; reception, reading and smoking-rooms, and sun galleries are commodious, cheerful and handsomely and tastefully furnished; table and service maintained at a high standard of excellence. Open throughout the year. For particulars, terms, etc., address the proprietor, A. B. Roberts, Atlantic City, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY—SEA SIDE HOUSE.—Two hundred and fifty feet from the beach, at ocean end of Pennsylvania avenue; stands on the highest ground in the city, commanding an unobstructed ocean view; a separate "ocean parlor" building on the water's edge with smoking-room, reading-room, etc.; covered walk to the ocean; elevator, steam heat, open fire-places, gas, electric bells, etc.; hot and cold fresh and salt water baths; suites of rooms with private bath; sun parlor; large sun galleries; receives two hundred guests. Open all the year. Proprietor, Charles Evans.

ATLANTIC CITY—THE PENNHURST.—On Michigan avenue near the ocean; house of sixty-two guest chambers, with cottage of ten rooms; electric bells; sun parlor, children's playroom; pure spring water; steam heat; private horses and carriages. Open all the year. Proprietor, James Hood.

ATLANTIC CITY—THE IRVINGTON.—On the beach, at the end of Virginia avenue, a substantial and picturesque building, furnished throughout in hard woods; elevator with all latest safety appliances; wide stairways; verandas to the first and second floors; abundant water supply and approved plumbing; bath-rooms; steam laundry; well-lighted children's play-room. Opens in February. Proprietors, Chambers & Hoopes.

ATLANTIC CITY—HADDON HALL.—Open ocean front of four hundred and fifty feet; enlarged, improved and furnished in oak; large dining-room and parlors overlooking the ocean; verandas of three hundred feet and an interior promenade of two hundred feet; billiard parlor; ocean view smoking-room; steam heat; open fire-places; dark room for photographic work; receives two hundred guests. Prices:—By the day, \$3 to \$5; by the week, for one, \$18 to \$25, single rooms; \$30 to \$56, double rooms. Proprietors, Leeds & Lippincott.

X.

NEW JERSEY PINE BELT.

LAKEWOOD.—Situated in the great pine belt of New Jersey, sixty miles from New York by the New Jersey Central Railroad, and nine miles from the ocean; trains leave New York at 8:15 A.M., 1:45, 3:40, 4:20 and 6:15 P.M.; winter temperature ranges ten degrees higher than in New York; boating on the neighboring Lake Carasaljo; beautiful walks and drives through the pine woods; the sandy and gravelly soil, dry air and balsamic exhalations render the place a near-by winter paradise for guests troubled with throat, lung or malarial diseases.

LAKEWOOD—THE LAKEWOOD.—The house, substantially built of brick and iron, has projecting wings forming a sunny court about which are grouped the living rooms, parlors, reading-rooms, music-rooms, billiard-room, sun parlors and enclosed piazzas one-quarter of a mile in length; steam heat in every room and open wood fire-places of Roman brick and tiles in nearly all; extensive system of ventilation constructed under supervision of an exper-

ienched engineer ; electric lights, artesian well ; morning and afternoon concerts, music at dinner ; billiards, bowling alley, telegraph ; long distance telephone ; cuisine under charge of Mons. La Perugue, late chef at Delmonico's. Receives seven hundred guests. Prices :—By the day, \$5 ; by the week, \$28 to \$35. Manager, Fred. Sterry.

LAKEWOOD—THE PALMER HOUSE.—A new and substantial brick structure of modern architecture, built especially for winter use, and having all the appointments of a first-class hotel ; most approved system of steam heating ; open fire-places and wood stoves ; chambers single and in suites ; elevator, gas, electric bells ; bath-rooms on every floor ; sun parlor with southern exposure and open wood fires ; billiard-room ; pure spring water ; excellent livery attached to the house ; rowing and sailing on Lake Carasajlo ; receives one hundred and fifty guests. Manager, J. R. Palmer, Lakewood, N. J.

LAKEWOOD—LAUREL-IN-THE-PINES.—A new and imposing brick structure, on elevated ground, on bank of Lake Carasajlo, in the midst of beautiful pine woods, with charming views of lake and woodland from all points ; large windows and spacious sun corridors ; all modern conveniences. Manager, Horace Porter, also manager of the Laurel House.

LAKEWOOD—LAUREL HOUSE.—Especially designed and only used as a winter house, having sunny rooms, with open wood fire-places ; verandas enclosed with glass ; billiard and music rooms ; electric lights ; abundant water supply from an artesian well ; all the appointments of a modern hotel ; resort of a fashionable New York circle. Open from October to June. Manager, Horace Porter.

LAKEWOOD—THE PINES.—An old-fashioned residence on Madison avenue between Second and Third streets, in the midst of large grounds, with grove of old trees, mostly oak ; open fire-places in halls and throughout the house ; large verandas on three sides ; excellent table ; receives twenty-five to thirty guests. Open from October to June. Proprietress, Mrs. John M. Child.

LAKEWOOD—THE BRENTFORD.—In the highest part of the village, corner of Madison avenue and Sixth street ; of recent construction, with homelike and attractive interior ; large and sunny bed-rooms, most of them with open fireplaces ; elevator ; smoking-room ; house lighted by gas. Prices :—For double rooms, \$30 to \$50 per week. Open October to June. Proprietress, Miss A. M. Myers.

XI.

ISLAND RESORTS.

THE BERMUDAS.—A group of three hundred and sixty-five islands lying off the Atlantic coast, southeast of Cape Hatteras ; the largest, Bermuda or Long Island, being sixteen miles long and a mile and a half wide. Upon this, Hamilton, the capital town, is situated. The climate is mild and vegetation is green throughout the year, the winter temperature ranging from sixty-five to ninety-five degrees. Bathing, boating, fishing are the outdoor diversions, and the English official society lends gayety to the place ; picturesque drives over hard coral roads, bordered by orange and lemon trees, oleanders, roses and flowering plants. Accessible in sixty hours from New York by the iron steamers *Orinoco* and *Trinidad* of the Quebec Steamship Company, 39 Broadway ; steamers leave Pier 47, North River, at 3 P.M., every Thursday.

THE BERMUDAS—THE HAMILTON.—The Hamilton Hotel, built entirely of stone, is delightfully situated on the highest ground, commanding a view of the harbor and the numerous islands, many of which are connected by bridges and causeways ; gas, electric bells, hot and cold baths, etc. ; beautifully laid out grounds, rich in varied foliage and blooming with flowers all winter ; in the rear is Victoria Park, where the government band gives weekly concerts ; table generously supplied from the New York markets ; choice cuisine. Open from December to May. Prices :—By the day, \$4 to \$5 ; by the week, \$21 and upward. Proprietor, Walter Aiken, Hamilton, Bermuda. Cable address, Hotel, Bermuda.

THE BERMUDAS—PRINCESS HOTEL.—A comfortable and handsome structure. Built in 1881 of Georgia pine ; surrounded by a veranda four hundred feet long and fourteen feet wide, from which

one of the best views of the harbor and islands can be obtained ; seventy large and well-ventilated bed-rooms in suites, with verandas overhanging the sea ; lighted by gas ; fresh and salt water, hot and cold baths ; table supplied with the best the New York markets afford. Apply for circulars, terms, etc., to N. S. Howe, Hamilton, Bermuda, or to A. E. Outerbridge & Co., 39 Broadway, New York.

THE BAHAMAS.—A group of six hundred islands, forming the most northerly group of the West Indies, and extending from San Domingo to the coast of Florida. Only fifteen of these islands are inhabited, the most important being New Providence, on which Nassau, the capital town, is situated, accessible by the Ward line of steamers leaving for Nassau every other Thursday ; steamship office, 113 Wall street.

THE BAHAMAS—ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.—Built of the coral rock of the islands and stands on high ground, affording perfect drainage ; enclosed on three sides by verandas commanding a view of the town and harbor, the neighboring islands and the sea ; large, well-ventilated rooms ; hot and cold fresh and salt water ; table supplied with poultry and joints brought in ice-boxes from New York ; bananas, oranges, cocoanuts, guavas, tamarinds, pineapples and other tropical fruits in abundance ; beautiful drives inland and by the sea over coral roads ; hops every Saturday evening ; receives two hundred guests. Prices :—By the day, \$4 ; by the week, \$17.50 to \$25. Proprietor, S. S. Morton ; New York address, J. Lidgerwood, 835 Broadway. Time-tables, pamphlets, etc., furnished by James E. Ward & Co., or R. W. Parsons, 113 Wall street, New York. Cable address, Morton, Nassau, N. P.

XII.

CALIFORNIA.

"The Sunset Route," as the Southern Pacific Railway is called, is the route naturally preferred in the winter season of the year. "A more delightful and comfortable journey," writes a *Home Journal* tourist-correspondent, "than that from New Orleans to Los

Angeles could not be desired. Leaving New York in a snow squall by the Atlantic Coast Line the ever-changing atmosphere from that of early winter to summer-like mildness, when we reached the Crescent City, was an inexpressible delight. From New Orleans to San Antonio, Texas, a distance of about five hundred and fifty miles, the road passes through a region rich in varied vegetation." Of the trip from San Antonio through the grand canons of the Rio Grande and beyond to El Paso and Paso del Norte, Mexico, much in glowing phrases has been written by travellers of all nations. Pullman buffet cars on all trains. General Eastern agent, E. Hawley, 343 Broadway, or 1 Battery place, New York.

MONTEREY—HOTEL DEL MONTE.—An old Spanish town on the coast, one hundred and twenty-five miles south of San Francisco; on a magnificent bay, bordered by a hard, smooth beach, upon which the hotel company has erected a bathing establishment which includes not only dressing-rooms for beach bathing, but a vast inclosure containing four swimming pools, each fifty feet long, in which the constantly changing water is maintained at varying degrees of temperature. The hotel is a building of picturesque outline—a mass of towers, corners and angles, with broad piazzas and shaded porches—in a park of two hundred acres luxuriant in live oaks, pines, flowers and labyrinths of foliage; gardens equal to those of Kensington and Kew; four hundred and thirty rooms, warm and sunshiny, single and in suites, averaging 16 x 19 feet; dining-room, 175 x 60 feet; parlor 50 x 40; ball-room 93 x 40, with orchestra recess and grand piano; ladies' billiard hall, library, large open fire-places of decorated tiles in all public rooms; club house with billiard hall, bowling alleys, etc.; elaborate fire alarm arrangements and disciplined fire service; steam heat, gas, elevator; fishing in the Carmel river, deer hunting in nearby mountains; accessible by Southern Pacific Railway. Open all the year. Prices:—By the day, \$3 and upward; parlors from \$1 to \$2.50 per day extra. Proprietors, Pacific Improvement Company. Manager, George Schönewald.

SANTA CRUZ—SEA BEACH HOTEL.—City of about eight thousand population, on the northern side of the bay of Monterey, about eight miles south of San Francisco, among the foot hills of the Santa Cruz mountains, six miles from Big Trees; temperature one of the most equable in California; flowers bloom in the open

air every month in the year; surf bathing during every winter month; abundant water supply from a reservoir two miles distant; street cars and electric railway. Hotel located on an eminence looking down upon Monterey bay, with a rich and varied prospect of sea and mountain from the wide verandas encircling the house; a wing recently added, nearly twice as large as the original building, containing seventy-five large, light rooms; spacious hall, extending the full length of the house; hot and cold water; private baths; incandescent electric light. Prices:—By the day, \$2.50 and upward. Proprietor, John T. Sullivan.

REDONDO BEACH—REDONDO HOTEL.—Eighteen miles from Los Angeles; accessible by Redondo Railway and Santa Fé Railway, and by steamer from San Francisco; a new and large house of picturesque architecture and luxurious in appointments, decorations and furnishing; hot and cold running water, incandescent lights, electric bells and open fire-places in every room; elevators; water from artesian wells; scientific plumbing, the sewage pipes extending half a mile into the sea; music hall eighty by forty feet; orchestral music; the dining-room commands a view of the ocean; tennis courts laid out at cost of \$7,000; elaborately appointed bath-house and pavilion on the beach; varied and fastidious cuisine; dairy products and small fruits from hotel farm of two hundred acres; sailing, fishing, beautiful drives; receives two hundred and twenty-five guests. Open all the year. Prices: By the day, \$3 to \$4; by the week, \$17.50 to \$28. Special rates for families and permanent guests. Address, Redondo Hotel Co., Redondo Beach, Cal.

XIII.

THE SOUTHWEST.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.—These springs, which are celebrated for their curative efficiency in rheumatic and other ailments, are situated on the slope of Iron Mountain in the central part of the State; their waters which flow in great abundance are distributed by a net-work of iron pipe through the cottages, hotels and numerous bath-houses in the valley below.

HOT SPRINGS—NEW HOTEL EASTMAN.—A newly completed house, constructed of brick and stone and iron; main building six hundred and seventy-five feet by seventy; verandas seven hundred feet in length and fourteen feet wide; an observatory one hundred feet high; rotunda fifty-two by seventy feet; public parlor sixty by seventy; dining-room one hundred and fifty by seventy, other public rooms on a like grand scale; all elaborately decorated; guest chambers number five hundred and twenty, all large, well lighted and ventilated; one thousand five hundred incandescent electric lamps light the interior, fifty arc lights, the exterior; steam heat; no fires in the building except in kitchen and laundry, which have been made fire-proof; connected with the house by a covered passageway and under the same management, is a large bathing establishment containing forty bath-rooms, with porcelain-lined tubs, vapor baths, etc.; excellent hunting and fishing in the neighborhood. Prices:—By the week, \$21 to \$50, according to location. Henry N. Willey.



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GENERAL MANAGER.

GEORGE H. DANIELS,

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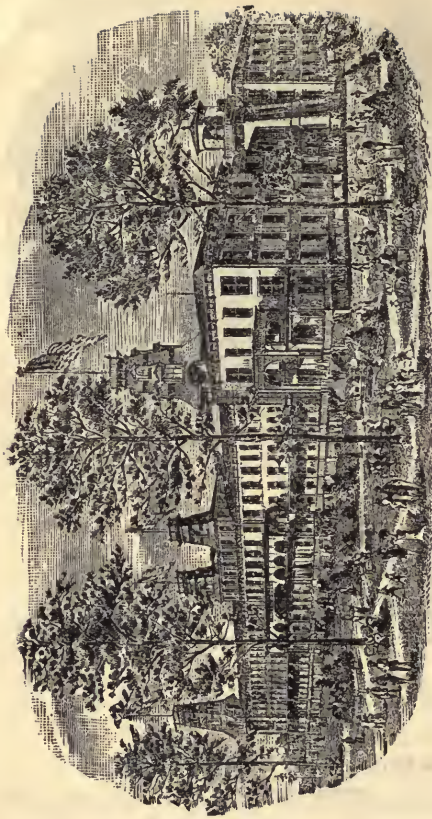
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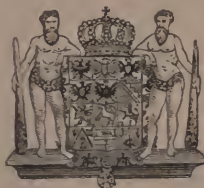
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